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Francis Frederick Fox.



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34 A

THE
P O E M S
OF
ROBERT CHESTER
(1601-1611.)

WITH
VERSE-CONTRIBUTIONS
BY
*Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, George Chapman,
John Marston, etc.*

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN the Notes and Illustrations appended to this our reproduction, *in extenso* and in integrity, of *Love's Martyr*, everything that seemed to call for notice will be found — it is believed — noticed with less or more fulness. Thither the student-reader is referred on any point that may either interest or puzzle him. Here I wish to bring together certain wider things that could not well go into the Notes and Illustrations, so as to shew that, in the present strangely neglected book, we have a noticeable contribution to Elizabethan-Essex-Shakespeare literature.

I purpose an attempt to answer these questions :

- (a) Who was ROBERT CHESTER ?
- (b) Who was SIR JOHN SALISBURIE ?
- (c) Who were meant by the PHŒNIX and the
TURTLE-DOVE of these Poems ?
- (d) What is the message or *motif* of the Poems ?
- (e) What is the relation between the verse-con-
tributions of SHAKESPEARE and the other
"MODERNE POETS" to *Love's Martyr* ?
- (f) Was the 1611 issue only a number of copies of
the original of 1601, less the preliminary
matter and a new title-page ?
- (g) Is there poetical worth in the book ?
- (h) Who was TORQUATO CÆLIANO ?

(a) WHO WAS ROBERT CHESTER ? His name, it will be observed, appears in full, 'Robert Chester,' in the original title-page of 1601 ; as 'Ro. Chester' to the Epistle-dedicatory to Salisbury (p. 4); as 'R. Chester' to "The Authors request to the Phœnix" (p. 5); as 'R. Ch.' in address "To the kind Reader" (p. 6); as 'R. C.' to "Con-

clusion" (p. 142); and as 'R. Chester' at close of "Cantoës" (p. 167). I have sought almost in vain—and I have had capable and earnest fellow-seekers—for contemporary notices of either the man or his book. Even later, the bibliographical authorities, *e.g.*, Ritson, Brydges, Lowndes, Collier, Hazlitt, beyond giving the title-pages and other details with (on the whole) fair accuracy, yield not one scintilla of light. Neither do the county-histories, nor editors as Gifford and Cunningham in their Ben Jonson, nor Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in his natty little reprint (in ten copies) of the "new compositions."

I was thus shut up to an examination of the genealogies of a somewhat large and widely-distributed tribe, *viz.*, the CHESTERS. I never doubted of finding in Mr. R. E. Chester Waters's most laborious and trustworthy work on the CHESTERS,* some "certain sound" on our poet as the solitary Chester, who, in poetry at any rate, has any fame or interest for us in this late day; but even in his matterful tomes I was doomed to disappointment. Equally unexpected was my failure to obtain from my many-yearred friend Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester of Bermondsey—than whom one rarely meets with so thoroughly-furnished, unwearied, accurate, and generous a worker—anything approaching certainty of identification. After very considerable reading and comparison of authorities, I found only one member of the known families of Chester bearing the Christian name of ROBERT, whose position, circumstances and dates fitted in with the possible authorship of *Love's Martyr*. From his dedicating his book to Sir John Salisburie, and many incidental evidences of familiarity in courtly and high circles, I fixed on him. On communicating my conclusion to Dr. Chester, he was inclined to doubt; but since, he has conceded that there is nothing in the facts of his life against the identification, and that there really is no other claimant. Accordingly he has aided me with characteristic

* *Memoirs of the Chesters of Chicheley.*

painstaking and ardour, from his abundant stores, in giving such data concerning him (*cheu!* meagre enough) as remain.

I mean a Robert Chester, who became SIR ROBERT CHESTER. The first of his family distinctly recognisable, was William Chester of Chipping Barnett, Herts; who died early in 1566. By his wife Maud (or Matilda) he was father of Leonard Chester, of Blaby, co. Leicester — whose family is embraced in the Heraldic Visitations of their County — and of Sir Robert Chester of Royston, Herts, who was the eldest son. The family is said to have descended from an ancient one in Derbyshire, where Chesters had large possessions, and members of which represented the town of Derby in Parliament, *temp.* Edward II and III. The Derbyshire estates were expended in supporting the claim of the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII) to the crown. This Sir Robert Chester was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1532, and is subsequently described in various *MSS.* as "Standard Bearer," "Gentleman Usher" and "Gentleman of the Privy Chamber" to King Henry VIII; from whom he obtained a Grant of the Monastery of Royston, with its manors and possessions, in the counties of Herts and Cambridge. He was knighted by King Edward VI at Wilton, 2nd September 1552, and was High Sheriff of Herts and Essex in 1565. He died 25th November 1574, and was buried at Royston.* By his first wife Catherine, daughter of John Throgmorton, Tortworth, co. Gloucester, Esquire, he had a numerous issue.† He was succeeded by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester Esquire of Royston, who was about thirty years old at his father's death. Curiously enough, Sir Robert Chester married as his second wife, Magdalen, widow of Sir James Granado, Knt., on the same day and at the same place, that his son Edward Chester,

* Among the "Nativities" in Ashmole's *MSS.* in Bodleian Library, pp. 166, 176, &c., is one which states that Sir Robert Chester was born 25th November, 1510, and died on his birthday, aged 64.

† Clutterbuck, *s.n.*, describes her as daughter of Christopher Throckmorton of Coorse Court, co. Gloucester, Esq. Cf. Chauncy, *s.n.*

married Sir James Granado's only daughter and heiress, *i.e.*, father and son married respectively mother and daughter. This took place at Royston on 27th November 1564. The wife of Edward Chester survived her husband and was again married, viz., to Alexander Dyer, Esq. He was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1562, and was subsequently in service as a Colonel in the Low Countries. Besides two daughters (*a*) Mary, who married an Edward Thornburgh, or Thornborough of Shaddesden, co. Southampton, Esq. (*b*) Another, who married an Edward Roberts—Edward Chester left a son ROBERT, who was declared heir to his father by Inquisition *post mortem*, dated 15th January 1578–9, being then aged twelve years, six months and sixteen days, which fixes his birth about the last of June 1566. This Robert Chester, I indentify with the author of *Love's Martyr*. In 1596 HENRY HOLLAND dedicated his *Christian Exercise of Fasting* to him, in grave and grateful and admiring words.* He was a J.P. for Herts and Sheriff of Herts in 1599. From NICHOLS' *Progresses of King James I*, I glean the followings light notice of him:—"His Majestie being past Godmanchester, held on his waye towards Royston; and drawing neere the Towne, the Shiriffe of Huntingtounshire [Sir John Bedell] humbly tooke his leave; and there he was received by that worthy Knight Sir Edward Denny, High Shiriffe of Hartfordshire... and... in brave manner he conducted his Majestie to one Maister Chester's house, where his Majestie lay that night on his owne Kingly charge."† On this Nichols annotates:—"Though 'Master Chester' was then owner of the Priory at Royston, and attended on the King at his entrance into the Town, it was more probably at his mansion of Cockenhatch (in the parish of Barkway, near Royston), that he had the honour of entertaining his Royal Master. A view of this house may be seen in *Chauncy*, p. 102."‡ The words that the King "lay" at "Master Chester's house" on "his

* See Postscript to this Introduction for this golden little Epistle-dedicatory.

† Vol. i, pp. 104–5.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 105.

owne Kingly charge" does not seem to indicate lavish hospitality on the part of the host. But he must have given satisfaction to the King; for he was knighted along with a shoal of others, at Whitehall, on 23rd July 1603.* The exact date of his marriage does not appear; but his wife was Anne, daughter of Henry Capell, Esq., of Essex, by his wife, the Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland. She survived him not quite two years, residing at Hitchin, Herts.† They had issue at least six sons and six daughters; and their issue in turn were for a time equally numerous, but the late Mr. Harry Chester (who died in 1868) believed himself the last representative of the race.‡ He died on 3rd May 1640. On his death he was possessed of the manor and rectory of Royston, the manors of Nuthamsted, Cockenhatch, Hedley, &c., &c. His Will, dated 3rd May 1638, with codicils, 16th March and 7th April 1640, was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on 3rd February 1640-1, by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester, Esq., whose age at his father's death was, according to the Inquisition, forty years and upwards.||

On these facts I would note — (a) In 1601, when *Love's Martyr* was published, he was in his thirty-fifth year; but the phrase in his Epistle-dedicatory to Salisbury, '*my long expected labour*,' may carry its composition back some few years at least. (b) Specifically, while long portions were probably written much earlier, the 'Turtle-dove' being Essex and being in Ireland, ascertains date of composition of all referring to 'Paphos Ile' 1598-9 — the period of Essex's absence. (c) In 1611 he was in his forty-fifth year, and no longer plain 'Robert Chester,' but Sir Robert Chester

* Vol. i, p. 218. Doubtless when the King afterwards built himself a residence at Royston there would be frequent intercourse.

† Her Will is dated 12th and was proved the 26th of March 1642.

‡ The chief line of descent of these Chesters was by this Edward, son of our Sir Robert, who was also knighted. The sons entered the various professions. I notice two of them onward. Harry Chester, above mentioned, was son of another Sir Robert Chester, well-remembered as Master of the Ceremonies during the reigns from George III to Victoria. || See Postscript B for Abstract.

Knight, and husband of an Earl's daughter linked to the Sidneys. Is the explanation of the withdrawal of his name from the new title-page of 1611 that his early literary fervours had chilled with his social dignities? (d) At his death he was in his seventy-fourth year. One longs to know more of a man who in his prime personally acquainted with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and other of the 'mighties,' survived them all. The "new compositions" for his own book, drawn from them, especially the fact that it stands alone in having a contribution from Shakespeare, would make any man remarkable.

(b) WHO WAS SIR JOHN SALISBURIE? *Love's Martyr* is dedicated to him as "To the Honourable, and (of me before all other) honored Knight" and "one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie" (p. 3), and in the title-page of the "diverse Poeticall Effaies" he is designated "the true-noble Knight" (p. 177). Even these slight descriptions guide us to the Salisburys or Salisburies of Lleweni, Denbighshire—long extinct. Dr. Thomas Nicholas, in his *Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales*, commences his account of the Salusburys thus:—"The long standing and distinguished alliances of the Salusburys of Lleweni, in the Vale of Clwyd, and the high character borne by several of the line, render them a notable house, and awaken regret at their disappearance. The name is spelt differently in early writings—Salusbury, Salesbury, Salsbury; *Dwnn* almost always adopting the phonetic method, spells this name "Salsberie." They were of *Lleweni* and *Machymbyd*. At what time they first came to Denbighshire, or how the surname originated, is not known, but it is believed that their origin was Welsh. John Salusbury, the third of the name known to us, was the founder of the Priory of White Friars at Denbigh, and died A.D. 1289. He must therefore have witnessed the great struggle of Llewelyn and Edward, which was very hot in those parts. His grandson, William Salusbury, was M.P.

for Leominster 1332, long before members were appointed for Wales. William's grandson, Sir Harry Salusbury (died *circa*, 1399), was a Knight of the Sepulchre, and his brother John was Master of the House for Edward III, and suffered death in 1388." (p. 392.)

He thus continues: "Sir Harry's grandson, Sir Thomas Salusbury, Knt., the first mentioned in the pedigrees as of *Lleweni*, was a man of great note as citizen and soldier. His consort was Jonet, daughter and heir of William Fychan of Caernavon. He took a distinguished part in the battle of Blackheath (1497) against Perkin Warbeck's insurrection, for which he was rewarded by Henry VII. with the order of knighthood. He died 1505, and was buried at the White Friars, Denbigh (Whitchurch). Sir Roger, his son, married a Puleston of Emral, and was followed by Sir John of Lleweni, who married a Myddleton of Chester, of the Gwaenynog line. He was constable of Denbigh Castle in 1530, and served in several parliaments for the county of Denbigh—died 1578. His son, John Salusbury, Esq., of Lleweni, was the member of this house who married the celebrated *Catherine Tudor of Berain*; and his son by Catherine, Thomas Salusbury, Esq., married Margaret, daughter of Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder, but had no male issue; his second son, John, married Ursula, daughter of Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Henry Salusbury, Bart., who married Hester, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddelton, Knt., of Chirk Castle. His line terminated with his grandson Sir John, whose daughter and sole heir married Sir Robert Cotton, Bart., of Combermere, Cheshire, from whom the *Combermere* family are derived. *Cotton-Hall*, named after the Cottons, was the birth-place of the great General Lord Combermere. The Lleweni estate was sold by Sir Robert Cotton to the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice" (p. 392).

Turning back on these names, our Sir John Salisburie was John, second son of John Salusbury—who died in his father Sir John Salusbury's life-time—by (as above

Catherine Tudor of Berain.* He was born "about 1567"—a portrait of him having been at Lleweny, dated 1591, æt. 24.† He became heir of his brother Thomas, who was executed, in 1586, for conspiring to deliver Mary, Queen of Scots, from imprisonment. His wife was (as above) Ursula, a 'natural' daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Derby. The record of administration of her estate, as of the town of Denbigh, is dated 9th May 1636. They had four sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest and only surviving son, was created a baronet, as of Lleweni, 10th November 1619, and died 2nd August 1632. His only surviving son was Sir Thomas Salusbury, author of "Joseph," a poem (1636)—who died in 1643.‡ Our Sir John was surnamed "the

* Dr. Nicholas, as before, gives an interesting account of this famous "Catherine"; and I deem it well to avail myself of it, as follows:—"Catherine of Berain," the most noted of her race in this country, was of the clan or tribe of Marchwerthian, and was left sole heiress of Berain. She married four husbands, each of a high and honourable house, and had such a numerous offspring that the name was given her of *Mam Cymru*, "the mother of Wales." Her first husband was John Salisbury, Esq., of Llyweni, and her estate of Berain was inherited by her children gotten by him. The second was Sir Richard Clough of Denbigh, Knt. of the Sepulchre, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; the third, Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder; and the fourth, Edward Thelwall of Plas-y-Ward. Catherine of Berain's father was Tudyr ap Robert ap Ievan ap Tudyr ap Gruffydd Lloyd ap Heilyn Frych, which Heilyn Frych was ninth in descent from Marchwerthian, Lord of Isaled, founder of the eleventh noble tribe." . . . "The portrait of Catherine, given in Yorke's *Royal Tribes*, marks a person of firmness and intelligence, and these qualities, added to her estate and numerous alliances and offspring, supplied her with a charm which the bardic heralds of the time knew not how to resist; they spared no pains, accordingly, to provide her with a lineage whose antiquity would comport with their idea of her merits. Tudyr was carried back to Urien Rheged, and he of course to Coel Godebog, who, although a reputed contemporary with Herod the Great, was vouched by the bards to have a full blown heraldic coat—"Arg., an eagle displayed with two heads, sable." Coel was in the twelfth degree from Beli Mawr, King of Britain 72 B.C., who bore, they said, 'Az, three crowns Or in pale'; and he was about the fifteenth from Brutus, who, as the bards believed, came to Britain about B.C. 1136, bearing along with his father Sylvius, an escutcheon charged thus:—"Quarterly: 1, Or, a lion rampant passant Gu.; 2, Az., three crowns Or in bend'1" (p. 393.)

† Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, vol. ii, p. 145.

‡ The Bibliographers overlook that Sir John Salisbury has a longish poem prefixed to *Eromena*, 1632, folio.

strong"; and that explains Hugh Gryffith's playing on 'might'—of which anon. He was M.P. for co. Denbigh 43 Elizabeth (1600–1). All the authorities say he died in 1613; but no Will nor administration of his estate has been found. A shadow of obscurity thus lies on the memory of Chester's "true-noble Knight"—unlifted even from his (exact) death-date. Spelling of names was so arbitrary and variant then, that I should have attached no difficulty to the family-spelling of 'Salusbury' as against 'Salisburie' of *Love's Martyr*. As I write this I am called upon to annotate a Sir Stephen Poll—according to one of Nicholas Breton's Epistles-dedicatory—while he really was Sir Stephen Powle, and so is it endlessly. But I am enabled absolutely to identify Sir John Salusbury of Lleweni with Chester's Salisburie. For this is placed beyond dispute by another Epistle-dedicatory addressed to him as—be it noted—(a) of 'Llewen,' (b) as 'Esquier for the Bodie to the Queene's most excellent Maiestie,' as in Chester; and which, in the sorrowful absence of other information, is of peculiar interest. It is found in the following little volume of Verse, of which only a single exemplar (preserved at Isham) is known:

"SINETES

Passions vppon his fortunes,
offered for an Incense at the
throne of the Ladies which guided his distempered
thoughtes.

The Patrons patheticall Po-
fies, Sonets, Maddrigals, and
Roundelays. Together with
Sinetes Dompe.

Plena verecundi culpa pudoris erat.

By ROBERT PARRY

Gent.

At LONDON

Printed by T. P. for William
Holme, and are to be fould on
Ludgate hill at the signe of
the holy Lambe.

1597" (sm. 12mo)

C

The Epistle-dedicatory shews (1) That being plain 'John Salisburie' in 1597 he must have been knighted between 1597 and 1601, (2) That he was of the Queen's household ; and so could well introduce his friend Chester into court. It thus runs :

¶ "*To the right worshipfull John
Salisburie, of Llewten, Esquier,
for the Bodie to the Queenes
most excellent Maestie.*

THe Hope of these, and glasse of future times,
O Heros which eu'n enuie it selfe admir's,
Vouchsafe to garde, & patronize my rimes,
My humble rime, which nothing else desir's ;
But to make knowne the greatnes of thy minde
To Honors throne that euer hath been inclyn'd.

Geue leaue a while vnto my breathing Muse,
To pause vpon the accent of her smarte,
From the respite of this short-taken truce,
For to recorde the actions of my Harte :
Which vowed hath, to manifest thy worth,
That noble fruites to future age bringes foorth.

Eu'n thou alone, which strengthn't my repose,
And doest geue life vnto my dead desire,
Which malice daunt'fste, that did thy fame oppose,
Now, with reuiuing hope, my quill inspire :
So he may write, and I may glorie singe,
That time, in time, may plucke out enui's sting.

Renowned Patron, my wayling verse,
To whose protect I flye for friendly ayde,
Vouchsafe to heare, while I my woes rehearse :
Then my poore muse, will neuer be dismaide,
To countenance the babling Eccho's frowne,
That future age may ring of thy renowne.

I that ere-while with Pan his hinde did play,
And tun'd the note, that best did please my minde,
Content to sing a sheapheard's Round-delay ;
Now by thy might, my Muse the way did finde,
With Madrigals, to store my homely stile,
Graced with th' applause, of thy well graced smile.

Eu'n thou I say, whose trauaile hope doth vilde,
That honours worth, may reape a due rewarde,
Which flies with natieue plume vnto the fildes ;
Whose paines deserues thy cuntreys iust regarde :

Time cannot dashe, nor enuie blemish those,
 Whom on fam's strength haue built their chiefe repose.
 Tis only that, which thou mayst clayme thine owne,
 Deuouring time, cannot obscure the fame,
 In future age by this thou mayst be knowne,
 When as posterities renue thy fame :
 Then thou being dead, shalt lyfe a newe possesse,
 When workes nor wordes, thy worthynes expresse :
 Then shall my rime a fort of strength remaine,
 To shield the florish of thy high renowne,
 That ruin's force may neu'r graces staine,
 Which with fame's sound shall through the world bee blowne :
 Yf that the ocean which includ's our stile,
 Would passage graunt out of this noble Isle.
 For steling tyme of muses lowe remaine,
 Will from the fountaine of her chiefe conceyte,
 Still out the fame, through Lymbecke of my braine,
 That glorie takes the honour to repeate :
 Whose subiect though of royall accents barde,
 Yet to the fame, vouchsafe thy due rewarde :
 So shall my selfe, and Pen, bequeath their toyle,
 To sing, and write prayes, which it selfe shall prayfe,
 Which time with cutting Sithe, shall neuer spoyle,
 That often worthy Heros fame delays :
 And I encouraged by thy applause,
 Shall teach my muse on higher things to pause." (pp. 2-4.)

ROBERT PARRY, Gent., is but a sorry poet ; for, except here and there a touch of passion and a well-turned compliment, 'Sinetes' is sere and scentless. But it is clear that Salisbury's patronage was highly valued. Besides, an 'H. P.' who writes "In prayfe of the Booke" thus speaks of him :

. "thy worthie patron is thy fort
 Thou needes not shunne t' approch into ech place,
 Thy flowring bloome of wit shall thee report."

Still further helpful in identification is another poem in the tiny volume, signed "Hugh Gryffyth, Gent.," which is headed "Poffe & nolle nobile." That by this our Salisbury was intended is confirmed by our Chester's placing the same motto at the head of his Epistle-dedicatory (p. 3), in addition to his name being introduced in the poem itself. I gladly make room for the lines :

"A worthie man deserues a worthie motte,
 As badge thereby his nature to declare,
 Wherefore the fates of purpose did alot,
 To this braue Squire, this simbole fweete and rare:
 Of might to spoyle, but yet of mercie spare,
 A simbole sure to Salisberie due by right.
 Who still doth ioyne his mercy with his might.
 Though lyon like his *Posse* might take place,
 Yet like a Lambe he *Nolle* vseth aye,
 Right like himselfe (the flower of Salisberies race)
 Who neuer as yet a poore man would difmay:
 But princookes finde be v'd to daunt alway:
 And so doth still: whereby is knowen full well
 His noble minde and manhood to excell.
 All crauen cures that coms of castrell kinde,
 Are knowne full well whē they their might would straine,
 The poore t' oppresse that would there fauour finde?
 Or yeilde himselfe their freindship to attayne:
 Then seruile sottes triumphes in might a mayne,
 But such as coms from noble lyons race,
 (Like this braue squire) who yeeldes receaues to grace.
 Haud ficta loquor.

I suppose "*Posse et nolle, nobile*"—evidently *his* motto
 or impressa—gathers into itself Sir John Salisburie's name
 of "the strong" as over-against his gentleness = To have
 the power [strength] to do and yet to be unwilling to do
 [harm] is noble. It is just Isabella's pleading in *Measure
 for Measure* (act ii, sc. 2, ll. 107-9):

————"O, it is excellent
 To haue a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant"

Nor is this all 'Sinetes' gives us. For before the 'Posies'
 —within an arched temple gate-way—is this repetition of
 the principal title-page:

"The
 Patrone his pa-
 thetical Posies,
 Sonets, Maddri-
 galls, & Roun-
 delays.
 Together
 with SINETES
 Dompe.
 Plena verecū
 di culpa pu-
 doris erat"

This is somewhat ambiguous; for one is left in doubt whether the 'pathetical Posies, Sonets, Maddrigalls, and Roundelayes' are Salisburie's, as his productions, or by gift of Parry. The following are the contents of the division: 1. The patrones conceyte; 2. The patrones affection; 3. The patrones phantasie; 4. The patrones pauze an ode; 5. The dittie to Sospiros (2); 6. The patrones Dilemma (2); 7. The Palmers Dittie vpon his Almes; 8. The Patrones Adieu; 9. Fides in Fortunam (2); 10. My forrow is ioy; 11. An Almon for a Parrat; 12. The authors muse vpon his Conceyte; 13. Fides ad fortunam; Sonnettos 1-31. To Paris darling—Buen matina—Maddrigall—Roundelay—Sinettes Dumpe—Poffe & nolle nobile—The Lamentation of a Male-content, &c. I select from these verses, three, to give a taste of the quality of this other eulogist of our Chester's Salisburie, and because it is just barely possible (though I confess improbable) that Sir John Salisburie is their author. There are gleams in these selections from 'the Patrone's' division, not in the body of the poems.*

I. The Patrone's Pauze an Ode.

Dimpl's florish, beauties grace,
Fortune smileth in thy face,
Eye bewrayeth honours flower,

* These hitherto utterly unknown and unused 'poems' form part of that lucky find of my friend Mr. C. Edmonds at Isham. But he had no idea whatever of their bearing on *Love's Martyr*. I am indebted to Sir C. Isham of Lamport Hall for a leisurely loan of this, as of other of his book-treasures. Note that I have silently corrected two or three slight misprints and punctuations, as 'Whose' for 'Who,' &c. With reference to the possible Salisburie authorship of the most of the second division of the small volume, perhaps ll. 37-40 in the Epistle-dedicatory, were meant to refer to his Verses—thus:

"Tis only that, which thou mayst clayme thine owne,
Deuouring time, cannot obfcure the fame,
In future age by this thou mayst be knowne,
When as posterities renue thy fame, &c."

Then the phrase in the title, 'The Patrone his pathetical Posies,' &c., and especially its interposition between 'Sinete's Dompe,' makes one hesitate in rejecting the Salisburie authorship. It does not add to the belief that these Verses are by the Patron that the lady addressed seems to be one 'of honour' or 'high rank'; for Parry himself was a 'Gentleman' as he tells us in his title-page.

Loue is nori'd in thy bower,
In thy bendel brow doth lye,
Zeale imprest with chaſtitie.

Loue's darling deere.

O pale lippes of coral hue,
Rarer die then cherries newe,
Arkes where reaſon cannot trie,
Beauties riches which doth lye,
Entomb'd in that fayreſt frame,
Touch of breath perfumes the ſame.

O rubie cleere.

Ripe Adon fled Venus bower,
Ayming at thy ſweeteſt flower,
Her ardent loue forſt the ſame,
Wouted agents of his flame :
Orbe to whoſe enflamed fier,
Loue incenſ'd him to aſpire.

Hope of our time.

Oriad's of the hills drawe neere,
Nayad's come before your peere :
Flower of nature ſhining ſhoes,
Riper then the falling roſe,
Entermingled with white flower ,
Stayn'd with vermillion's power.

Nest'd in our clime.

The ſiluer ſwann ſing in Poe,
Silent notes of new-ſpronge woe,
Tuned notes of cares I ſing,
Organ of the muſes ſpringe,
Nature's pride inforceth me,
Eu'n to rue my deſtinie.

Starre ſhew thy might.

Helen's beautie is defac'd,
Io's graces are diſgrac'd,
Reaching not the twentieth part,
Of thy gloaſes true defart,
But no maruaile thou alone,
Eu'n art Venus paragone.

Arm'd with delight

Iris coulours are to[o] baſe,
She would make Apelles gaze,
Reſting by the ſiluer ſtreame,
Toſſing nature ſeame by ſeame,
Pointing at the chriſtall ſkie,
Arguing her maieſtic.

II. Loues rampire stronge.

Hayre of Amber, fresh of hue,
Wau'd with goulden wyers newe,
Riches of the finest mould,
Rarest glorie to behould,
Ympe with natures vertue graft,
Engines newe for dolours fraught, :
Eu'n there as spronge.

A Iem fram'd with Diamounds,
In whose voice true concord founds,
Ioy to all that ken thy smile,
In thee doth vertue fame beguile,
In whose beantie burneth fier,
Which disgraceth Queene defier :
Sauce all compare.

Loue it selfe being brought to gaze,
Learnes to treade the louers maze :
Lying vnouer'd in thy looke,
Left for to unclafpe the Booke :
Where enroul'd thy fame remaines,
That Iuno's blush of glory staines :
Blot out my care.

Spheare containing all in all,
Only fram'd to make men thrall :
Onix deck'd with honor's worth,
On whose beantie bringeth forth ;
Smiles ou'r-clouded with disdaine,
Which loyall hearts doth paine :
Voyde of disgrace.

Avrora's blush that decks thy smile,
Wayting lovers to beguile :
Where curious thoughts built the nest,
Which neu'r yeilds to louers rest :
Wafting still the yeilding eye,
Whilst he doth the beantie spie.

Read in her face.

Lampe enrich'd with honours flower,
Bloffome gracing Venus bower :
Bearing plumes of feathers white,
Wherein Turtles doe delighte,
Sense, would seeme to weake to finde,
Reason's depth in modest minde :

Yeilding desire.

Lode-starre of my happie choyse,
In thee alone I doe reioyce :

Introduction.

O happie man whose hap is such,
 To be made happie by thy tutch :
 Thy worth and worthynes could moue,
 The stoutest to incline to loue.
 Enflam'd with fier.

III. Poëie xi.

An Almon for a Parrat.

Disdainfull dames that mountaines moue in thought,
 And thinke they may Ioues thunder-bolt controule,
 Who past compare ech one doe set at naught,
 With squeamish scorn's that nowe in rethorick roule :
 Yer scorne that will be scorn'd of proude disdain,
 I scorne to beare the scornes of finest braine.
 Gestures, nor lookes of simpring coy conceyts,
 Shall make me moue for stately ladies' mocks :
 Then SIRENS cease to trap with your deceyts,
 Least that your barkes meete vnexpected rocks :
 For calmest ebbe may yelld the roughest tide,
 And change of time, may change in time your pride.
 Leaue to conuerse if needes you must inuay,
 Let meaner sort feede on their meane entent,
 And soare on still, the larke it fled awaye,
 Some one in time will pay what you have lent,
 Poore hungrie gnates faile not on wormes to feede,
 When gothawkes misse on hoped pray to speede. (pp. 18-20.)

I add just one other snatch :—

Buen matina.

Sweete at this mourne I chaunced
 To peepe into the chamber ; loe I glaunced :
 And sawe white sheetes, thy whyter skinne disclofing :
 And softe-sweete cheeke on pyllowe softe reposing ;
 Then sayde were I that pillowe,
 Deere for thy love I would not weare the willowe.

As with SIR ROBERT CHESTER himself, it is to be lamented that no personal details have come down to us concerning SIR JOHN SALISBURIE. It demands infinitely more than rank and transient influence to keep a name *quick* across the centuries. How pathetically soon the small dust of oblivion settles down — not to be blown off — on once noisy and noised lives ! So is it — spite of Chester and Parry and Gryffyth — with our 'true-noble-knight.'

One little after-link between a Salisbury and a Chester I like to regard as going toward the identification of our Chester along with Sir John Salisbury of Lleweni. It is this—Our Sir Robert Chester, having two sons in the church, viz., Dr. Granado Chester, Rector of Broadwater, co. Sussex, and Dr. Robert Chester, Rector of Stevenage; it is found that the former was in the gift of Sir Robert Salusbury of Llanwhern, Monmouthshire, Baronet, of the same house. One is willing to think that the ancient family friendship between the two houses led to this 'presentation' to a son of Sir John Salisburie's friend by a Salisbury. It is likewise to be recalled that the Chesters of Derbyshire—as we have seen—would be brought into relation with the Salisburys by their common opposition in the field to Perkin Warbeck, and in support of Henry VII.

(c) WHO WERE MEANT BY THE 'PHOENIX' AND THE 'TURTLE-DOVE' OF THESE POEMS? Turning to the original title-page, we find that immediately succeeding the large-type words:

“LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT.”

are these other:

“*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue,
in the constant Fate of the Phoenix
and Turtle.*”

Then below is this further or supplementary explanation:

“*To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers
whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the
first subiect: viz. the Phoenix and
Turtle.*”

D

Looking next at "The Authors request to the Phoenix" — which, as it is annexed to the Epistle-dedicatory to Sir John Salisburie, '*one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maieftie,*' so it is in itself a second dedication, though not so designated—I ask the student-reader to weigh the compliments in these Lines, and especially these :

"Phoenix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any"
 "That feedst all earthly fences with thy fauor"
 ————— "thy perfections passing beautie"

I ask also that it be noted how the 'allegory' of the birds — as Phoenix and Turtle-dove — is incidentally, though not I think accidentally, dropped even thus early, and two things indicated (a) That the Author's poems in so far as she, the 'Phoenix,' was concerned, sang the "home-writ praises" of her 'love' :

"Accept my home-writ praises of thy loue"

(b) That he was not pleading for himself but another, viz., her 'loue' or he whom she loved. He seeks that she will accept these "home-writ praises" and her 'kind acceptance' of him (the 'loue' of the prior line)

————— "kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue"

Thus far the 'home-writ praises' are comparatively in "a lowly flight" (p. 6); but in the Poems-proper all is exaggerate and hyperbolical. As pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations *frequenter*, it very soon appears that the 'Phoenix' is a person and a woman, and the 'Turtle-doue' a person and a male, and that while, as the title-page puts it, the poet is "Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love," it is a genuine story of human love and martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*). It further very evidently appears—as also shewn in the Notes and Illustrations (p. 17, l. 4) that the 'Phoenix' was not woman merely, but a queen, and queen of 'Brytaine' (*Ibid*). In short, no one at all acquainted with what was the *mode* of speaking of Queen Elizabeth to the very last, will hesitate

in recognizing her as the 'Rosalin' and 'Phoenix' of Robert Chester, and the "moderne writers," of this book. Let the reader keep eye and ear and memory alert, and he will (*meo judicio*) find throughout, that in *Love's Martyr* and the related poems, he is listening to the every-day language of the Panegyrists of the 'great Queen.' That is to say, apart from theories, he will see that all the epithets, and much of the description pointed, and could point alone, to Elizabeth. Her 'beauty' and her kind of beauty, "beauty that excelled all beauty on earth"—her 'princely eyes,' her 'majestical' appearance, her palms kissed like a saint's, her chastity—over and over celebrated—her 'deep counsels,' her fondness for and skill in music, her gift of poetry, her eloquence, the "sweet accents of her tongue," her being a 'Phoenix,' 'Earth's beauteous Phoenix' (p. 9), and a Phoenix a prey to the want of a successor—all inevitably make us think of Elizabeth, and none other possible. Let any one who may hesitate, take NICHOLS' *Progresses of Elizabeth** and study the addresses in verse and prose or the incense of flattery of the 'Devices' and similar entertainments of her nobles. It will surprize me if he hesitate longer. There is this also to be remembered, that so peculiar, so fantastically unique, was Elizabeth's position, that no one—with his fortune to make—would have dared to write thus hyperbolically of any woman on English ground while Elizabeth was alive, he thereby putting Elizabeth in the back-ground, and infinitely below her. Even Sir Walter Raleigh in 1602, *i.e.*, subsequent to the date of *Love's Martyr*, thus closes a letter to her Majesty: "And so most humblie imbracing and admiringe the memory of *thos celestial bewtyes*, which with the people is denied mee to review, I pray God your Majestie may be eternall in joyes and happines. Your Majesty's most humble slaue."†

* 2 vols., 4to. See Postscript to this Introduction, C, for quotations from Nichols.

† Edwards' *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. ii, p. 260 (2 vols., 8vo, 1868, Macmillan.)

By my Notes and Illustrations I put it in the power of anyone to confirm (or to confute if he may) this interpretation of the 'Phoenix' as intended for Elizabeth. I am not aware that anyone has ever so much as hinted at the interpretation; but neither do I know that any one before has read or studied the extremely rare book. The exceptional interest of the "new compositions" by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston, and others, seems to have over-shadowed the larger portion, and thereby, likewise, left these "new compositions" without a key.*

This *internal* evidence, from *Love's Martyr*, as to Elizabeth having been meant by the 'Phoenix' is equally established by *external*. That is to say, another contemporary Poet—and only supercilious ignorance will deny the name to the author of *The Tragedie of Shores Wife*, were there no more — THOMAS CHURCHYARD — the 'Old

* I must state that, having communicated my interpretation of the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle-dove' to my dear friend and fellow-worker in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson of London, I was more than gratified to learn that, on reading the proof-sheets of *Love's Martyr* (which he had never been fortunate enough to see previously) he had come to the same conclusions. Thus wrought-out in absolute independence, the conclusions themselves may, perhaps, be deemed all the more probable. I must add, that I have had the very great advantage of Dr. Nicholson's reading of the entire proof-sheets of the text and of my Notes and Illustrations. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and insight of my richly-furnished friend, whose restored health we are all rejoicing over. As I write this a letter reaches me from Dr. Nicholson with additional illustrations and confirmations of the 'Phoenix' being Elizabeth — as follows:

"In reading Henry Peacham, M.A., his *Minerva Britannia or Garden of Heroicall Devices*, 1612, a series of pictorial Impresas or Emblems, with verses in English and Latin, glorifying James and his family and the chief men of rank and note in England, I came across a passage which seems to shew that Elizabeth had adopted the Phoenix as 'her own' Emblem. At the conclusion he has a poetic vision in which Minerva Britannia, as I suppose, shows him a hall filled with their Impresas and Emblems limned on the shields of renowned Englishmen, both kings and peers; and having enumerated some he continues:

' With other numberlesse beside,
That to haue seene each one's deuife,
How liuely limn'd, how well appli'de

Palæmon' of Spenser's *Colin Clout*—had explicitly celebrated Elizabeth, years before (1593), as the 'Phoenix.' His 'Churchyard's *Challenge*' is so very rare and unknown, that I think it well to reproduce here his celebrations; for as I take it, it makes what was before certain certainty itself.

The Poems I refer to are these: (a) A fewe plaine verses of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maiestie was laft at Oxenford; (b) A discourse of the only Phoenix of the worlde; (c) A praise of that Phenix; (d) A discourse of the ioy good subiects haue when they see our Phenix abroad; (e) This is taken out of Belleaux made of his own Miftresse. The whole of these follow. I prefix the Epistle-dedicatory of the entire volume, because in it the 'Queenes Maiestie,' as being the 'Phoenix,' is again designated.

You were the while in Paradiſe:
 Another ſide ſhe did ordaine
 To ſome late dead, ſome liuing yet,
 Who ſeru'd Eliza in her raigne,
 And worthily had honour'd it.

 Where turning triſt I ſpide aboue,
 HER OWN DEAR PHENIX HOVERING,
 Whereat me thought in melting Loue,
 Apace with teares mine eies did ſpring;
 But Foole, while I aloft did looke,
 For her that was to Heauen flowne,
 This goodly place, my ſight forlooke,
 And on the fuddaine all was gone.'

It is worth adding, that in the body of the book, Peacham gives the Phoenix to Cecil." It may be recalled here that Shakespeare put the 'emblem' of the 'Phoenix' into Cranmer's mouth at the baptism of Elizabeth—as thus:

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself,
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one."

(*Henry VIII*, act v, sc. 5, ll. 39-43.)

Cf. also my edition of Sylvester, p. 5, for kindred prefatory compliment.

I. The Epistle-dedicatory of "Churchyards Challenge." (1593.)

To the right worshopfull the Ladie

Anderson, wife to the right honorable

Lord chiefe Iustice of the common

Pleas.

MY boldnes being much, may passe the bounds of duty, but the goodnes of your honourable husband (good Madame) passeth so farre the commendacion of my penne, that vnder his iudgement and shield (that is so iust a Iudge) I make a sauegard to this my presumption, that hazardeth where I am vnknownen to present any peece of Poetrie or matter of great effect, yet aduenturing by fortune, to giue my Lady your sister somewhat in the honour of the Queenes Maiestie, in the excellencie of her woorthy praise that neuer can decay; I haue translated some verses out of French, that a Poet seemed to write of his owne mistresse, which verses are so apt for the honouring of the Phenix of our worlde, that I cannot hide them from the sight of the worthy, nor dare commit so grosse a fault as to let them die with my selfe: wherefore and in way of your fauour in publishing these verses, I dedicate them to your good Ladishippe, though not so well penned as the first Authour did polish them, yet in the best manner my muse can affoorde, they are plainly expressed, hoping they shalbe as well taken as they are ment, so the blessed and great Iudge of all daily bleffe you.

II. A few plaine verses of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queenes Maiestie was last at Oxenford.*

Sith silent Poets all,
that praise your Ladies so:
My Phenix makes their plumes to fall,
that would like Peacockes goe.
Some doe their Princes praise,
and Synthia some doe like:
And some their Mistresse honour raise,
As high as Souldiers pike.
Come downe yee doe presmount, [sic]
the warning bel it sounds:

* In the Contents it is entitled "A discourse of the only Phenix of the worlde." Lady Anderson, *supra*, was Magdalen, d. of Christopher Smyth, of Annables, co. Herts.

That cal's you Poets to account,
for breaking of your bounds.
In giuing fame to those,
faire flowers that soone doth fade :
And cleane forget the white red rose,
that God a Phenix made.
Your Ladies also doe decline,
like Stars in darksome night :
When Phenix doth like Phœbus shine,
and leands the world great light.
You paint to please desire,
your Dame in colours gay :
As though braue words, or trim attire,
could grace a clod of clay.
My Phenix needs not any art,
of Poets painting quill :
She is her selfe in euerie part,
so shapte by kindly skil.
That nature cannot wel amend:
and to that shape most rare,
The Gods such speciall grace doth fend,
that is without compare.
The heauens did agree,
by constellations plaine :
That for her vertue shee should bee the only queene to raigne,
(In her most happie daies) and carries cleane awaie :
The tip and top of peerlesse prayse, if all the world say nay,
Looke not that I should name, her vertue in their place,
But looke on her true well-won fame, that answers forme & face.
And therein shall you read, a world of matter now,
That round about the world doth spread her heauenly graces throw.
The seas (where cannons rore) hath yeilded her her right,
And sent such newes vnto the shore, of enemies folle and flight.
That all the world doth sound, the glorie Phenix gote
Whereof an eccho doth rebound, in such a tune and note,
(That none alive shall reach) of Phenix honor great,
Which shall the poets muses teach, how they of her shold treat.
O then with verses sweete, if Poets haue good store,
Fling down your pen, at Phenix feet, & praise your nimphe no more.
Packer hence, she comes in place, a stately Royall Queene :
That takes away your Ladies grace, as soone as she is seene.
FINIS.

III. A praise of that Phenix.*

Verfes of value, if Vertue bee feene,
Made of a Phenix, a King, and a Queene.

My Phenix once, was wont to mount the skies,
To fee how birdes, of baser feathers flew :
Then did her Port and prefence please our eies :
Whose abfence now, breeds nought but fancies new.
The Phenix want, our court, and Realme may rue.
Thus fight of her, fuch welcome gladnes brings,
That world ioeis much, whē *Phenix* claps her wings.

And flies abroad, to take the open aire,
In royall fort, as bird of ftately kinde :
Who hates foul ftorms ; and loues mild weather fair,
And by great force, can lore the bloftring wind,
To fhow the grace, and greatnes of the minde,
My *Phenix* hath, that vertue growing grēene,
When that abroad, her gracious face is fēene.

=lower

Let neither feare of plagues, nor wits of men,
Keepe *Phenix* clofe, that ought to liue in light :
Of open world, for abfence wrongs vs then,
To take from world, the Lampe that giues vs light,
O God forbid, our day were turnde to night,
And fhining Sunne, in clowds should throwded be,
Whofe golden rayes, the world defires to fee.

The Dolphin daunts, each fifh that fwims the Seas,
The Lion feares, the greateft beaft that goes :
The Bees in Hive, are glad theyr King to please,
And to their Lord, each thing their duety knowes.
But firft the King, his Princely prefence fhoves,
Then fubiects ftoopes, and prostrate fells on face,
Or bowes down head, to giue their maifter place.

The funne hath powre, to comfort flowrs and gras,
And purge the aire, of foule infections all :
Makes ech thing pure, wher his clear beams do paffe,
Draws vp the dew, that mifts and fogs lets fall :
My *Phenix* hath, a greater gift at call,
For vaffalls all, a view of her doe craue,
Because thereby, great hope and hap we haue.

* I take this heading from the 'Contents,'—there is added, "and verfes translated out of French." Throughout these poems of Churchyard there are various instances of verb singular after nominative plural.

Good turnes it brings, and fuiters plaints are heard,
 The poore are pleafde, the rich fome purchafe gains,
 The wicked blufh : the worthy wins reward,
 The feruant findes a meanes to quit his paines :
 The wronged man, by her fome right attaines.
 Thus euery one, that help and fuccour needes,
 In hard diftreffe, on *Phenix* fauour feedes.

But from our view, if world doe *Phenix* kéepe,
 Both Sunne, and Moone, and ftars we bid farewell,
 The heauens mourne, the earth will waile and weep.
 The heauy heart, it féeles the paines of Hell,
 Woe be to thofe, that in defpaire doe dwell.
 Was neuer plague nor pefflence like to this,
 When foules of men haue loft fuch heauenly bliffe.

Now futers all, you may shoote vp your plaints
 Your Goddes now, is lockt in fhrine full faft :
 You may perhaps, yet pray vnto her Saints.
 Whose cares are ftopt, and hearing fure is paff,
 Now in the fire, you may fuch Idols caft.
 They cannot helpe, like flockes and ftones they bée,
 That haue no life, nor cannot heare nor fee.

Till that at large, our royall *Phenix* comes,
 Packe hence poore men, or picke your fingers endes,
 Or blow your nailes, or gnaw and bite your thombs,
 Till God aboue, fome better fortune fends.
 Who here abides, till this bad world emends,
 May doe full well, as tides doe ebbe and flow,
 So fortune turnes, and haps doe come and goe.

The bodies ioy, and all the ioints it beares,
 Lies in the head, that may commaund the reft :
 Let head but ake, the heart is full of feares,
 And armes acroffe, we clap on troubled breft :
 With heauy thoughts, the mind is fo oppreff,
 That neather legs, nor féeete haue will to goe,
 As man himfelfe, were cleane orecome with woe.

The head is it, that ftill preferues the fence.
 And féekes to faue, each member from difeafe :
 Devife of head, is bodies whole defence,
 The skill whereof, no part dare well difpleafe :
 For as the Moone mones vp the mighty Seas,
 So head doth guide the body when it will,
 And rules the man, by wit and reafons skill.

E

But how should head, indéede doe all this good,
 When at our néede, no vfe of head we haue :
 The head is felt, is féene and vnderftood.
 Then from difgrace, it will the body faue,
 And otherwife, fick man drops downe in graue.
 For when no helpe, nor vfe of head we finde,
 The féete fals lame, and gazing eies grow blinde.

The lims wax ftiffe, for want of vfe and aide,
 The bones doe dry, their marrow waste away :
 The heart is dead, the body liues afraide,
 The finnowes shrinke, the bloud doth ftill decay :
 So long as world, doth want the Star of day,
 So long darke night, we fhall be fure of héere ;
 For cloudy skies, I feare will neuer cléere.

God fend fome helpe, to falue fick poore mens fores,
 A boxe of baulme, would heale our woundes vp quite :
 That precious oyle, would eate out rotten cores,
 And giue great health, and man his whole delighte.
 God fend fome funne, in frostie morning white,
 That cakes of yce may melt by gentle thaw,
 And at well-head wee may fome water drawe.

A Riddle.

Wée wifh, wee want, yet haue what we defire :
 Wee freefe, wee burne, and yet kept from the fire.

FINIS.

IV. A difcourfe of the ioy good fubiefts haue when they fee our Phenix abroad.*

This is to be red fine waies.

IN hat a fauour worne, a bird of gold in Britaine land,
 In loyall heart is borne, yet doth on head like Phenix ftand.
 To fet my Phenix forth, whose vertues may thē al furmoût.
 An orient pearle more worth, in value, price & good account.
 The gold or precious stone, what tong or verfe dare her diftain,
 A péerelefse paragon, in whom fuch gladfome gifts remaine.
 Whose feemly fhape is wrought as out of wax wer made y^e mold
 By fine deuife of thought, like shrined Saint in beaten gold :
 Dame Nature did difdaine, and thought great fcorn in any fort,
 To make the like againe, that fhould deferue fuch rare report.
 Ther néedes no Poets pen, nor painters pencil, come in place,

* This heading is from the 'Contents.'

Nor flatering frafe of men, whose filed fpech giues ech thing grace,
 To praife this worthy dame, a Nymph which *Dian* holds full *dée*
 That in fuch perfect frame, as mirror bright & chriftal clée
 Is fet out to our view, threefold as faire as shining Sunne,
 For beauty grace and hue, a worke that hath great glory won,
 A Goddes dropt from fky, for caufes more than men may know,
 To pleafe both minde & eie for thofe that dwels on earth below,
 And fhew what heauenly grace, and noble fecret power diuine
 Is féene in Princely face, that kind hath formd & framd fo fine.
 For this is all I write, of fared Phenix ten times bleft,
 To fhew mine own delite, as fancies humor thinketh beft.

FINIS.

V. This is taken out of *Belleau* made of his own
 Miftrefle.*

Sad fighes doth fhew, the heat of heartes defire,
 And forrow fpeakes, by fignes of heaueie eyes :
 So if hot flames, proceed from holly fire,
 And loue may not, from vicious fancies eyes
 In tarrying time, and fauour of the fkyes,
 My only good, and greateft hap doth lie :
 In her that doth, all fond delight difpies :
 Than turne to mee, fad fighes I fhall not dye.

If that bee fhee, who hath fo much mee bound,
 And makes me hers, as I were not mine owne :
 She moft to praife, that maie aliue be founde,
 Moft great and good, and gracious througly knowne.
 Shée all my hope, in briefe yea more than mine,
 (That quickly maie, bring life by looke of eye)
 Than come chaefte fighes, a close record diuine,
 Returne to mee, and I fhall neuer dye.

If from young yeares, fhee gainde the garland gaye,
 And wan the price, of all good giftes of grace :
 If princely port, doe vertuous minde be wraie,
 And royall power, be found by noble face,
 If fhee bee borne, moft happie graue and wife,
 A Sibill fage, fent downe from heauens hie,
 O fmothring fighes, that faine would clofe mine eyes,
 Returne to mee, fo fhall I neuer die.

=*prize*

* While this piece has nothing of the 'Phoenix' in it, it is equally good for our purpose, as shewing how Elizabeth was addressed (as in Chester) by the titles of 'Sun,' &c.

If most vpright, and faire of forme shée bee,
 That may beare life, and swéetest manner shewes,
 Loues God, good men, and Countries wealth doth fee,
 A queene of kinges, all Christian princes knowes,
 So iustly liues, that each man hath his owne,
 Sets straight each state, that else would goe awrie :
 Whereby her fame, abroad the world is blowne,
 Then feace sad fighes, so shall I neuer die.

If shée the heart of Alexander haue,
 The sharpe esprit, and hap of Haniball,
 The constant mind, that Gods to Scipio gaue,
 And Cæsars grace, whose triumphs passed all,
 If in her thought, do dwell the iudgement great,
 Of all that raignes, and rules from earth to skie :
 (And sits this houre, in throne and regall seate),
 Come fighes againe, your maister cannot die.

If she be found, to tast the pearcing ayr,
 In heate, in colde, in frost, in snowe and rayne :
 As diamond, that shines so passing faire,
 That funne nor moone, nor weather cannot staine :
 If blastes of winde, and stormes to beautie yelde,
 And this well springe, makes other fountaines drye,
 (Turnes tides and floodes, to water baraine féeld,) }
 Come fighes then home, I liue and cannot die.

If her great giftes, doth daunt dame fortunes might,
 And she haue caught the hayres and head of hap :
 To others hard, to her a matter light,
 To mount the cloudes, and fall in honours lap.
 If shee her selfe, and others conquers too,
 Ljues long in peace, and yet doth warre defie :
 As valiaunt kinges, and vertuous victors doe,
 Then fighe no more, o heart I cannot die.

If such a prince, abase her highnesse than,
 For some good thing, the world may gesse in mee :
 And stoupes so low, too like a fillie man,
 That little knowes, what Princes grace may bee.
 If shee well waie, my faith and seruice true,
 And is the iudge, and touch that gold shall trie :
 That colour cleere, that neuer changeth hue,
 Heart sigh no more, I liue and may not die.

If I doe vse, her fauour for my weale,
 By reason off, her gracious countenance still :
 And from the sunne, a little light I steale,
 To keepe the life, in lampe to burne at will.

If robberie thus, a true man may commit,
Both I and mine, vnto her merits flie :
If I perfume, it springes for want of wit,
Excuse me than, sad sighes or else I die.

If thee do know, her shape in heart I beare,
Engraued in breast, her grace and figure is,
Yea day and night, I thinke and dreame each where,
On nothing else, but on that heauenly blisse,
If so transformde, my mind and body liues,
But not consumed, nor finde no cause to cry,
And waite on her, that helpe and comfort giues ,
Than come poore sighes, your maister shall not die.

If she behold, that here I wish no breath,
But liue all hers, in thought and word and déede :
Whose fauour lost, I craue but present death,
Whose grace attained, lean soule full fat shall féede.
If any cause, do kéepe her from my fight,
I know no world, my self I shall deny,
But if her torch, doe lend my candle light,
Heart sigh no more, the body doth not die.

But if by death, or some disgrace of mine
Through enuies sting, or false report of foes,
My view be bard, from that swéete face diuine.
Beléue for troth, to death her seruant goes,
And rather sure, than I should ill conceiue :
Sighes mount to skies, you know the cause and why.
How here below, my lusty life I leaue,
Attend me there, for wounded heart must die.

If shée beléue, without her prefence here,
That anything, may now content my minde :
Or thinke in world, is sparke of gladfome chéere,
Where shée is not, nor I her prefence finde :
But all the ioyes, that man imagine may,
As handmaidens wayt, on her héeere vnder sky,
Then sighes mount vp, to heauens hold your way,
And stay me there, for I of force must die.

If I may feare, that fragill beauty light,
Or semblance faire, is to be doubted fore :
Or my vaine youth, may turn with fancies might
Or sighes full falles fains grieve or torment more,
Than heart doth féele, then angry stars aboue,
Doe band your selues, gainst me in heauens hie.
And rigor worke, to conquer constant loue,
Mount vp poore sighes, here is no helpe, I die.

And so sad fighes, the witnes of my thought,
 If loue finde not, true guerdon for good will :
 Ere that to graue, my body shalbe brought,
 Mount vp to clowds, and there abide me still,
 But if good hope, and hap some succour fend,
 And honor doth, my vertuous minde supply,
 With treble blisse, for which I long attend,
 Returne good fighes, I mean not now to die.

Translated out of French, for one that is bounde much to Fortune.

FINIS.

It were easy to multiply contemporary and funereal 'flatteries' of Elizabeth under the name of the 'Phoenix,' and from Cynthia in Spenser to the Rosalind and Orianas of many 'Madrigals,'* and Atropeion Delion of Thomas Newton (1603), shew that she was even to old age receptive of the loftiest names and the most celestial praise, especially if they lauded her 'beauty' or her intellect. But for our present purpose more cannot be required.

Having thus determined that Elizabeth was the 'Phoenix,' I proceed now to inquire who was intended by the 'Turtle-doue.' As with the 'Phoenix,' I must request attention to our Notes and Illustrations on the places wherein the 'Turtle-doue' occurs. It will there be found that, contrary to ordinary usage, the 'Turtle-doue' is distinctly 'sung' of as a male, by the necessities indeed of the 'love' relations sustained towards the 'Phoenix,' and of the 'Phoenix' towards the 'Turtle-doue,' *e.g.*:

Nature.

" Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,
 And we will leaue this ill corrupted Land,
 We'll take our course through the blue Azure skie,
 And set our feete on *Paphos* golden sand.
 There of that *Turtle Doue* we'll vnderstand :
 And visit HIM in those delightful plaines,
 Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remains." (p. 32.)

It will also be found that, as with Elizabeth as the 'Phoenix,'

* See an interesting paper on 'Madrigals' in honour of Elizabeth in *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. iv, pp. 185-188. See Postscript D for additional 'Phoenix' references, &c.

so with the 'Turtle-doue,' epithet and circumstance and the whole bearing of the Poems, make us think of but one pre-eminent man in the Court of Elizabeth. Let the Notes and Illustrations on portions of these Poems relative to the 'Turtle-doue' be critically pondered; and unless I err egregiously, it will be felt that only of the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly-dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second earl of Essex, could such splendid things have been thought. Inevitably 'Liberal Honour' and 'Love's Lord,' are accepted as *his* titles of right; while his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him reveal the 'envy' and 'jealousy' and hatreds against which he fought his way upward.† I invite prolonged scrutiny of this description and portraiture :

" Hard by a running streame or cryftall fountaine,
Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,
Enuiron'd with a high and steepie mountaine,
A fertill soile and fruitful plot of ground,
There shalt thou find true *Honors* lonely *Squire*,
That for this *Phanix* keepes *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,
I made his house to chaftice thence despight,
And fram'd it like this heauenly roofof mine :
His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,
Aymes at true faithfull seruice and defart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth sit,
Bloud and sweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,
Bloud to his foes, a president most fit
For such as haue his gentle humour spited :
His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
Hangs carelesse downe to shroud a blushing cheek.

Giue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,
This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
These shall direct him to the *Phanix* bed,
Where on a high hill he this Bird shall meet :
And of their *Athes* by my doome shal rise,
Another *Phanix* her to equalize." (pp. 19-20.)

† See *Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earl of Essex, &c., &c.* By the Hon. W. B. Devereux, 2 vols. 8vo., 1853. (Murray.)

The 'Turtle Dove,' as thus described, was then in 'Paphos island'; and what was meant by it will appear in the sequel. But I ask any one familiar with the men and events of the reign of Elizabeth, if Essex is not instantly suggested by these and parallel passages and allusions in *Love's Martyr*? This being so, we would expect that Essex will be found elsewhere similarly described; and if, in giving Churchyard's remarkable 'Phoenix' poems, I felt that I was by them placing our interpretation beyond cavil, I have much the same conviction in now submitting certain extracts from a poem avowedly in his honour, when he was in the golden sunshine (yet not without broad shadows) of his favour with Elizabeth. I refer to "*An Eglogve Gratulatorie*. Entitled: To the right honorable, and renowned Shepherd of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall. Done by George Peele." (1589.)*

Let these speak for themselves, by help of our *italics* occasionally :

Piers.

"Of arms to sing I haue nor lust nor skill ; list?
 Enough is me to blazon my good-will,
 To welcome home that long hath lacked been,
 One of the jolliest shepherds of our green;
Iö, iö pæan!

Palinode.

Tell me, good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,
 What may thilk jolly fwain or shepherd be,
 Or whence y-comen, that he thus welcome is,
 That thou art all so blithe to see his bliffe?

Piers.

... Think shepherd, Palinode, whom my pipe praiseth,
 Where glory my reed to the welkin raiseth,
 He's a great herdgroom, certes, but no fwain,
Sauce hers that is the flower of Phæbe's plain;
Iö, iö pæan!

* Dyce's Greene, pp. 559-563, 1 vol., 8vo, 1861. It is much to be regretted that, here as invariably, so competent a scholar and so noble a worker as the late Mr. Dyce *modernised* the orthography of his texts, thereby obliterating all philological and critical value.

He's well-allied and lovèd of the best,
Well-thew'd, fair and frank, and famous by his crest;
His Rain-deer, racking with proud and stately pace,
Giveth to his flock a right beautiful grace;

Iö, iö pæan!

He waits where our great shepherdes doth wun,
He playeth in the shade, and thriveth in the sun;
He shineth on the plains, his lusty flock him by,
As when Apollo kept in Arcady;

Iö, iö pæan!

Fellow in arms he was in their flow'ring days
With that great shepherd, good Philifides; *Sir Philip Sidney*
And in fad fable did I see him dight,
Moaning the mis of Pallas' peerless knight;

Iö, iö pæan!

With him he serv'd, and watch'd, and waited late,
To keep the grim wolf from Elisa's gate; [Anjou, Tyrone, &c.]
And for their mistress, thoughten these two swains,
They moughten neuer take too mickle pains;

Iö, iö pæan!

But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead,
For whom the Muses, silver tears have shed;
Yet in this lovely swain, source of our glee,
Mun all his virtues sweet revive be;

Iö, iö pæan!"

Again :

Palinode.

"Thou foolish swain that thus art over-joy'd,
How soon may here thy courage be accoy'd!
If he be one come new from western coast,
Small cause hath he, or thou for him to boast.

I see no palm, I see no laurel boughs
Circle his temples or adorn his brows;
I hear no triumphs for this late return,
But many a herdsman more dispos'd to mourn.

Piers.

Pale lookest thou, like spite, proud Palinode;
Venture doth loss, and war doth danger bode:
But thou art of those harvesters, I see,
Would at one shock spoil all the filberd tree;

Iö, iö pæan!

For shame, I say, give virtue honour's duel
I'll please the shepherd but by telling true:

F

Palm mayst thou see and bays about his head,
That all his flock right forwardly hath led ;
Iö, iö pæan!"

Then comes ENVY, as so frequently in *Love's Martyr* and the Essex letters (to and from), with sinister influence :—

" But woe is me, lewd lad, fame's full of lies,
ENVY DOTH AYE TRUE HONOUR'S DEEDS DESPISE,
Yet chivalry will mount with glorious wings
SPITE ALL, AND NESTLE NEAR THE SEAT OF KINGS ;
Iö, iö pæan!

Finally, Chester's 'Liberall Honor' is introduced :—

" O HONOUR'S FIRE, that not the brackish sea
Mought quench, nor foeman's fearful 'larums lay!
So high those golden flakes done mount and climb
That they exceed the reach of shepherds rhyme ;
Iö, iö pæan!

Palinode.

What boot thy welcomes, foolish-hardy swain ?
Louder pipes than thine are going on the plain ;
Fair Eliza's lasses and her great grooms
Receive this shepherd with unfeign'd welcomes.

HONOUR *is in him* that doth it bestow

Piers.

So cease, my pipe, the worthies to record
Of thilk great shepherd, of *thilk fair young lord*."

The line of Palinode,

" HONOUR *is in him* that doth it bestow,"

as well as the title of '*Liberal Honour*,' refers doubtless, among other things, to the dubbing of knights by Essex as commander-in-chief—a matter which caused much 'evil-speaking' and jealousy.

Subsidiary to this specially noticeable poem of GEORGE PEELE is another by THOMAS CHURCHYARD. Intrinsically it is of little or no poetical value ; but from its direct bearing on our interpretation of 'Paphos Isle,'—as in *Love's Martyr*, designating Ireland,—it has no common interest. For it is a Greeting to Essex on his departure for Ireland to put down the rebellion of Tyrone. There is nothing of

that exaggerate laudation of Essex common at the period ; but the very homeliness and humbleness of the poem serve the better to reflect the gravity of his summons to do this service for his Queen. One phrase in the Epistle-dedicatory gives a parallel to Shakespeare's assurance of welcome on return, and to us now the quaintest possible use of the word 'impe.' The august names, *e.g.*, Scipio, Mars, and the like, tell us of the popular conception of the hero of the Expedition ; and in relation to the '*Liberal Honour*' of *Love's Martyr*, it does not look like a mere coincidence that Churchyard names Essex 'Honour'—"Who must ask grace on knees at Honor's feet" (p. xlii, l. 26). I deem it well to reproduce the whole, from (it is believed) the *unique* exemplar in the British Museum. Unfortunately the headline of the opening of the poem is cut off by the binder, and only the word 'happy' can be guessed at in it. The title-page is as follows :

THE
FORTVNATE FAREWELL
to the most forward and noble Earle
of *Essex*, one of the honorable priuie
Counsell, Earle high Marshall of Eng-
land, Master of the horse, Master of the
ordinance, Knight of the garter, &
Lord Lieutenant general of all
the *Queenes Maiesties*
forces in Ireland.
Dedicated to the right Honorable the Lord
HARRY SEAMER, second sonne
to the last Duke of
Sommerfet.
Written by Thomas Churchyard
Esquire.
Printed at London by Edm. Bollifant,
for William Wood at the West
doore of Powles.

1599

Next comes the Epistle-dedicatory—following up the odd mention of his name in the title-page—to Henry, second son of the Duke of Somerset, by his second wife, Anne,

daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, Knt. Churchyard calls him 'the Lord Harry' by courtesy; for of course when his father was stripped of his titles, those of the sons also fell. But he was knighted, though no record of this appears to have been preserved. Dr. Chester has notes of the administration to his estate, dated 6 February, 1606-7, when he was described as Sir Henry Seymour, Knt., of St. Anne, Blackfriars, London, the letters being granted to his sister, Lady Mary Rogers. He married Lady Joan Percy, third daughter of Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland, but died without issue; and as his sister administered his estate Lady Seymour probably died before him. The Epistle thus runs:

*To the right honorable the L. Harry Seamer
Thomas Churchyard wifheth continuance of
vertue, blessednesse of minde, and
wifhed felicitie.*

IN all duty (my good Lord) I am bold, because your most honorable father the Duke of Sommerfet (vncke to the renowned impe of grace noble King Edward the sixt) fauoured me when I was troubled before the Lords of the Counsell, for writing some of my first verses: in requitall whereof, euer since I haue honored all his noble race, and knowing your Lordship in fea seruices forward and ready in all honorable maner (sparing for no charges) when the Spanyards approached neere our cuntry, I bethought me how I might be thankfull for good turnes found of your noble progenie:* though vnable therefore, finding my selfe vnfurnished of all things woorthy presentation and acceptance, I tooke occasion of the departure of a most woorthy Earle towards the seruice in Ireland, so made a present to your Lordship of his happy Farewell as I hope: and trust to liue and see his wished welcome home. This Farewell onely deuised to stirre vp a threefold manly courage to the mercenarie multitude of soldiers, that follow this Marshall-like [Martial-like] Generall, and especially to mooue all degrees in generall loyalty to serue our good Queene Elizabeth, and valiantly to go through with good resolution the acceptable seruice they take in hand. Which true seruice shall redouble their renowne, and enroll their names in the memoriall-booke of fame for euer. I feare I leade your Lordship too farre with the flourish of a fruitlesse pen, whose blandishing phraze makes many to gaze on, and few to consider well of and regarde. My plot is onely laide to purchase good will of vertuous people: what the rest thinke, let their misconstruing conceits answere their owne idle humors. This plaine present winning your Lordships good liking, shall passe with the greater grace to his honorable

* = descent, or as we would say, ancestry, *i.e.*, the 'before-births,' a sense common at that time. Cf. Shakespeare and *Love's Martyr*.

hands, that the pralers & power of good men waites willingly vpon towards the reformation of wicked rebellion.

Your L. in all at commandement, *Thomas Churchyard.*

And now we reach the poem itself:*

.....

*and forward most noble
Earle of Essex.*

Now SCIPIO fails to Affrick far from hoem,
The Lord of hoests, and battels be his gied :
Now when green trees, begins to bud and bloem,
On Irish seas, ELIZAS ship shall ried ;
A warliek band, of worthy knights I hoep,
Aer armd for fight, a bloody brunt to bied ;
With rebels shall, boeth might and manhood coep,
Our contreis right, and quarrell to be tried :
Right macks wrong blufh, and troeth bids falshe fly,
The sword is drawn, TYROENS dispatch draws ny.
A traitor must be taught to know his king,
When MARS shal march, with shining sword in hand,
A crauen cock, cries creak and hangs down wing,
Will run about the shraep and daer not stand,
When cocks of gaem, coms in to giue a bloe ;
So false TYROEN, may faint when he would fight,
Thogh now alowd, on dunghill doth he croe ;
Traitors wants hart, and often tacks the flight :
When rebels see, they aer surprieffd by troeth,
Pack hence in haest, away the rebels goeth.
Proud trecherous trafh, is curbd & knockt with bloes,
Hy loftie mindes, with force are beaten down :
Against the right, though oft rued rebels roes,
Not oen sped well, that did impeach a crowne.
Read the Annaels, of all the Princes past,
Whear treasons still, are punisht in their kinde,
Thear shall you see, when faithfull men stand fast,
False traytors still, are but a blast of winde :
For he that first formd kings and all degrees,
The ruel of states, and kingdoms ouerfees.
Riot and rage, this rank rebellion breeds ;
Hauock and spoyl, sets bloudshed fo abroetch,
Troethles attempts, their filthy humor feeds,
Rashnes runs on, all hedlong to reproetch :

[*sheep?*]

* The spelling of Churchyard is so peculiar in this poem that I must state that our text is an exact reproduction of the original throughout. We have here a most noticeable example of a then common practice of making rhyming words agree in spelling, e.g., ll. 1 and 3 ; ll. 2, 4, 6, &c., &c.

Boldnes begaet theas helhounds all a roe,
 The fons of shaem, and children of Gods wrath;
 With woluiſh minds, liek breetchles beares they goe,
 Throw woods and bogs, and many a crooked paeth :
 Lying liek dogs, in litter, dung and ſtrawe,
 Rued as bruet beaſts, that knoes ne ruel nor lawe.
 Foſtred from faith, and fear of God or man,
 Vnlernd or taught of any graces good,
 Nurſt vp in vice, whear falſhed firſt began,
 Mercyles boern, ſtill ſheading guiltles blood.
 Libertines lewd, that all good order haets,
 Murtherers viel, of wemen great with childe,
 Cruell as kiets, deſpising all eſtaets,
 Diuiliſhly bent, boeth curriſh, ſtern and wilde :
 Their whole deuice, is rooet of miſcheeues all,
 That ſeeks a plaeg, on their own heds to fall.
 Will God permit, ſuch monſters to bear ſway ?
 His iuſtice haets, the ſteps of tyrants ſtill,
 Their damnable deeds, craues vengeance euery day ;
 Which God doth ſcourge, by his own bleſſed will.
 He planteth force, to ſling down feeble ſtrength,
 Men of mutch worth, to weaken things of noght,
 Whoes cloked craft, ſhall ſuer be ſeen at length,
 When vnto light, dark dealings ſhall be broght :
 Sweet ciuill Lords, ſhall ſawſy fellowes meet,
 Who muſt ask grace, on knees at honors feet.
 Ruednes may range awhile in ruſſling fort,
 As witleſſe wights with wandring macks world mues ;
 But when powre coms, to cut prouwd praſtiſe ſhort,
 And ſhoe by ſword, how ſubiects Prince abues,
 Then conſhens ſhall Peccaui cry in ſeeld,
 Tremble and quaeke, mutch liek an Aſpin leaf,
 But when on knees, do conquerd captiues yeeld,
 The victor turns his hed as he wear deaf :
 Rueth is grown cold, reuenge is hot as fier,
 And mercy ſits with frowns in angry attier.
 VVorld paſt forgaue great faults, and let them pas,
 Time preſent locks on futuer time to com.
 All aegis ſawe their follies in a glas,
 Yet were not taught, by time nor ſound of drom.
 This world groes blinde, and neither ſees nor heers,
 Their ſenſes fail, the wits and reaſon faints,
 Old world is waxt worm-eaten by long yeers,
 And men becom, black diuels that were faints :
 Yet Gods great grace, this wretched caus reforms,
 And from fayr flowrs, weeds out the wicked worms.

The
lead[ers]

They com that shall redresse great things amis,
 Pluck vp the weeds, plant roses in their place.
 No violent thing enduers long as hit is,
 Falshebed flies fast, from sight of true mens face,
 Traitors do fear the plaegs for them prepard
 And hieds their heds, in hoels when troeth is seen.
 Tho[u]gh[t] gracelesse giues to duty small regard,
 Good subiects yeelds obedience to their Queen :
 In quarrels iust, do thousands offer liues,
 They feel fowl bobs that for the bucklars striues.
 This Lord doth bring, for strength the fear of God,
 The loue of men, and sword of iustice boeth,
 Which three is to TYROEN an iron rod,
 A birchin twig, that draws blood whear hit goeth. [= it]
 When IOAB went, to warr in DAVIDS right,
 He broght hoem peace, in spite of enmies beard,
 For IOZIAS, the Lord above did fight,
 With Angels force, that made the foes afeard :
 The world doth shaek, and tremble at his frown,
 VVhoes beck soon casts the brags of rebels down.
 Stand fast and fuer, false traitors turns their back,
 True subiects veaw, macks haerbrain rebels blush ;
 Stout heauy bloes, macks highest trees to crack,
 An armed piek, may brauely bied a pufh :
 Wheel not about, stand stiffe liek brazen wall,
 For that's the way, to win the feeld in deed ;
 Charge the foer front, and see the enmies fall,
 The cowards brag, is but a rotten reed :
 Victors must beare the brunt of eury shock,
 A constant minde, is liek a stony rock.

Farewell sweet Lords, Knights, Captains and the rest,
 Who goes with you, taeks threefold thankfull pain,
 Who sets you forth, is ten times treble blest,
 Who serues you well, reaps glory for their gain,
 Who dies shall liue, in faem among the best,
 Who liues shall loek and laugh theas broils to scorn :
 All honest harts, doth ciuill warr detest,
 And curse the time that ear TYROEN was born :
 We hoep good hap waits on the fleet that goes,
 And Gods great help, shall clean destroy our foes.

F I N I S .

I venture to assume that I have sufficiently answered our question, Who were meant by the 'Phoenix' and the 'Turtle-dove' of these Poems? I must hold it as demon-

strated, that the 'Phoenix' was Elizabeth and the 'Turtle Dove' Essex.* No one has, hitherto, in any way thought of this interpretation of the 'Turtle Dove' any more than the other of the 'Phoenix'; but none the less do I hope for acceptance of it.†

Our interpretation of Chester's 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove' is the more weighty and important, in that it for the first time enables us to understand Shakespeare's priceless and *unique* 'Phoenix and Turtle'—originally attached to *Love's Martyr*. Perhaps Emerson's words on Shakespeare's poem, as well represents its sphinx-character even to the most capable critics, as any. They are as follow in his preface (pp. v, vi) to his charming *Parnassus* (1875)—

"Of Shakespeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred and ten years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius? I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay*, and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen Chester's *Love's Martyr*, and "the Additional Poems" (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet,

* In a small prose book by THOMAS DEKKER, of which I know no other exemplar than my own (unfortunately not perfect) — the "Prayers" that compose it are given respectively to the 'Dove,' the 'Eagle,' the 'Pellican,' and the 'Phoenix.' This unique little volume is dated 1609. Anything richer spiritually or more exquisite and finely quaint in its style, of the kind, I do not know. His preliminary description of the four birds is exceedingly well-done, and those of the 'Dove' and 'Phoenix' vividly set forth what the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove' of *Love's Martyr* are — only the love and aspiration are heavenward. Does any one know of another copy of this book? I should rejoice to hear of it.

† The late Mr. Richard Simpson had doubtless studied Chester critically; but he gave no inkling of his interpretation beyond announcing through the *New Shakespeare Society* that he would connect *Love's Martyr* with *Cymbeline*. I fear this must have proven another of his 'School of Shakespeare' discoveries. I have looked in vain in *Cymbeline* for anything save the slightest verbal illustrations of *Love's Martyr*. None the less do I regret that Mr. Simpson was not spared to give us his view of *Love's Martyr*, &c.

and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fullest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it."

Perchance there is truth in the close of this penetrative *bit* of criticism; but to myself the 'Phoenix and Turtle' has universal elements in it at once of thinking, emotion and form. Its very concinnity and restraint, *e.g.*—compared with the fecundity of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—differentiate it from all other of Shakespeare's writings. I discern a sense of personal heart-ache and loss in these sifted and attuned stanzas, unutterably precious.

(d) WHAT IS THE MESSAGE OR *motif* OF THESE POEMS? I recall that the original title-page informs us that in *Love's Martyr, or Rosalins Complaint*, we have poems "*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue.*" I cannot take less out of this than that the author believed he was celebrating a 'true love.' More than that, I cannot explain away the so prominently-given chief title, of Love's *Martyr*, or the subtitle, *Rosalind's Complaint*; which so manifestly folds within it Elizabeth, as the 'Tudor Rose (just as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, is called 'my sweet Rose, my dear Rose,' act i, sc. 2). To me all this means a 'true love' that 'ran not smooth,' that was defeated or never completed, and that led to such anguish as only the awful word 'martyr' could express. With queen Elizabeth, then, as the 'Phoenix,' and as the 'Rosalind' whose 'Complaint' the poems ensphere, and Essex as the 'Turtle Dove,' it seems to me unmistakable that ROBERT CHESTER, as a follower not to say partizan of Essex, designed his *Love's Martyr* as *his* message on the consummation of the tragedy of his beheading. That there is nothing beyond the insinuated martyrdom of the title on the scarcely less wrong

than blunder of Elizabeth—the execution of Essex—is to be explained by (1) That the words ‘*long expected labour*’ in the Epistle-dedicatory, intimate that the poems had been composed, substantially, some years before, probably in 1599, when Essex was on his memorable errand to Ireland; (2) That Elizabeth was still alive—and a terrible old lioness still when her pride was touched. The fact that Elizabeth was living when *Love’s Martyr* was published fills me indeed with astonishment at the author’s audacity in so publishing. This, however, is mitigated by these considerations (a) That throughout *Love’s Martyr* there is abundant titillation of her well-known vanity in compliments that ‘sweet fifteen’ only might have looked for; (b) That if we had access to the full *data* it seems manifest that they would show that somehow or other Chester had intimate, almost confidential, knowledge of Elizabeth’s feeling for Essex. Sir John Salisburie, as being ‘Esquier of the body to the Queenes most excellent majesty,’ could tell him much if he, personally, had not access. (c) That in her unlifted melancholy over the death of her favorite, the might-have-been came back upon her with sovran potency and accusation, and perchance imparted a strange satisfaction to her to have it re-called by a mutual friend; much as her Biographers have remarked, she chose to simulate quarrels with Essex, that she might have the pleasure of hearing him defend himself. Throughout Chester fulfilled his word in “The Authors request to the Phoenix” (p. 5), [I] “Endeouored haue to please in praifing thee.”* Even in “Sorrowes Ioy” on her death, there seems to me a hint at the martyrdom, *e.g.*:

“ That Pellican who for her peoples good
Shirkt not to spill (alas) her owne deare blood:
That maid, that Pellican.”†

* See Postscript E, for an incident in Elizabeth’s life that vivifies one of Chester’s compliments to her.

† See further quotations in Postscript D.

In the Notes and Illustrations I bring out indubitable allusions that bear us back to Elizabeth's girl-hood, when she was 'suspect' and watched and plotted against by her sister, 'Bloody Mary' (alas! for epithet so tremendous associated with name so holy and tender!)—bear us back to her radiant prime when her marriage was the national hope and prayer—bear us back emphatically, to her first flush of captivation by the glowing eyes and eloquent tongue of Essex; and so onward. That Elizabeth was 'led captive,' there are a hundred proofs. Take one in a bit of a letter of Anthony Bagot to his father in May 1587—"When she [the queen] is abroad, nobody near her but my L. of Essex; and at night, my Lord is at cards, or one game or another with her *that he cometh not to his own lodgings till birds sing in the morning.*"* I find here the *motif* of the poems. Chester interprets with subtlety and power the real 'passion' of Elizabeth for Essex—the actual feeling on her part, that if 'I dare' might wait on 'I would' she should have lifted him to her throne. Our Poet puts himself in her place, and with a boldness incomparable utters out the popular impression that Elizabeth did 'love' Essex. Hence—as I think—those stings of pain, throbs of remorse, cries of self-reproach, 'feeling after' died-out emotion and rapture, that in most unexpected places come out and lay bare that proud, strong, prodigious heart as none else has ever done. I am in the dark as to Robert Chester's relation to Elizabeth; but it is in broad-breaking light that he pierces to the core, while in simple-seeming and even 'skillless' phrase, he tells us in these strange discourings between 'Nature' and the 'Phoenix' the '*truth of Loue.*' This is 'allegorically' done—his phrase is 'allegorically shadowing out'—but beneath the allegory is solid fact.

I care not to go searching for 'scandals against Elizabeth.' The hate of the Jesuits probably manufactured most of them. But I do not see how any one can study the *Life*

* Lives and Letters of the Earls of Essex, as before, vol. i, p. 186.

and *Letters* of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, as told by Captain Devereux, without having it immovably established to him, that to the close Elizabeth had a deep passion of love for him — thwarted earlier by her sense that it would not do for 'Queen' to marry 'Subject,' and later by his capricious marriage to the widow of Sidney, but never extirpated and destined to a weary 'martyrdom' of resurrection when the decollated body lay in its bloody grave. Except the love-tragedy of Stella and Sidney,* I know nothing more heart-shatteringly tragic — for pathetic is too weak a word — than the 'great Queen's' death-cushion moanings and mutterings over her dead Essex. I, for one, believe in that story of 'the ring' as JOHN WEBSTER has put it:

————— "let me die
In the distraction of that worthy prince's
Who loathed food, and sleep, and ceremony,
For thought of loving that braue gentleman
She would fain haue sau'd, had not a false conveyance
Expreffed him stubborn-hearted: let me sink
Where neither man nor memory may e'er find me."†

That Webster did not thus introduce the 'ring' at random seems certain. A hitherto overlooked little book supplies a self-authenticating record of it, as well as other glimpses of Elizabeth that strikingly illustrate *Love's Martyr*. The title-page is as follows — *Historical Memoirs on the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James*, 1658 (12mo).‡ The 'ring' story and related reflections thus run:

* Poems of Sir Philip Sidney in Fuller Worthies' Library, and in Chatto and Windus's *Early English Poets* — with Memorial-Introduction, Essay, &c.

† The Devil's Law Case, act iii, sc. 3, Dyce's *Webster*, p. 128, 1 vol., 8vo, 1857.

‡ I am indebted to Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for *supra*. Earlier reference is made (as in *Love's Martyr*) to Elizabeth's poetical gift, *e.g.*, "professing herself in public a Muse, then thought something too Theatrical for a virgine Prince" (p. 61). Her prominent part in "the gayeties" of the Court is contrasted with its ceasing after the death of Essex (p. 70). There are also several other passages which speak of her affection for Essex. The introductory heading is "*Traditional Memoirs*," &c.

"But the Lady of *Nottingham* coming to her death-bed and finding by the daily sorrow the Queene expressed by the losse of Essex, her self a principall agent in his destruction could not be at rest till she had discovered all, and humbly implored mercy from God and *forgiveness* from her earthly Sovereigne: who did not only refuse to give it, but having shook her as she lay in her bed, sent her accompanied with most fearfull curses to a higher Tribunall. Not long after the Queenes *weaknesse* did appeare mortall, hastened by the wishes of many [Cecil and his circle?] that could not in reason expect pardon for a fault they found she had condemned so severely in her selfe as to *take comfort in nothing* after * * * But upon all occasions of signing Pardons would upbraid the movers for them with the hasty anticipation of that brave man's end, not to be expiated to the Nations losse by any future endeavours" (p. 95) * * * "[It were] no great hyperbole to affirm the Queene did not only bury Affection but her Power in the Tombe of Essex" (p. 97) * * * "For after the blow was given, the Queene presaging by a multitude of tears shed for him, the great drouth was likely to appeare in the eyes of her subjects, when the hand that signed the warrant was cut off, fell into a deep *Melancholy* wherein she died not long after."*

Each Reader of *Love's Martyr* will discover for himself its allusions to the real under the avowedly 'allegorical.' I would note, in rapidly glancing through the book a few details that are certainly unmistakeable, *e.g.*:

"*Bellona* rau'd at Lordlike cowardice" (p. 9).

One has but to read Essex's 'Letters,' and to master the facts about COBHAM and other 'coward' lords in relation to Essex's 'Expeditions,' to perceive the blow of this line.

Of the 'Phoenix' we have this:—

"One rare rich *Phanix* of exceeding beautie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed;
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie:
One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced:
One and none fuch, since the wide world was found
Hath euer Nature placed on the ground" (p. 10).

.....
Like to a light bright Angel in her gate:
For why no creature on the earth but she,
Is like an Angell, Angell let her be" (p. 14).

The former is the universal language of the period, *e.g.*, Raleigh in his *Cynthia* sings of her as a 'milk-white Dove';

* See Postscript F, for a very striking contemporary letter in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, on the death-bed, &c., of Elizabeth.

the latter was Essex's favourite word. Thus in acknowledging the queen's gift of her portrait in a ring, he writes :

"Most dear Lady,—For your Maj. high and precious favors, namely, for sending this worthy knight to deliuer your blessing to this fleet and army, but aboue all other for your Maj. bestowing on me that *fair angel which you sent to guard me* ; for these, I say, I neither can write words to express my humble thankfulness, nor perform service fit to acknowledge such duty as for these I owe" (*Lives of the Earls of Essex*, as before, vol. i, p. 414).

Here is the 'Queen,' and the proud sovereign of England, speaking, not the mere 'Phoenix' :

"Honor that Isle that is my sure defence" (p. 33, st. 1, l. 7).

Into whose mouth but Elizabeth's could ever such an exclamation have been placed? Then, to render the 'Isle' certain as not some foreign 'Paphos Isle,' but one near England, there succeeds an enumeration and celebration of England's chief cities and sights.

In accord with this, the 'nine (female) Worthies' (pp. 38–40) are appropriate as connected with the 'Phoenix = Queen Elizabeth'; while with equal appropriateness in such case, but only in such case, 'Windsor Castle' and the Knights of the Garter, connect the Queen and King Arthur, and also render the Arthur part of *Love's Martyr* not wholly out of place.

Next, here is self-evidently an Elizabethan fact — danger of no heir to the throne of England if the 'Phoenix' married not :

"This *Phenix* I do feare me will decay,
And from her ashes neuer will arise
An other Bird her wings for to display,
And her rich beauty for to equalize:
The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and bafe,
To make another spring within her place" (p. 15).

.

Then thus Ioue spake, tis pittie she should die,
And leane no ofspring for her Progenie" (p. 17).

That the 'Phoenix' was Queen of Britain is implied in this stanza :

"Nature go hie thee, get thee *Phæbus* chaire,
 Cut through the skie, and leaue *Arabia*,
 Leaue that il working peace of fruitlesse ayre,
 Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,
 These countries haue no fire to raife that flame,
 That to this *Phanix* bird can yeeld a name" (p. 17).

That the "delightfome *Paphos* Ile" (p. 17 and onward) was Ireland—whither Essex had gone—let the reader verify by studying its characteristics under all its mythical and impossible assemblage of productions. Specifically it is to be marked and re-marked that from where the 'Phoenix' is, *i.e.*, England (p. 32), 'Paphos ile' is to be visited, because there the 'Turtle Doue' was to be found. The 'course' of the chariot-borne pair ('Nature' and the 'Phoenix'), was to be through 'the blue Azure skie,' as thus :

——— "we will ride
 Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,
 And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
 That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,
 Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria* :
 And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,
 In *Paphos* sacred Ile we meane to light."* (p. 32, st. 4.)

This might very well have taken us to some ideal island of love, out of space and time, or at least to now much spoken of Cyprus with its renowned love-shrine of Paphos. But the real in the Poet's thought effaces the ideal ; for no Mediterranean or Aegean is passed, and no 'vision' of the

* Probably Chester drew his designation of 'Paphos Ile' from his friend Marston's *Madamorphosis of Pigmaliions Image* (1598) ; in the 'Argument' to which he says—"After Pigmalion (beeing in Cyprus) begat a sonne of her [Venus] which was called Paphos ; whereupon that iland Cyprus, in honor of Venus, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, Paphos." So to at the close of the poem itself

"Paphos was got ; of whom in after age
 Cyprus was Paphos call'd, and evermore
 Those ilanders do Venus name adore."

Marston is mistaken—for 'Paphos' does not appear ever to have been a name of the entire island of Cyprus—but he was sufficient authority for Chester's purpose. Marston, be it noted, contributed to the 'additional poems.'

countries between London and it, is given. Contrariwise—the ‘chief cities’ of *England* are successively described, and *just after leaving London* ‘Paphos Ile’ is reached. As being Ireland, all this is harmonized, but not otherwise. And as being Ireland, Essex, and Essex alone, and Essex in every detail—answers. It may be permitted me to ask the critical weighing of this by my fellow-students of Shakespeare.* Note also Elizabeth’s girlhood and its perils by suspicion and malice (pp. 22, 24, 26); and later her mature age—“Ile drowne my felfe in ripenessse of my Yeares” (p. 29), and again :

Nature. “Raile not gainst *Fortunes* sacred Deitie,
In youth thy vertuous patience she hath tyred,
From this base earth thee’le lift thee vp on hie,
Where in Contents rich Chariot thou shalt ride,
And neuer with Impatience to abide:
Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
And on thy feathered head will set a crowne” (p. 31).

i.e., the ‘crown’ of marriage or ‘heauenly crown’ (cf. l. 3, and ll. 4–5.) Then let the reader ‘inwardly digest’ the description of the ‘Turtle Dove’ by the ‘Phoenix’ on arrival in Ireland (‘Paphos Isle’):

Phoenix. “But what sad-mournefull drooping soule is this,
Within whose watry eyes fits Discontent,
Whose snaille-pac’d gate tels something is amisse:
From whom is baniht sporting Meriment:
Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes?

Nature. This is the carefull bird the *Turtle Dove*,
Whose heauy croking note doth shew his grieve,
And thus he wanders seeking of his loue,
Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe:
All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,
Are bad, fled, gone, and false into decay.

* No doubt Chester is anything but skilful in expressing himself and *cateris paribus*, I should have explained the absence of the ‘vision’ of intervening countries thereby. But *as it is* design not ‘skill-less’-ness is the explanation. At p. 17, st. 3, the Poet intermixes the mythical seat of the ‘Phoenix’ (Arabia) with that of *his* ‘Phoenix’; and so elsewhere. In st. 4, l. 6, ‘a second Phoenix loue’ doubtless points back to the mythical ‘Phoenix’ as = first.

- Phoenix. Is this the true example of the Heart?
 Is this the Tutor of faire *Constancy*?
 Is this Loues treasure, and Loues pining smart?
 Is this the substance of all honesty?
 And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore soule,
 That Destinies foule wrath should thee controule.
- See Nourse, he stares and lookes me in the face,
 And now he mournes, worfe then he did before,
 He hath forgot his dull slow heauy pace,
 But with swift gate he eyes vs more and more:
 O thall I welcome him, and let me borrow
 Some of his griefe to mingle with my sorrow.
- Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,
 This is the *Doue* you long'd so much to see,
 And this will proue companion of your mone,
 An Vmpire of all true humility:
 Then note my *Phoenix*, what there may ensue,
 And so I kisse my bird. *Adue, Adue.*
- Phoenix. Mother farewell; and now within his eyes,
 Sits sorrow clothed in a sea of teares,
 And more and more the billowes do arise:
 Pale Griefe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
 His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
 As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke." (pp. 131-2.)

Finally, the words in the 1601 title-page '*constant fate*' have no sense if not = constancy, *i.e.*, to be 'constant,' with martyrdom as the penalty for breaking the fate or decree.

The letters of Essex to Elizabeth are a commentary on the whole of this. One of the many remarkable, very remarkable letters of Essex to Elizabeth, preserved among the Hulton MSS., may be accepted as a type of the others. It is suggestive of a great deal.

"Madam.—The delights of the place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love, as my desires do triumph when I seem to myself in a strong imagination to conquer your resisting will. Noble and dear lady, though I be absent, let me in your favour be second unto none; and when I am at home, if I have no right to dwell chief in so excellent a place, yet will I usurp upon all the world. And so making myself as humble to do you service, as in my love I am ambitious, I

wish your Majesty all your happy desires. Croydon, this Tuesday, going to be mad and make my horse tame. Of all men the most devoted to your service.

[1593.]

R. Essex.*

Love's Martyr throughout, as between the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove,' makes it a mutual contest, of subduing the 'Will,' one of the other. So is it in Elizabeth's letters to Essex, and her sayings of him earlier and later.

That the 'passion' and 'truth of love' were reciprocal; that Essex apart from ambition, felt that if he was worthy of Elizabeth, Elizabeth was worthy of him; I cannot for a moment doubt. There are words—glowing and *alive*—intensities of appeal, wistfulness of longing and odd capriciousnesses of jealousy that only reality can explain. Let the Reader turn to his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him; let him even look within the mad out-break of his rush over from Ireland and straight going into 'the presence,' and he will be satisfied that a personal experience lay behind all that, to which nothing short of 'truth of love' in the Past, gives congruity or meaning.† Let his Poems also speak for him. Curiously enough in his *Loyal Appeal in Courtesy*, we have the line

"O let no Phoenix look vpon a Crowe."

[*Anjou*?]

and these exclamations follow:—

"Woe to the world the sonne is in a cloude
And darkfome mists doth ouerrunne the day
In hope, Concelpt is not content allow'd,
Fauour must dye & Fancye weare away:
Oh Heauens what Hell! The bands of Loue are broken
Nor must a thought of such a thing be spoken.

* *Lives*, as before, vol. i, p. 292.

† In the volume of 1658 (already quoted from) it is expressly stated that Cecil had laid a trap for Essex; caused him to get news of the Queen's illness and even death, and embargoed all other vessels, hoping that Essex would join with Tyrone and others, and cross to England at the head of his army. His sudden appearance with but few followers disconcerted Cecil's plot, who had troops ready to oppose him. There seems no reason to doubt the authenticity and good faith of the volume of 1658.

Mars must become a coward in his mynde
While Vulcan standes to prate of Venus toyes :
Beautie must seeme to go against her kinde
In crossing Nature in her sweetest ioyes.
But ah no more, it is too much to thinke
So pure a mouth should puddle-watters drinke !

But since the world is at this wofull passe,
Let Loue's submission Honour's wrath appease :
Let not an Horfe be matched with an Asse.
Nor hateful tongue an happie hart disease :
So shall the world commend a sweet concept
And humble Fayth on heavenly Honour waite."

I suppose *that* was for Anjou. Then "The Buzzeinge Bees' Complaint" will reward full thinking-out. It thus closes :

"Five years twice tould, wth promases perfum'd,
My hope-stuffe heede was cast into a slumber ;
Sweete dreams of golde ; on dreames I then presum'd
And 'mongst the bees thought I was in the number."

"The False, Forgotten" is a wail of a bruised heart, *e.g.*

"Loue is dead and thou free,
She doth lyue but dead to thee.

When she lou'd thee best a whylle,
See how styll she did delay thee :
Vying shewes for to beguylle
Those vayne hopes w^{ch} haue betrayd y^e.
Now thou seest butt all too late
Loue loues truth, w^{ch} women hate."

His 'Cantvs' is explicit enough, *e.g.*

"I loued her whom all the world admirde,
I was refus'de of her that can loue none :
AND MY VAYNE HOPES WHICH FAR TOO HIGH ASPIR'DE
IS DEAD AND BUR'D AND FOR EUER GONE."⁹

By the necessities of semi-revelation, semi-concealment, there are things in *Love's Martyr* that might be brought up

* I have collected the Poems of Essex in my Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library, vol. iv, pp. 430-450.

in objection to our interpretation ; but the lines, otherwise, are so deep and broad and sure that I cannot think it possible to erase them. Fact and fiction however are inter-blended, *e.g.*, the ending of the poem-proper by the Author's evident wish, furtively to pay homage to James, introduces a disturbing element into our interpretation ; but this and other accidents cannot be permitted to affect the substance of the *motif* of these poems. The word 'allegorical' covers all such accidents.*

(e) WHAT IS THE RELATION BETWEEN THE 'NEW COMPOSITIONS' AND 'LOVE'S MARTYR'? In the original title-page is this explanation : "*To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the first subject: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle.*" This makes it plain that these 'new compositions' of those 'moderne Writers' in 1601, were intended to celebrate precisely what *Love's Martyr* celebrated. So that granted, my premiss, viz., that *Love's Martyr* had the *motif* and message for which I have argued, we have SHAKESPEARE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN, JOHN MARSTON and others (anonymous), siding (so-to-say) with Robert Chester in doing honour to Essex. I do not greatly concern myself with any in this matter save one — SHAKESPEARE. Now, one may be sure in one's own mind of his admiration, in common with the Nation, for Essex, though the proofs be comparatively slight in themselves. But with this 'new composition' super-added, the conviction deepens. Omitting the 'Phoenix and Turtle' for the moment, there are three things that favour the view that Shakespeare sympathized with Essex.

1. There is the great praise in the Chorus of *Henry V* :

* Were it not that *Love's Martyr* was certainly published in 1601 and left unchanged (except by withdrawal of preliminary pages) one might have deemed p. 37, st. 2, a later insertion concerning James. As it is, it is impossible. The explanation is, that James was for long set down as Elizabeth's heir-presumptive.

“ But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,
 How London doth powre out her Citizens,
 The Malor and all his Brethren in best fort,
 Like to the Senatours of th’ antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians fwarming at their heeles,
 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu’ring *Cæsar* in :
 As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreffe,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword :
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 To welcome him ? ” (Act v, sc. 1 (Chorus).

This splendid tribute is so brought in by head and shoulders on very purpose to win hearts for Essex, that it is scarcely possible to doubt that Shakespeare was for him pronouncedly, maugre the evil-speaking and jealousies and enmities of the day in ‘high places.’ This is one of those asides that take new significance from the circumstances under which it was introduced. It may, or may not, have been an after-thought and insertion. In either case its significance and declarativeness of opinion and sympathy is untouched.

2. The acting of *Richard II*, before Essex made his final wild and ill-advised attempt. There was probably in the minds of those who thus acted a Play so full of warning to princes who pushed their right to edge of wrong, suggestive *bits* in the Play that might be meant to be caught up. But there is no proof that Shakespeare himself was concerned in the coincidental playing, or that he knew what such playing was meant to precede. Neither do I think that Shakespeare would have countenanced Essex in so unwise an act, albeit I never can think it was born of disloyalty to his ‘great Queen.’ I do not, therefore, receive the playing of *Richard II* as proof that Shakespeare was a partizan of Essex’s. Yet is the thing noteworthy.

3. The silence of Shakespeare on the death of Elizabeth. Amid the abounding elegies and eulogies contemporaneous

and later, you search in vain for anything by Shakespeare. Every one knows that he was reproached in print for his silence. I regard it as specially memorable. Inferentially I take it as *his* verdict for Essex. Perhaps equally worthy of note is his after-compliment to James; for *he* was the friend of Essex's friends. Southampton's close relations with Essex also furnished an element of alienation from Elizabeth to Shakespeare.

Any further evidence, even if it be slight, is important. And further evidence I find in the 'new composition' of the 'Phoenix and Turtle' contributed by Shakespeare to *Love's Martyr*. The fact of such a contribution by him is, in itself, noticeable. For while Ben Jonson and Chapman and others contemporary lavished their 'Commendatory Verses,' Shakespeare, with this solitary exception, wrote none as he sought none. This surely imparts special significance to the exception.

Internally, the 'Phoenix and Turtle' is on the same lines with *Love's Martyr*. To my mind there is pathos in the lament over the 'Tragique Scene.' Essex himself, as we have seen—and his Letters to Elizabeth that are still open to be read, have the same burden—had sung

" I am not liuing, though I seeme to go,
Already buried in the graue of wo " (p. 133).

and earlier,

" Loue is dead,"

and in the *Threnos*, Shakespeare regards not the beheaded Essex only, but his 'Phoenix' too as dead :

" Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
Truth and Beautie buried be.
To this vrne let those repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For these dead Birds, figh a prayer " (p. 184).

En passant 'Imogen' later is named 'the dead bird' (*Cymbeline*.)

All this, be it noted, fits in with the 'allegorical shadowing out' of *Love's Martyr*; for therein BOTH die. Thus, after the 'Turtle Dove' has craved "pardon for presumption's foule offence" (p. 133), and avowed his life-weariness much as Essex's letters to Elizabeth did, he is strengthened to endure and prepared for his own and her martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*), e.g.:

Phoenix. "Come poore lamenting foule, come fit by me,
We are all one, thy sorrow shall be mine,
Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,
Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine:
Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou give a grone,
I shall be dead in answering of thy mone" (p. 134).

After exactly such love-talk as we can imagine between Elizabeth and Essex, when after inevitable quarrelling there came as inevitable reconciliation (pp. 134-36), their twin-death—the death of "Truth and Beautie" (the 'dead Birds,' Phoenix and Turtle Dove, of Shakespeare) is set before us. We have, first, the relation:

Phoenix. "Then to yon next adioyning groue we'll flye,
And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,
And in a manner sacrificingly,
Burne both our bodies to reuiue one name:
And in all humbleneffe we will intreate
The hot earth-parching Sunne to lend his heate" (p. 136).

Then the tragedy itself, which I ask the reader to ponder (pp. 138-9). Both are 'dead' in the pathetic and suggestive close:

Phoenix. "O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
More pure then that ore which faire Dido mones,
More sacred in my louing kind desire,
Then that which burnt old *Esons* aged bones,
Accept into your euer hallowed flame,
Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

Turtle. O sweet perfumed flame, made of those trees,
Vnder the which the *Muses* nine haue song
The praise of vertuous maids in miseries,
To whom the faire-fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng;
Accept my body as a Sacrifice
Into your flame, of whom one name may rise.

Phoenix. O wilfulnesse, see how with smiling cheare,
 My poore deare hart hath slong himselfe to thrall,
 Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
 Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall:
 Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,
 Friendships unspotted true sincerity.

I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
 I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
 I hope of these another Creature springs,
 That shall possesse both our authority:
 I stay to long, & take me to your glory,
 And thus I end the *Turtle* Does true story" (pp. 138-9).

I ask further, that the 'Comment' of the 'Pellican' (pp. 139-41) be critically studied. Finally, I recall the title-page of the 'new compositions' thus:—Hereafter follow diverse Poeticall Effaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*." This explains how, in Shakespeare's 'Phoenix and Turtle' and 'Threnos,' both are dead ('dead Birds'), though Elizabeth was still living in her great anguish.

I ask special attention to this; for otherwise the close of his 'Phoenix and Turtle,' as not conformable to history, will perplex and be regarded as not pointing to Elizabeth and Essex. I must iterate and reiterate that (a) The 1601 title-page expressly states that the "new compositions" (and so Shakespeare's) were "upon the first subiect: viz., the Phoenix and Turtle," and again, were "diverse Poeticall Effaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*." (b) The story is 'allegorically' told, as a 'shadowing out' of the 'truth of love'—a very different thing from bare historic data. (c) The title 'Love's *Martyr*' meant infinitely more than 'death' itself. To conform therefore to *Love's Martyr* and to fall in with the 'allegory,' Shakespeare, like Chester, represents BOTH as dead ('dead Birds'). There might indeed be policy and wariness alike in Chester and Shakespeare in such representation.

Let the reader take with him the golden key that by 'Phoenix' Shakespeare intended Elizabeth, and by the 'Dove' Essex, and the 'Phoenix and Turtle,' hitherto re-

garded as a mere enigmatical epicedial lay — as already seen — will be recognized as of rarest interest. I cannot say that I see my way through it all — st. 5 (p. 182) I do not quite understand; but it is a mere accident of the poem. But I do see that Shakespeare went with Robert Chester in grief for Essex, and in sad-heartedness that the 'truth of love' had not been accomplished. Herein I find, likewise — I would re-impress — why it was that Shakespeare, though well-nigh stung to do it in print, wrote nothing on the death of Elizabeth.*

The other 'new compositions' are of unequal value. Our Notes and Illustrations invite attention to certain *points* in them. They all go to confirm our interpretation of the 'allegory' of the 'Phoenix' and the 'Turtle Dove.' As I read, all from p. 190 to the end belongs to Ben Jonson (spelled 'Iohnson' as he was himself wont in earlier years). I only add that Gifford, after his unhappy manner (with Cunningham following suit), has deplorably corrupted the text of these poems of Jonson — as I record in the Notes and Illustrations. Probably Jonson wrote also the 'Chorus Vatum.'

(f) WAS THE 1611 ISSUE ONLY A NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL OF 1601, LESS THE PRELIMINARY MATTER AND A NEW TITLE-PAGE? I answer — yes. The identity of the two books — as thus put — is certain. Not only do all the signatures correspond, but the mis-pagings, 5 for 11, 41 for 14, 59 for 63, are the same. Then, the spur of the L in *Libanon*, p. 10, l. 5 (=p. 18), is off in both; a broken O, p. 71, l. 3 from foot, is the same in both; a turned 'e,' spaces, dislocated letters, &c., are all the same. It is also to be specially observed that the 1601 title-page of the "new compositions" is retained in the 1611 copies. All (in our reproduction) preceding the title-page of 1611, belongs to the copies of 1601 alone. The new title-page misspells 'Annals' as 'Anuals,' which suggests that Chester did not get

* See Postscript G.

a proof—if indeed proofs were then given to Authors—albeit on the instant having occasion to turn to Bp. Ellicott's *New Testament Commentary for English Readers* (1878), I find in the first line of his lordship's Preface, this similar slip—"The present Commentary may in many respects" for, of course, 'many.' As elsewhere noticed, Chester omits his own name in the new title-page of 1611. In naming the book no longer *Love's Martyr*, seeing that Elizabeth and Essex were long dead, and a new sovereign—King James I—reigning, there was policy. There was policy too in describing the book as *Annals of great Brittain*; for in the Poems, Scotland is scarcely named, and 'great Brittain' might salve any offence to the royal stickler for his authority and dignity. Besides, in 1601 the Arthur portion is an episode in the poem of *Love's Martyr or Rosalins Complaint*; but in 1611 the episode becomes (in the title-page) the main poem, albeit even then Love's Martyr's story is a part of the 'Annals.'

(g) WHAT IS THE POETIC VALUE OF "LOVE'S MARTYR"? Speaking generally, I do not rate Robert Chester as a poet very high. The poem of *Love's Martyr* wants proportion in its parts. The opening has a certain brightness (pp. 1-6), and the brightness returns when the 'Annals' being ended the Poet resumes with this 'Note'—" & now, to where we left." The 'Annals' themselves are thinly done. With Arthur for main theme they look meagre and prosaic beside the old stories of the 'renowned Prince,' such as Mr. Furnivall has furnished us in his golden little book, and such as the 'Legend' of many Chronicles—verse and prose—furnish, and placed beside the purple splendour of our Laureate's celebration.* Sooth to say, his 'singing' of

* With reference to Chester's address "To the courteous Reader" my ever-obliging friend, Mr. Furnivall, has sent me a number of notes on the various Arthurian romances and MSS., and through M. Paulin Paris, further. I must content myself with a reference to the numerous Arthurian publications in

Flowers and Plants and Trees, Birds and Beasts and Fish, and precious Stones and Shells and Minerals grows wearisome ; although there are *bits* of Folk-Lore and quaint myths and superstitions in wonderful fulness and variety. Whatever he felt inclined to write, or whatever came into his head, of which he could manufacture a few or even a couple of stanzas, is brought in by Chester. The book is, in fact, an *omnium gatherum*. It is just possible that this jungle of irrelevances was of design, that he might conceal in hidden brake (if I may so speak) the fair flowers and fragrances and tendernesses of the story he celebrates in *Love's Martyr*. I question if Elizabeth had chanced on the volume during the dim sad days that succeeded the death of Essex, that she would have persevered to read or to listen.

The poetry itself, is, as a rule, poor. There are almost innumerable instances of lines and phrases inserted, more to complete the rhythm and rhyme, than for reason's sake. For the same reason there are not a few forced, and I might almost say, unidiomatic constructions. Only "few and far between" have we aught of inspiration or of fine expression. All the more remarkable is it that Chester so dared to interpret the popular belief of what Essex was to Elizabeth.

But with every abatement I can promise a sympathetic reader that he will come, now and again, on "brave translunary things." Thus in the description of the Person of the 'Phoenix,' that is of Elizabeth, you have daintinesses that make you pause, *e.g.*:

Her Hair.

" When the leaft whiffling wind begins to fing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,

England and France. Suffice it that the most unlikely-looking, viz., the Greek, has been published by F. Michel in his *Tristram* (Pickering), albeit it refers, says M. Paulin Paris, not to Tristram, as he supposed, but to Guiron le Courtois ; and there are other Greek Arthur celebrations. M. Paulin Paris, is amused with Chester's credulity, and writes—that it reminds him of a respected friend, the Marquis of ———, who asked, "Can I doubt of the existence of Homer when I possess his bust and portrait?" See Hazlitt's *Warton*, s. n.

Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring,
 And with the pretty noise the wind doth checke,
 Able to lull asleepe a peniue hart,
 That of the round worlds forrowes beares a part" (p. 10).

Eyes.

" Vnder this mirrour, are her princely eyes:
 Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights;
 That ore the day and night do foueraignize,
 And their dimme tapers to their rest the frights:
 Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
 And when she riseth al their force is donne" (p. 11).

Cheekes.

" Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd,
 A Lillie lying in a bed of Roses;
 This part about all other I haue grac'd,
 For in the blew veins you may reade sweet posies:
 When she doth blush, the Heauens do wax red,
 When she looks pale, that heauenly Front is dead" (*Ibid.*)

Chin.

" Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing
 In which the sweet carnatian Gelli-flower,
 Is round encompassed in a chriftall ring,
 And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power:
 No storme of Ennie can this glorie touch,
 Though many should assay it ouermuch" (*Ibid.*)

Lips.

" Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth spring,
 Sweet honied dew by an intangled kisse,
 From forth these glories doth the Night-bird sing,
 A Nightingale that no right notes will misse:
 True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
 Do come betwene these dores of excellencie" (*Ibid.*)

Hands.

" Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade
 His first houres destiny, or weale or woe,
 When she this sky-like map abroad doth spreade,
 Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
 And in her hand, white hand, they there do see
 Loue lying in a bed of yuorie" (p. 13).

Fingers.

" Her fingers long and small do grace her hand;
 For when she toucheth the sweete founding Lute,

The wild vntamed beafts amaz'd do stand,
And carroll-chanting birds are sudden mute:
O fingers how you grace the filuer wires,
And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires!" (*Ibid.*)

Feet.

" And if by night she walke, the Marigold,
That doth inclose the glorie of her eye,
At her approach her beauty doth vnfold,
And spreads her felfe in all her royaltie,
Such vertue hath this Phoenix glaffy shield,
That Flowers and Herbs at her faire fight do yeeld" (p. 14.)

There is occasionally a pleasant 'smoothnesse' and harmony, as in the 'Phoenix' in her lament for her years so swiftly passing away without a mate, *e.g.*:

" What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,
To be as feruile vassalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senfes do exhall:
But (ô my grieve) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-eyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprocue.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did bestow would more increafe?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?
But O vaine Bird, give ore in silence, ceafe;
Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
That cuts thy thread of Loue with twentie swords"
(pp. 25-6).

Equally flowing, and informed with a subdued passion is 'Nature's' remonstrance:

" Is this the fumme and substance of thy woe?
Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?
Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth overflow?
Is this the Riuer sets thy ship afloat?
Is this the Lesson thou hast learn'd by rote?
And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
The substance of the Theame doth thee confound?" (p. 30).

There are also now terse and now vivid things, *e.g.*:

Luft.

" . . . Luft is such a hot inflamed thing
It gouerneth mans senses, rules a King " (p. 45).

Cities.

" Great peopled Cities, whose earth-gracing show,
Time is afham'd to touch or ouerthrow " (p. 33).

Polution.

" Hels damned sent with this may not compare " (p. 28),

Majesty.

" Stand by faire Phoenix, spread thy Wings of Gold,
And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye " (p. 27).

Cleansing.

" . . . the white snow she shall excell in whitenesse " (p. 22).

White-lustre of neck.

" . . . More glorious then the day with all his light " (p. 12).

Lady's hand.

" Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer " (p. 51).

Troops.

" His barbed Horses beat the yeelding ground,
And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
Proud of their riders, in whose harts are found
A promise to the Romanes ouerthrow.
The glistering shine of their well-fashion'd armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour " (p. 71-72).

Slaughter.

" . . . all the greene graffe with their bloud they died " (p. 75).

Arthur.

. " they found King Arthurs skull,
Of such great largeness that betwixt his eyes,
His foreheads space a spanne broad was at full " (p. 82).

Diamond.

" The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,
The *Diamond* the heauens bright shining starre,
The *Diamond* the earths most purest glorie:
And with the *Diamond* no stone can compare;
She teacheth men to speake, and men to loue,
If all her rarest vertues you will proue " (p. 111).

The " fire burns " and flames o' times, *e.g.*:

True and false loue.

Turtle. " False loue puts on a Maske to shade her folly,
True loue goes naked wishing to be seene,
False loue will counterfeite perpetually,
True love is Troths sweete emperizing Queene:
This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,
False loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

.....

Phoenix. Thou shalt not be no more the *Turtle-Doue*,
Thou shalt no more go weeping al alone,
For thou shalt be my selfe, my perfect Loue,
Thy grieffe is mine, thy sorrow is my mone,
Come kisse me sweetest sweete, O I do bleffe
This gracious luckie Sun-shine happineffe" (p. 135).

The "Cantoës, alphabet-wise, to faire Phoenix made by the Paphian Dove" (pp. 142-48), and "Cantoës, verbally written" (pp. 149-75), fold within them real love-passion, though arbitrarily fettered in its expression. The more I study these the more I am impressed with Chester's evident knowledge of the secret history of Essex and Elizabeth. There are touches and allusions throughout that I can explain alone by interchange of conversation between the Poet and Essex, if, indeed, Elizabeth herself is to be excluded. The songs of "Nature" (pp. 86-7) and of "The Phoenix" (pp. 87-8) have the indefinable graciousness of Elizabethan poetry.

Besides all this, there are a number of current poetic phrases of the day, such as we would look for in such a poet. And while some of them — as pointed out in Notes and Illustrations — are used by Shakespeare, there is in my judgment some probability for thinking that these are not casual coincidences. He clearly alludes, in the lines "To the kind Reader" (p. 6), to the Rape of Lucrece; and doubtless he had also his *Venus and Adonis*, and not improbably saw and heard some of the plays. Not only would these things be natural in a young man of his birth, but I think I can detect in some of his lines a reflex or remembrance of the rhythm of Shakespeare's lines. There

is, also, the unforgettable fact that Shakespeare, with special exceptionalness, gave his 'new compositions' to the book; also, that all the known contributors were Dramatists, and connected with the theatre.*

Altogether, few I hope will differ from me in affirming that it had been pity to have left *Love's Martyr* in the hazards of a couple of known exemplars (at most);—literary and historical loss longer to have allowed such a book to be inaccessible to Shakespearian students. I indulge the expectation that my interpretations of the 'truth of love' in the story of the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove' will take their place as a substantive addition to our critical literature, and give new interest and its true meaning to Shakespeare's incomparable 'Phoenix and Turtle.'

(h) WHO WAS 'TORQUATO CÆLIANO'? By accident or design Chester has here combined the Christian name of TASSO, and the surname of one of the minor poets of Italy of the same period. The following little book was probably known to Chester :

RIME
DI DIVERSI
CELEBRI POETI
Dell' età nostra:
novamente raccolte.
e poste in luce
in bergamo, M.DLXXXVII.
Per Comino Ventura, e Compagni.

Pp. 95–148 consists of selections from the *Rime* of Livio Celiano; and then pp. 149–81 of similar selections from Torquato Tasso—the latter immediately following Celiano's. Whether this circumstance led our Poet to misremember the name of the "venerable Italian Poet"

* The conjunction of Ben Jonson and Marston in the book in 1601 is of special interest; for it was in the same year Jonson produced his *Poetaster*, attacking Dekker and Marston. See Ward's *Eng. Drama, s.n.* Later (1604–5), Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, were together in prison for *Eastward Hoe*.

under whose mask — as a professed translator — he had elected to sing *Love's Martyr*, we can only guess. Certes the selections from Celiano, in the small volume of Geo. Battista Licinio, contain nothing whatever to justify Chester's description of *Love's Martyr* as a translation; as, indeed, the entire scope and substance of his poems forbid.

It is further to be remembered that, while in the 1601 title-page the Poems are designated translations, in the second title-page of 1611 this is withdrawn, and its native origin and growth affirmed, *e.g.*, "*The Annals [= Annals] of Great Brittain. Or A Most Excellent Monument, wherein may be seene all the antiquities of this Kingdome.*" Our late-given interpretation of the main subject of *Love's Martyr* and related Poems, reveals that the author's own consciousness of their 'burden' would make him very willing to be mistaken for a translator, rather than to be known as the actual composer of such 'perilous stuff.' Notwithstanding willing helpers at home and in Turin, Florence and Rome, I have not succeeded in obtaining, or so much as hearing of, an *exemplar* of any edition of the Poems of Livio Celiano.* Quadrio mentions also this: "*Celiano (Livio) Rime. Pavia, 1592.*" I have no expectation that, were this other volume before me, any ground-work for *Love's Martyr* would be found in it. For Chester's poems are English throughout, with no touch of Italian grace or melody or such allusions as were inevitable in any actual translation of an Italian poet. In the British Museum copy of the selections of 1587, some former possessor informs us that Celiano was a native of Genoa. I cherish the pleasures of hope that some specialist may hereafter enable me to recover the *Rime* of 1592, and perchance other works of Livio Celiano. In such case I shall not fail to communicate the result. Meantime Dr. Todhunter of Dublin — author

* I owe special thanks to my friends E. W. Gosse, Esq.; W. M. Rossetti, Esq.; Dr. Steele, Rome; and Messrs. Dulau and Co., London. Mr. Gosse guided me to the Selections in the British Museum.

of *Laurella and other Poems*, having the genuine mint-mark — has most kindly favoured me with verse-renderings of some of Celiano's love-lays, as typical. The translations are as close to the original as for our object was deemed needful. I have now to give them, as follows :

The Lovers Parallel.

This lovely new-born plant,
Whose grace doth so enchant,
Mimics that maiden fair
Whose virgin beauty is my life's despair.

It in earth's heavy crust
Its delicate roots has thrust;
Her's round its cisterns deep
Of my life-drained heart do cling and creep.

It a sweet river laves,
Her my full eyes' sad waves;
It joys in sun and air,
She in the warm sighs of my love's despair.

It hath its leaflets green
Her tresses fair, my Queen;
It hath its glowing flowers,
She her sweet face, like roses after showers.

But it with fruit is graced
Most pleasant to the taste;
Bitter is hers, heigho !
Gall of my life, since I desire it so !

The Envious Lover.

O many-coloured flowers !
Joy of the meadows; and ye verdurous leaves !
Ye whole beloved brood
Of Earth's great motherhood,
How do I envy your thrice-happy state !
When you the hot noontide grieves
The blessed dawn bedews your fainting bud;
And ah ! how happier far
Than me ye are,
When the beloved feet
Ye bend to kiss, of my Urania sweet;
And how in your frail form I long to be
When in her lap she takes you tenderly !

The Lover's Complaint.

1.

Who would behold a park
Of trees, thick-planted, dark ;
Let him come see my daily-piercéd heart,
Thick full of arrows, full of cruel smart:
Thus Love hath shewn his art !

2.

Who would behold a sea
Of tears wept hopelessly ;
Let him come see the wells of bitter brine
Which night and day I weep from out my eyne:
Thus Love's poor captives pine !

3.

Who would behold a pyre
Of hell's eternal fire ;
Let him come see my bosom, full of flame,
Tormented with love's craving and love's shame:
Thus Love doth write his name !

4.

And she desires to know
The cause of all this woe —
Why Love hath made of me park, sea, and hell,
Let him know this my tigress, loved too well,
So fair, but ah ! so fell !

The Lover's Plea.

1.

If I might pleasure thee
By crying: "Woe is me !"
"Woe's me ! woe's me !" a thousand times I'd scream,
So I might compass all my blissful dream !

2.

Or if by sighing deep
Thy favour I could keep,
If that would win thy pity for my plight,
Sweet heavens ! I'd sigh all day and sigh all night !

3.

Or if when I should cry
"Oh help me, sweet, I die !" —
Thy comfortable presence I might have,
How oft I'd pray thee lift me from the grave !"

4-

Alas ! I still may sigh,
 "Woe's me !" for ever cry,
 And crave thy help in my despairful state;
 All will not serve to change my cruel fate !

It only remains to state that, throughout, my anxious aim has been to reproduce the book in absolute fidelity to the original. Below, I record certain errors of the original and other minor points.* I would, in conclusion, express my very cordial sense of obligation to the various friends who have aided me in my labour. I have to add to the names that appear in their places, that of the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, for excellent aid in tracing Chester's classical and other quotations; but I wish emphatically to reiterate my gratitude to Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON for his sustained and minute carefulness of reading after and with me, and giving me the benefit of his ripe acquaintance with Elizabethan-Jacobean literature. I send forth the book, especially my Introduction and Notes and Illustrations, with less hesitancy, that he has read the whole, and approved, if not in every detail, yet substantially. I have to thank my friend Professor DOWDEN for several suggestions that have been utilized.

And so I invite thee, 'gentle Reader,' to the thoughtful perusal of this ancient book, in the light and shadow of my interpretation of its 'shadowing the truth of love,'—viz., as telling the story of Elizabeth and Essex, with Shakespeare's version as well. I regard it as no common honour to address so 'fit audience.' I confidently count on every genuine fellow-student of Shakespeare receiving generously my endeavour and *weighing* text and notes together. HENRY ELLISON—subtle and vivid Singer of our generation, and destined to be more amply recognized a century hence—may close these introductory words:

"Oh turn unto the days of yore,
 When Faith her martyr-sons could name;
 And Liberty's untainted lore,
 From heart to heart, passed as a flame.

* See Postscript H.

Oh turn unto the days when Faith
 Could build cathedral piles thro' love;
 And hosts therein, as with one breath,
 Their true heart-offering sent above !
 Oh turn unto the days of old,
 When unreprieved all, and free,
 Old songs were sung, old tales were told,
 And Hall and Bower rang to their glee.
 Turn ye unto the times I say,
 When noble thoughts were welcome more
 To English ears, than at this day
 Vile clinking gold, by knaves told o'er !
 Oh turn ye to the household laws,
 The fireside laws of Peace and Love;
 Where Wisdom feeds her little ones,
 And fashions them for Him above !
 Oh turn unto our Shakespeare's page,
 And read of Harry's chivalry;
 Of gallant deeds, which are a gage
 For like unto Posterity.
 Oh then shall Freedom on Time's lyre
 Strike with a willing hand the strain
 Of olden days; and Hampden's fire,
 And Milton's tongue, be heard again !
 Then Faith shall have her martyr-names,
 Tho' not fire-tested be their worth,
 And patient Charity, who tames
 Old hatreds, give to Love new birth !
 Then Freedom's bright electric chain
 'Shall stretch o'er hamlet, town, and tower;
 And good old songs be heard again
 In knightly hall, in cot, and bower !
 Then too my Fatherland, thy fame
 With rainbow-breadth once more shall rise;
 Scattering the storms thro' which it came,
 Like dawn unto long watcher's eyes !
 And thus, when thou must sink again
 Within thine own eternal Sea;
 The guardian-angels still their strain
 Shall sing, and hail thee, 'bless'd and free.'*

* *Madmoments*, vol. i, pp. 99-100, 'On hearing an eld-time song.'

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry, Blackburn, Lancashire.
August, 1878.

POSTSCRIPT.

A. Page viii.

Epistle-dedicatory of *The Christian Exercise of Fasting, Private and Publike &c.* 1596.

"To the right worshipfull and his very Christian good friend, master Robert Chester, Esquier &c. mercie and peace in Iesvs Christ.

"I must look for many aduersaries, for the greatest part hath euer declined from pietie to superstition and prophanenes. Therefore, (right worshipfull) I come vnto you for protection of Gods trueth : being the more bolde to aske this fauor, because I am so well assured of your loue thereunto, and full resolution to defend the same with al your might during life. Againe, I haue nowe for many yeares knowen your Christian loue towards me for the truths sake. I desire to testifie my hearts affection towards you in the best manner that I can. The most blessed spirit of Iesus Christ guide and gouerne your spirit, keepe and comfort you and all yours. Februarie 12. 1596.

"Yours assuredly euer to vse in Iesus Christ during life. Henry Holland."

Judging from this Epistle one must conclude that Chester was of the Puritan side as against the Papal. Essex was avowedly with the Puritans.

B. Page ix.

Abstract of Sir Robert Chester's Will, made by Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester, London.

"I, Robert Chester, of Royston, in the county of Herts, Knight"—dated 3 May 1638—to be buried at Royston, next the body of my sister Mrs. Mary Thornburgh—to my wife all my plate, jewels, household stuff, goods, chattels, &c., in my mansion house called Cockenhatch and in and upon my lands in Barkway and elsewhere in co. Herts.—my said wife to provide for the weekly distribution forever of 16^d worth of bread to the poor of Barkway and 8^d worth to the poor of the hamlet of Northampsted in Barkway aforesaid—to my son Robert Chester, Doctor of Divinity £100., with which to educate my godson Robert Chester son of Henry Chester till he reach the age of fifteen, and then £100. more to bind him apprentice or make him a scholar—to my said godson Robert Chester £300. when 24 years of age—to my said son Henry a Mourning cloak, and to his wife £10. for mourning—to my son Granado Chester, Doctor

of Divinity £100.—to my son Robert Chester D.D. and his wife each £10 for mourning, and to his son Robert my godson £100.—to my brother in law Mr. John Stone a mourning gown—to my son Edward Chester a gown, my horse, and my seal ring with arms—to my brother in law Mr. Edward Capon a cloak—to my son in law Sir Thomas Nightingale Baronet, a cloak—to my son in law Edward Ratcliffe Esquire, a cloak, and to my daughter his wife £20. for mourning and a ring—to my daughter Theodosea Nightingale widow £20. for mourning and a ring—to my son in law Samuel Hinton, D^r of the Civil Law a gown. And to my daughter his wife £20 for mourning and a ring, and to their daughter Anne Hinton £20. when 18 years of age—to my son in law John Piggott Esq. and my daughter his wife, mourning—to each of my grandchildren a ring of the value of 20 shillings, with this posy, “Christus unica salus”—to my kinsman Thomas Smith, Gent. a cloak—to the poor of Royston £5.—to the poor of Barkway and Northampsted £5.—to my cousin Magdalen Deane *alias* Addams 40 shillings a year for life, and to her daughter Anne, my cousin, wife of [blank] Tymberell, 20 shillings—to my nephew Henry Thornburgh £20. and mourning, and to each of his children £5.—to Mr. More, vicar of Royston, 20 shillings and a gown—to my godson Chester Greene 20 shillings—to Dr. Smith, vicar of Barkway, 20 shillings—all residue of personalty to my son Edward Chester, Esquire, whom I appoint my sole executor.

Codicil, dated 16 March 1639/40—to my said sons Granado Chester, D.D., and Robert Chester, D.D., £300. which they shall dispose for the benefit of my son Henry—to my said son Henry an annuity of £20 for life—All my messuages, lands, tenements, &c. to my said son Edward for life, with remainder to his son John Chester and his heirs male, remainder to the other sons of my said son Edward and their heirs male in succession, remainder to my said son Granado, &c., remainder to my said son Robert, &c., remainder to my said son Henry, &c.

Codicil, dated 7 April 1640—to Granado, second son of my said son Robert Chester, £50.—to Anne Hinton daughter of my said son Samuel Hinton £30. more when 18 years of age, or, if she die before, then same to her 2 younger sisters when 18.”

[The Will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 3 February, 1640–1, by Edward Chester, son and executor.

Recorded in Book “Evelyn,” at folio 25.]

C. Page xxiii.

NICHOLS' PROGRESSES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Were it not that the title-page of Chester's *Love's Martyr* (1601) designates it “the first *Essay* of a new *Brytish* Poet,” I should have felt disposed to assign a somewhat vivid piece

in Nichols' Progresses, to Chester. It is entitled "The Principal Addresse in Nature of a New Year's Gifte; seeming thereby the Author intended not to haue his Name knowne." It is taken from Cotton MSS., Vespasian, E 8. It is possible that, notwithstanding the words "the first Effay," this anonymous production really was Chester's, but not re-claimed by him later. Be this as it may, there are memorable and illustrative things in it. Thus, in relation to the prominent part 'Nature' fills in *Love's Martyr*, it is noteworthy that, similarly here, 'Nature' gives the "principal Addresse." Equally noteworthy, too, is it, that one of Chester's titles, *Love's Martyr*, occurs in this set of courtly poems, e.g.:

"Horace, honour'd August, the high't of names,
And yet his harte from Mecene never swervde;
Ovid helde trayne in Venus courte, and servde,
Cheife Secretarye to all those noble dames,
Martyres of love, who so broylde in his flames,
As bothe their trauth and penance well deservde
All in fine gold to have theyr image kervde."

More noteworthy still is the precise lamentation of Chester over Elizabeth's un-married state as in our closing quotation. Again, she is sung of as 'the Mayden Queen' with many lovers:

"... two Capetts, three Cezares assaylde
And had repulse of the great Britton Mayde"

And:

"For we suppose thou hast forsworne
To matche with man for evermore"

And:

"In woman's brest
Hath harbourd safe the lyon's harte"

And the gazer on her 'bewtye' has a

"... feble eye
That cannot view her stedfastlye"

Broadly looked into, this "Principal Addresse in Nature," throughout, is quite in the same vein with *Love's Martyr*

in its laudation of Elizabeth. A few quotations will doubtless be acceptable. This is the opening :

“ Gracious Princeſſe, where Princes are in place
 To geve you gold, and plate, and perles of price,
 It ſeemeth this day, ſave your royall advice,
 Paper preſentes ſhoulde have but little grace;
 But fitte the tyme ſo aptly ſerves the caſe,
 And as ſome thinke, you’re Highnes takes delighte
 Oft to peruſe the ſtyles of other men,
 And eſt youre ſelf, with Ladye Sapphoe’s pen,
 In ſweet meaſures of poeſye t’endite,
 The rare affectes of your heavenly ſprighte;
 Well hopes my muſe to ſkape all manner blame,
 Utteringe your honours to hyde her owner’s name.”

Avowedly the author regards Elizabeth as a pre-eminent theme, *e.g.*, “ The Author chooſinge by his Verſe to honour the Queens Majeſtie of England, Ladye Elizabeth, boldly preferreth his Choife and the Excellencye of the Subject before all others of any Poet auncient or moderne.” And again : “ That her Majeſtie ſurmoundeth all the Princeſſes of our tyme in Wiſedome, Bewtye, & Magnanimitie : & ys a Thinge verye admirable in nature.” In accord with this are the ſeveral ‘addresses’ placed under the nine Muses. I muſt content myſelf with one further quotation : “ That her Majeſtie (two things except) hath all the Parts that juſtly make to be ſayd a moſt happy Creature in this World.”

Parthe III. Erato.

“ Youthfull bewtye, in body well diſpoſed,
 Lovelye favoure, that age cannot deface;
 A noble harte where nature hath incloſed
 The fruitful feedes of all vertue and grace,
 Regall eſtate coucht in the treble crowne,
 Anceſtrall all, by linage and by right,
 Stone of treaſures, honor, and juſt renowne,
 In quiet raigne, a ſure redouted might:
 Faſt frindes, foes ſew or faint, or overthrowen,
 The ſtranger toonges, and the hartes of her owne,
 Breife bothe Nature and Nourriture have doone,
 With Fortune’s helpe, what in their cunning is —

L

To yelde the erthe, a Princelye Paragon.
 But had shee, oh ! the love joys she doth misse,
 A Cæsar to her husband, a Kinge to her foone, [son]
 What lacks her Highnes then to all erthly blisse ?

I add, that "Parthe VII, Euterpe," is a summary description of Elizabeth's person, of which that in *Love's Martyr* is simply an expansion.

D. Page xxxiv.

OTHER 'PHŒNIX' AND KINDRED REFERENCES.

In "Sorrowes Joy"—a somewhat interesting poem among the many that 'speeded' the departing Queen and welcomed the coming King, which Nichols also has reprinted—there are exactly such descriptions of Elizabeth as are found in *Love's Martyr*, with the 'Phœnix' perpetually recurring, e.g.

"Nature, Art, Fortune vexed out of measure,
 All firmly vowed to frame her equall neuer."

"Wild Savadges ador'd her living name
 The Earth's bright glorie and the worlds cleare light."

"Such our Eliza was whilst she did live :
 One Phœnix dead, another doth servive."

"Thus as a Phœnix of her ashes bred

"Since that to death is gone that sacred Deitie
 That Phœnix rare."

"A sweeter Muse neare breathed on these lands."

"Loue strewed cinnamon on Phœnix nest."

"Or when as Phœnix dies : Phœnix is dead
 And so a Phœnix follows in her stead
 Phœnix for Phœnix."

See our Introduction (p. xlv) for one very remarkable parallel with Chester's title of *Love's Martyr*. With relation to the superlative flatteries of Elizabeth by Chester and contemporaries, Hume has observed—"Even when

Elizabeth was an old woman, she allowed her courtiers to flatter her, with regard to her excellent beauties." Cf. Birch, vol. ii, pp. 442-43. When Elizabeth was nearly 70, Coke, at the trial of Essex in 1601, said gravely, that he and his partisans "went rather into the city than to the Court, in regard the lustre of the divine Majesty glistened so brightly in the Royal Majesty, and did so dazzle their eyes, that they durst approach no nearer." (Camden, Trans. 614, Orig. 11, 230, and cf. my *Dr. Farmer Chetham MS.*, in Narrative of the Trial of Essex and Southampton.)

E. Page xlv.

MELVILL'S ACCOUNT OF ELIZABETH.

Whitaker, in his "Additions and Corrections made in the second edition of *Mary, Queen of Scots, Vindicated*" (1789), has worked in under a passionate *animus*, many extracts from contemporary letters, &c. Bating the twist, he gives them all, they are of the rarest interest, and go to confirm and illustrate almost every detail in *Love's Martyr*. I refer the student-reader to the book. I content myself here with an incident at Court that vivifies Chester's praise of Elizabeth's musical gifts (p. 13, st. 2).

"She [Elizabeth] asked, if she [Mary] played well? I said, Reasonably for a Queen. That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdean [Hundson] drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some musick (but he said he durst not avow it) where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber; and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprized to see me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her hand; alledging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked, how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdean, as we past by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me; whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how: excusing my fault of homeliness [familiarity] as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed, the French easiness of manners being then as eminent, as it has since been She then called for my lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the Queen was alone. She inquired, whether my Queen or she played best? In that, I found myself obliged to give her the praise." (pp. 145-6.)

F. Page xlix.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND TO A
SCOTTISH NOBLEMAN, AT THE CLOSE OF
ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

I am indebted to my friend J. M. Thomson, Esq., Edinburgh, for an exact copy of this very noticeable Letter. As it has never been printed *in extenso* I deem it expedient to give it without mutilation. The *italicized* lines are surely very remarkable in their revelation of Elizabeth's too-late discovery of the wrong against her truest and noblest self in sacrificing Essex. The Letter is valuable, also, as reflecting the troubled state of the nation at the time. The original unsigned *MS.*—for it was perilous to sign such a letter—is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, and it runs thus :

“Albeit that I haue not aunswered your Lordships letter ; neuertheless I hoope, that my silence shal receiue that favorable constructio[n] which my innocency may challenge of right. For I was resolued to commit no letter to the hands of Fortune, seing that the expectation of a litle tyme, might secure the passage of those papers, which I decreed to consecrate only to your self. And if the debt I owe you, might be payed by woordes, I would frank[ly] spende al my tyme in acknowledgement of your fauours ; which beare fruite of such sorte, that so soone as I haue receaued them, they begin to bud forth, & to produce new blossomes.

“Neuertheless my hoope is, that al the world shal knowe, that pow[er] in requiting, hath rather fayled mee then will. Therfor pardon mee I beseech you, if wanting meanes to discharge the debt I owe I am constrained to runn on the old skoare, & to spende stil out of your L^ds stocke.

“I haue at length sent his Ma^{ty} an abstract of such Gentlem[en]s names, as are in greatest accompt in Englande. The greatest part wherof are knowne vnto my self : the rest I haue had intelligence of, by many wary questions, & sundry relations, of those, that weer well assured of that which they informed. And concerning the Apologetical preface, I haue deliuered my opinion, wherin I jumpe just with your L^ds censure therof : hooping that h[is] highnes will take your woord in my behalfe, that my difference jn the forme of an Apology, springeth not from any spirit of contra[dicti]on, but from the obedience I owe, to aunswer, truly, vnto euery demaunde his Majesty shal propounde vnto mee. Also I haue sent a discoursie aunswer vnto certeyne questions : wherin I suppose that though p^rhaps I may seeme to shoote at reuers, I haue not shott very wide from the marke. *Our Queene is troubled w^{ith} a Rheume in her arme, which vexeth her very much : besides the greefe shee hath conceiued for my L^d of*

Essex his death, shee sleepeth not somuch by day as shee used, nether taketh rest by night: her delight is to sit in the darke, & sometimes with shedding of tears to bewaile Essex. This is the reason, that wee haue so many horses about London: the particularitie wherof I refer to Mr. Foules. In any case let mee in-treate you to sollicite his Ma^{ty}, to send often, & though the journey bee longe, & paynefull, I doubt not, but that Mr. Foules, will gladly vndertake the charge, wherin so good service may bee performed. For it is expedient that the messenger bee skilful in our present estate, trusted by us, & knowne to bee confidente with the kinge. Concerning my self, or the seruice which I may performe, ether in this place, or any whatso euer, I protest that I remayne firme, & ready to bee employed, whensoever his Majesty, shal grace mee with his commaundement. For I breathe no other contentment, then that, which may turne to the aduancement of so gracious a Prince, & the ease of this distressed Cuntry. In what state wee stande at this present, may better bee related by Mr. Foules, Quæque ipse miserrima vidit, then by a short narration of perpetual woes.

“Therfor I will aduertise your L^p, of your owne affaire: wherin I haue traueyled to the vttermoast of my power, & gotten a particular information of al Caris proceedings touching Whorlton. The common voice of the Tennants is, that hee payed only a 1000 marks to the Queene: but hauing conferred with himself, I founde him much discontented as hee pretended, for the great price hee had payed Videlicet: 1800^l: But I beleue him not therein. Neither doth 3; or I thinke it fitt that any thirde person should compounde with him for it. For it is certeyne that seing it is already leased, it wil not bee bought but at an vnreasonable rate: & the tyme wil come when hee wilbee glad to take half the money hee hath disbursed for his interest therein. The Queene hath sold a greate part of the Duchy of Cornwell & Lancaster, which landes must ether bee recalled, as wee haue a president therof in Henry the fourths tyme, or bought agayne to vnite them to the Crowne. I haue sent your L^p a draught of the suruay of Whorlton, which I gott cunningly out of the Checker. Likewise you shal receiue a copy of a Letters Pattents, taken out of the which is counted to conteyne the moast general woordes, that may bee used in a good & perfect assurance. And albeit t[hat] the name of a Rectory agree not with your Manors, it importeth not, seing that mutatis mutandis, forasmuch [as] concerneth the names, the whole process of the graunte is to [be] obserued. I feare that you can hardly reade itt, for it is written in badd Lattin, & abbreviations, which is the man[ner] of the clarks that copy any recorde out of the Chauncery. The graunte you sent mee with the clause of renewinge the Letters patents in Die Illo. is held to bee better then any other assurance that can nowe bee made by the kinge. I will deteyne your L^p no longer: beseeching you to build upon that good foundation of my affection, which your merite hath firmly layd. For my desir is to streyne my vttermoast ability, to bee alwais the foremost in

Your L^ps Service.”

G. Page lxi.

SHAKESPEARE CENSURED.

I refer to Henry Chettle's *England's Mourning Garment*, &c. (1603). In this somewhat remarkable celebration of Elizabeth, Shakespeare, as author of the *Rape of Lucrece*, is thus appealed to :

" Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert
Drop from his honied muse one sable tear,
To mourn her death that graced his desert,
And to his lays open'd her royal ear.
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth
And sing her rape, done by that Tarquin, death."

Is it accidental that CHAPMAN and MARSTON — other two of the authors of the "new compositions," be it noted — are similarly censured and urged? Could these lines in Chettle be possibly meant to *hit* at Chester and the "new compositions"?

—— — "worst of worst,
Bayards and beasts accurst, with grossest flattery nurst
Have sung her sacred name, and prais'd her to their shame,
Who was our first and last" (*Harl. Misc.*, vol. iii, pp. 524-546).

H. Page lxxii.

ERRATA OF THE ORIGINAL.

- Page 12, st. 3, l. 2, comma after 'springs' instead of period
(.) — corrected.
- " 13, st. 3, l. 2, comma after 'flower' instead of period
(.) — corrected.
- ibid.*, st. 4, l. 1, 'yee' for 'yea' — corrected.
- " 14, st. 1, l. 4, 'Venus' printed 'Venvs' — corrected.
- " 22, numbered 41 instead of 14 — corrected.
- " 23, *To those of light beleefe* — st. 1, l. 5, no comma after
'conceit' — corrected.
- ibid.*, st. 2, l. 5, comma after 'find' — corrected.
- " 77, st. 2, l. 6, no stop after 'spight' — corrected.
- " 83, Iohannis Leylandij, &c., l. 12, the comma after
'petit.'

Page 89, Heading — 'Dialogue' for 'Dialogue' — corrected.

„ 92, st. 1, l. 3, no comma after 'enchantment' — corrected.

„ 104, st. 3, l. 2, 'gods' for 'godd[es]s.'

„ 111, numbered '101' — corrected to '103.'

„ 113, st. 1, l. 3, 'cle' for 'clere,' and l. 6, 'the m' for 'the m[inde].'

„ 128, st. 1, l. 1, 'Memnodides' should have been 'Memnonides' certainly.

„ 131, st. 2, l. 3, 'fometing' for 'something' — corrected

„ 137, st. 4, l. 4, 'fecrecly' for 'secretly.'

„ 142, 143, are mis-numbered '118' and '119' for '134' and '135' — corrected.

„ 153 to 175, numbered 141 to 163 for 145 to 167 — corrected.

„ 167, margin — l. 14, 'feele' for 'feele,' and l. 20, 'poreft' for 'pureft' — corrected.

„ 179-195, are mis-numbered 167 to 183 for 171 to 187 — corrected.

See also various suggestions and criticisms in the Notes and Illustrations. A comma at the end of a line was a favorite contemporary punctuation.

ERRATA OF OUR REPRINT.

Those marked with an asterisk (*) the Reader will please correct before reading — others of lesser moment.

Page 11, st. 3, l. 1, put comma after 'thing.'

„ 29, st. 1, l. 4, spell 'keepe' for 'keep.'

„ 31, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'harmeleffe' for 'harmleffe.'

„ 34, st. 1, l. 1, put comma after '*Elfleda*.'

„ 37, st. 4, l. 7, spell 'deedes' for 'deeds.'

„ 38, st. 4, l. 2, spell 'tooke' for 'took.'

„ 40, st. 1, l. 8, 'reobtain'd' is printed loosely 're obtain'd.'

„ 43, l. 7, spell 'owne' for 'own.'

„ 44, heading, l. 2, put comma after 'Coronation.'

„ 45,* st. 2, l. 5, 'But' is misprinted 'Bet.'

- Page 47, l. 3, spell 'litle' for 'little,' and st. 1, l. 2, 'wel' for 'well.'
- „ 60, l. 21, '*redemaund*' is printed loosely 're demaund.'
- „ 61, l. 2, spell 'inuade' for 'enuade.'
- „ 77, st. 2, l. 1, spell 'battell' for 'battel.'
- „ 78, st. 1, l. 1, spell 'prepar'd' for 'prepared.'
- „ 82, st. 3, l. 6, spell 'bene' for 'been.'
- „ 84, l. 8, read 'off spring' for 'offspring,' and l. 11, spell 'fweete' for 'sweet.'
- „ 85, Hee endeth, &c., l. 2, put comma after 'seate.'
- „ 81, l. 4, spell 'lye' for 'lie.'
- „ 93, st. 4, l. 3, put comma after 'Hercules.'
- „ 96, st. 2, l. 5, capital to 'Fishes'; and st. 4, l. 1, spell 'Iacke' for 'Iack.'
- „ 98, st. 3, l. 7, spell 'verie' for 'very.'
- „ 107,* st. 3, l. 4, read 'seafon' for 'season.'
- „ 108, st. 2, l. 2, spell 'Turbut' for 'Turbot.'
- „ 112, st. 4, l. 6, spell 'food' for 'foode.'
- „ 115, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'meate' for 'meat.'
- „ 127, st. 2, l. 5, put comma after 'way.'
- „ 128, st. 5, l. 3, spell 'dayly' for 'daily.'
- „ 168, st. 3, l. 5, spell 'tels' for 'tells.'
- „ 172, st. 2, l. 6, spell 'fauoring' for 'fauouring.'
- „ 183, st. 4, l. 1, spell 'itselfe' for 'itself.'
- „ 185,* st. l. 15 (dropped before '*Peans*.'
- „ 190,* *Επος* should have been Latin Epos—my printer having printed it *Epos* in Greek, I over-hastily corrected it to *Επος*.
- „ 194, Heading of Ode—I have extended the contractions for *ov* and *στ*.
- „ 195,* st. 1, l. 4, for 'as' read 'in.' The five asterisk-marked places I mean to correct in the stereotype-plates for the new Shakespeare Society.

A. B. G.

LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT.

*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue,
in the constant Fate of the Phoenix
and Turtle.*

A Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie;
now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato
Cæliano, by ROBERT CHESTER.

With the true legend of famous King *Arthur*, the last of the nine
Worthies, being the first *Essay* of a new *Brytish* Poet: collected
out of diuerse Authentickall Records.

*To these are added some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers
whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the
first subiect: viz. the Phoenix and
Turtle.*

Mar: — Mutare dominum non potest liber notus.



LONDON
Imprinted for E. B.

1601.



TO THE HONORA-

ble, and (of me before all other)

honored Knight, Sir John Salisburie

one of the Esquires of the bodie to the

Queenes most excellent Maiestie, Robert

Chester wisheth increase of vertue

and honour.

Pofse & nolle, nobile.



Honorable Sir, hauing according to the directions of some of my best-minded friends, finished my long expected labour; knowing this ripe iudging world to be full of enuie, euery one (as sound reason requireth) thinking his owne child to be fairest although an Æthiopian, I am emboldened to put my infant wit to the eye of the world vnder your protectiō

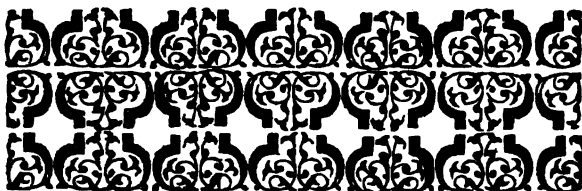
A 3

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

knowing that if Absurditie like a theefe
haue crept into any part of these Poems,
your well-graced name will ouer-shadow
these defaults, and the knowne Character of
your vertues, cause the common back-bi-
ting enemies of good spirits, to be silent. To
the World I put my Child to nurse, at the
expence of your fauour, whose glorie will
stop the mouthes of the vulgar, and I hope
cause the learned to rocke it asleepe (for
your sake) in the bosome of good wil. Thus
wishing you all the blefsings of heauen and
earth; I end.

Yours in all seruice,

R O. C H E S T E R.

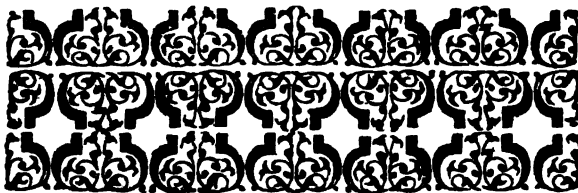


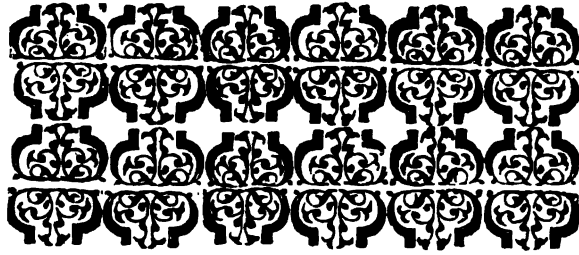
*The Authors request to
the Phoenix.*

P*Hœnix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any
To thee I do entitle all my labour,
More precious in mine eye by far then many,
That feedst all earthly senses with thy saour :
Accept my home-writ praises of thy loue,
And kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue.*

*Some deepe-read scholler fam'd for Poetrie,
Whose wit-enchancing verse deserueth fame,
Should sing of thy perfections passing beautie,
And eleuate thy famous worthy name :
Yet I the least, and meaneſt in degree,
Endeuoured haue to please in praising thee.*

R. Chester.





To the kind Reader.

O *F bloody warres, nor of the sacke of Troy,
Of Pryams mured sonnes, nor Didoes fall,
Of Hellens rape, by Paris Troian boy,
Of Cæsars victories, nor Pompeys thrall,
Of Lucrece rape, being rauisht by a King,
Of none of these, of sweete Conceit I sing.*

*Then (gentle Reader) ouer-reade my Muse,
That armes herselfe to flie a lowly flight,
My vntun'd stringed verse do thou excuse,
That may perhaps accepted, yeeld delight:
I cannot clime in praises to the skie,
Least falling, I be drown'd with infamie.*

Mea mecum Porto.

R. Ch.



THE
Anuals of great
Brittaine.

O R,
A MOST EXCEL-
lent Monument, wherein may be
seene all the antiquities of this King-
dome, to the satisfaction both of the
Vniuersities, or any other place stir-
red with Emulation of long
continuance.

Excellently figured out in a worthy Poem.



LONDON
Printed for MATHEW LOWNES.
1 6 1 1

I

ROSALINS COM- PLAINT, METAPHORI- cally applied to Dame Nature at a Parlia- ment held (*in the high Star-chamber*) by the Gods, for the preferuation and increafe of *Earths beauteous Phoenix.*

A Solemne day of meeting mongst the Gods,
And royall parliament there was ordained :
The heauenly Synod was at open ods,
And many harts with earthly wrongs were pained ;
Some came to craue excufe, some to complaine
Of heauie burdend griefes they did sustaine.

Vesta she told, her Temple was defiled :
Iuno how that her nuptiall knot was broken ;
Venus from her sonne *Cupid* was exiled :
And *Pallas* tree with ignorance was shoken :
Bellona rau'd at Lordlike cowardice,
And *Cupid* that fond Ladies were so nice.

To this Assembly came Dame *Nature* weeping,
And with her handkercher through wet with teares,
She dried her rosie cheekes, made pale with sighing,
Hanging her wofull head, head full of feares :
And to *Ioues* selfe plac'd in a golden seate,
She kneeld her downe, and thus gan to intreate :

Thou mightie Imperator of the earth,
Thou euer-liuing Regent of the aire,
That to all creatures giu'ft a liuely breath,

B

And thundrest wrath downe from thy fire chaire,
Behold thy handmaid, king of earthly kings,
That to thy gracious sight sad tidings brings.

One rare rich *Phoenix* of exceeding beautie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed ;
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie :
One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced :
One and none such, since the wide world was found
Hath euer *Nature* placed on the ground.

Head. Her head I framed of a heauenly map,
Wherein the feuenfold vertues were enclosed,
When great *Apollo* slept within my lap,
And in my bosome had his rest reposed,
I cut away his locks of purest gold,
And plac'd them on her head of earthly mould.

Haire. When the least whistling wind begins to sing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,
Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring,
And with the pretie noise the wind doth checke,
Able to lull asleepe a pensiue hart,
That of the round worlds sorrowes beares a part.

Forehead. Her forehead is a place for princely *Ioue*
To sit, and censure matters of import :
Wherein men reade the sweete concepts of Loue,
To which hart-pained Louers do resort,
And in this Tablet find to cure the wound,
For which no salue or herbe was euer found.

Vnder

Vnder this mirrour, are her princely eyes :
 Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights ;
 That ore the day and night do foueraignize,
 And their dimme tapers to their rest she frights :
 Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
 And when she riseth al their force is donne.

Eyes.

Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd,
 A Lillie lying in a bed of Rofes ;
 This part aboue all other I haue grac'd,
 For in the blew veines you may reade sweet posies :
 When she doth blush, the Heauens do wax red,
 When she lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead.

Cheekes.

Her chinne a litle little pretie thing
 In which the sweet carnatian Gelli-flower,
 Is round encompast in a christall ring,
 And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power :
 No storme of Enuie can this glorie touch,
 Though many should assay it ouermuch.

Chinne.

Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth spring,
 Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kisse,
 From forth these glories doth the Night-bird sing,
 A Nightingale that no right notes will misse :
 True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
 Do come betwene these dores of excellencie.

Lippes.

Her teeth are hewed from rich crystal Rockes,
 Or from the Indian pearle of much esteem,
 These in a closet her deep counsell lockes,

Teeth.

B 2

And are as porters to so faire a Queene,
 They taste the diet of the heau'nly traine,
 Other base grossenesse they do still disdaine.

Tongue. Her tongue the vtterer of all glorious things,
 The siluer clapper of that golden bell,
 That neuer foundeth but to mightie Kings,
 And when she speakes, her speeches do excell :
 He in a happie chaire himselfe doth place,
 Whose name with her sweet tongue she means to grace.

Necke. Her necke is *Vestas* siluer conduict pipe,
 In which she powers perfect chastitie,
 And of the muskie grapes in sommer ripe,
 She makes a liquor of ratietye,
 That dies this swanne-like piller to a white,
 More glorious then the day with all his light.

Breastes. Her breasts two crystal orbes of whitest white,
 Two little mounts from whence lifes comfort springs.
 Between those hillockes *Cupid* doth delight
 To sit and play, and in that valley sings :
 Looking loue-babies in her wanton eyes,
 That all grosse vapours thence doth chafesize.

Armes. Her armes are branches of that siluer tree,
 That men surname the rich *Hesperides*,
 A precious circling shew of modestie,
 When she doth spread these glories happines :
 Ten times ten thousand blessings he doth taste,
 Whose circled armes shall cling about her waste.

Her

Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade
His first houres destiny, or weale or woe,
When she this sky-like map abroad doth spreade,
Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
And in her hand, white hand, they there do see
Loue lying in a bed of yuorie.

Hands.

Her fingers long and small do grace her hand ;
For when she toucheth the sweete sounding Lute,
The wild vntamed beasts amaz'd do stand,
And carroll-chanting birds are sudden mute :
O fingers how you grace the siluer wires,
And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires !

Fingers.

Her bellie (o grace incomprehensible)
Far whiter then the milke-white lillie flower.
O might *Arabian Phoenix* come inuisible,
And on this mountaine build a glorious bower,
Then Sunne and Moone as tapers to her bed,
Would light loues Lord to take her maidenhead.

Bellie.

Be still my thoughts, be silent all yee Muses,
Wit-flowing eloquence now grace my tongue :
Arise old *Homer* and make no excuses,
Of a rare peece of art must be my song,
Of more then most, and most of all beloued,
About the which *Venus* sweete doues haue howered.

Nota.

There is a place in louely paradize,
From whence the golden *Gehon* ouerflowes,
A fountaine of such honorable prize,

B 3

That none the sacred, sacred vertues knowes,
 Walled about, betok'ning fure defence,
 With trees of life, to keepe bad errors thence.

Thighes. Her Thighs two pillers fairer far then faire,
 Two vnderprops of that celestiaall house,
 That Mansion that is *Iunos* filuer chaire,
 In which *Ambrosia VENUS* doth carouse,
 And in her thighs the prety veines are running
 Like Christall riuers from the maine streames flowing.

Legges. Her legges are made as graces to the rest,
 So pretie, white, and so proportionate,
 That leades her to loues royall sportiue nest,
 Like to a light bright Angel in her gate :
 For why no creature in the earth but she,
 Is like an Angell, Angell let her be.

Feete. Her Feete (now draw I to conclusion)
 Are neat and litle to delight the eye,
 No tearme in all humane inuention,
 Or in the veine of sweet writ Poetrie
 Can ere be found, to giue her feet that grace,
 That beares her corporate Soule from place to place.

And if by night she walke, the Marigold,
 That doth inclose the glorie of her eye,
 At her approch her beauty doth vnfold,
 And spreads her selfe in all her royaltie,
 Such vertue hath this Phoenix glassy shield,
 That Floures and Herbs at her faire sight do yeeld.
 And

And if she grace the Walkes within the day,
Flora doth spreade an Arras cloth of flowers,
 Before her do the pretty *Satires* play,
 And make her banquets in their leauie Bowers :
 Head, Haire, Brow, Eyes, Cheeks, Chin and all,
 Lippes, Teeth, Tong, Neck, Brefts, Belly are maiefticall.

This *Phœnix* I do feare me will decay,
 And from her ashes neuer will arise
 An other Bird her wings for to display,
 And her rich beauty for to equalize :
 The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and base,
 To make another spring within her place.

Therefore dread Regent of these Elements,
 Pitie poore *Nature* in her Art excelling,
 Giue thou an humble eare to my laments,
 That to thee haue a long true tale beene telling,
 Of her, who when it please thee to behold,
 Her outward fight shall bewties pride vnfold.

At these words *Ioue* stood as a man amazed,
 And *Iunos* loue-bred bewtie turnd to wight,
Venus she blusht, and on dame *Nature* gazed,
 And *Vesta* she began to weepe outright :
 And little *Cupid* poore boy strucke in loue,
 With repetition of this earthly Doue.

But at the last *Ioue* gan to rouse his spirit,
 And told dame *Nature* in her sweet discourse ;
 Her womans Tounge did run before her Wit,

B 4

Such a faire soule her selfe could neuer nurse,
 Nor in the vastie earth was euer liuing,
 Such beauty that all beauty was excelleng.

Nature was strucke with pale temeritie,
 To see the God of thunders lightning eyes ;
 He shooke his knotty haire so wrathfully,
 As if he did the heauenly rout despise :
 Then downe vpon her knee dame *Nature* fals,
 And on the great gods name aloud she cals.

Ioue thou shalt see my commendations,
 To be vnworthie and impartiall,
 To make of her an extallation,
 Whose beauty is deuine maiesticall ;
 Looke on that painted picture there, behold
 The rich wrought *Phoenix* of *Arabian* gold.

Ioues eyes were fetled on her painted eyes,
Ioue blushing smil'd, the picture smil'd againe :
Ioue spoke to her, and in his heart did rise
 Loues amours, but the picture did difdaine
 To loue the god, *Ioue* would haue stole a kisse,
 But *Iuno* being by, denied him this.

When all the rest beheld this counterfeit,
 They knew the substance was of rarer price :
 Some gaz'd vpon her face, on which did waite
 As messengers, her two celestiall eyes ;
 Eyes wanting fire, did giue a lightning flame,
 How much more would her eyes mans fences tame ?
 Then

Then all the Gods and Goddeffes did decree,
In humble maner to intreat of *Ioue*
And euery power vpon his bended knee,
Shewd faithfull seruice in dame *Natures* loue,
Intreating him to pacifie his Ire,
And raife another *Phœnix* of new fire.

Her picture from *Ioues* eyes hath banisht Hate,
And Mildnesse plained the furrowes of his brow,
Her painted shape hath chastised debate,
And now to pleafure them he makes a vow :
Then thus *Ioue* spake, tis pittie she should die,
And leaue no offspring of her Progenie.

Nature go hie thee, get thee *Phœbus* chaire,
Cut through the skie, and leaue *Arabia*,
Leaue that il working peece of fruitlesse ayre,
Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,
These countries haue no fire to raife that flame,
That to this *Phœnix* bird can yeeld a name.

There is a country Clymat fam'd of old,
That hath to name delightfome *Paphos* Ile,
Ouer the mountaine tops to trudge be bold,
There let thy winged Horfes rest awhile :
Where in a vale like *Ciparissus* groue,
Thou shalt behold a second *Phœnix* loue.

A champion country full of fertill Plaines,
Green grassie Medowes, little prettie Hills,
Abundant pleafure in this place remaines,

C

And plenteous sweetes this heauenly clymat filles :
 Faire flowing bathes that issue from the rockes,
 Abundant heards of beafts that come by flockes.

High stately Cædars, sturdie bigge arm'd Okes,
 Great Poplers, and long trees of *Libanon*,
 Sweete smelling Firre that frankenfence prouokes,
 And Pine apples from whence sweet iuyce doth come :
 The sommer-blooming Hawthorne ; vnder this
 Faire *Venus* from *Adonis* stole a kiffe.

Fine Thickets and rough Brakes for sport and pleasure,
 Places to hunt the light-foote nimble Roe :
 These groues *Diana* did account her treasure,
 And in the cold shades, oftentimes did goe
 To lie her downe, faint, weary on the ground,
 Whilest that her Nymphs about her daunst a round.

A quire of heauenly Angels tune their voyces,
 And counterfeit the *Nightingale* in singing,
 At which delight some pleasure she reioyces,
 And *Plenty* from her cell her gifts is bringing :
 Peares, Apples, Plums, and the red ripe Cherries,
 Sweet Strawberries with other daintie berries.

Here haunt the *Satyres* and the *Driades*,
 The *Hamadriades* and pretie Elues,
 That in the groues with skipping many please,
 And runne along vpon the water shelues :
 Heare *Mermaides* sing, but with *Ulysses* eares,
 The country Gallants do disdaine their teares.

The

The Crocadile and hissing Adders sting,
 May not come neere this holy plot of ground,
 No Nightworme in this continent may sing,
 Nor poison-spitting Serpent may be found :
 Here Milke and Hony like two riuers ran,
 As fruitfull as the land of *Canaan*.

What shall I say ? their Orchards spring with plentie,
 The Gardens smell like *Floras* paradise,
 Bringing increafe from one to number twentie,
 As Lycorice and sweet *Arabian* spice :
 No place is found vnder bright heauens faire bliffe,
 To beare the name of *Paradiſe* but this.

Hard by a running ſtreame or cryſtall fountaine,
 Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,
 Enuiron'd with a high and ſteepie mountaine,
 A fertill ſoile and fruitful plot of ground,
 There ſhalt thou find true *Honors* louely *Squire*,
 That for this *Phœnix* keepes *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
 Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,
 I made his houſe to chaſtice thence deſpight,
 And fram'd it like this heauenly rooſe of mine :
 His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,
 Aymes at true faithfull ſeruice and defart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth ſit,
 Bloud and ſweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,
 Bloud to his foes, a preſident moſt fit

C 2

For fuch as haue his gentle humour fplit :
 His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
 Hangs careleffe downe to fhrowd a blufhing cheeke.

Giue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,
 This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
 Thefe fhall direct him to this *Phoenix* bed,
 Where on a high hill he this Bird fhall meet :
 And of their Afhes by my doome fhall rife,
 Another *Phoenix* her to equalize.

This faid the Gods and Goddeffes did applaud,
 The Cenfure of this thundring Magiftrate,
 And *Nature* gaue him euerlafting laud,
 And quickly in the dayes bright Coach ſhe gate
 Downe to the earth, ſhe's whirled through the ayre ;
Ioue ioyne thefe fires, thus *Venus* made her prayer.

An Introduction to the Prayer.

GVide thou great Guider of the Sunne and Moone,
 Thou elementall fauourer of the Night,
 My vnderſerued wit, wit ſprong too ſoone,
 To giue thy greatneffe euerie gracious right :
 Let Pen, Hand, Wit and vnderſeruing tongue,
 Thy praife and honor ſing in euerie fong.

In my poore prayer guide my Hand aright,
 Guide my dull Wit, guide all my dulled Senſes,
 Let thy bright Taper giue me faithfull light,

And

And from thy Booke of life blot my offences :
 Then arm'd with thy protection and thy loue,
 Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue.

*A Prayer made for the prosperitie of
 a siluer coloured Doue, applyed to the
 beauteous Phœnix.*

O Thou great maker of the firmament,
 That rid'st vpon the winged *Cherubins*,
 And on the glorious shining element,
 Hear'st the sad praiers of the *Seraphins*,
 That vnto thee continually sing Hymnes :
 Bow downe thy listning eares thou God of might,
 To him whose heart will praise thee day and night.

Accept the humble Praiers of that foule,
 That now lies wallowing in the myre of Sinne,
 Thy mercie Lord doth all my powers controule,
 And searcheth reines and heart that are within :
 Therefore to thee *Iehouah* Ile begin :
 Lifting my head from my imprisoned graue,
 No mercie but thy mercie me can saue.

The foule vntamed Lion still goes roring,
 Old hell-bread *Sathan* enemy to mankind,
 To leade me to his iawes that are deuouring,
 Wherein no Grace to humane flesh's assign'd,

C 3

But thou celestiall Father canst him bind :
Tread on his head, tread Sinne and *Sathan* downe,
And on thy seruants head fet Mercies crowne.

Thus in acceptance of thy glorious sight,
I purge my deadly sinne in hope of grace,
Thou art the Doore, the Lanthorne and the Light,
To guide my sinfull feete from place to place,
And now O Christ I bow before thy face :
And for the siluer coloured earthly Doue,
I make my earnest prayer for thy loue.

Shrowde her O Lord vnder thy shadowed wings,
From the worlds enuious malice and deceit,
That like the adder-poisoned serpent stings,
And in her way layes a corrupted baite,
Yet raise her God vnto thy mercies height :
Guide her, O guide her from pernicious foes,
That many of thy creatures ouerthrowes.

Wash her O Lord with Hysope and with Thime,
And the white snow she shall excell in whiteneffe,
Purge her with mercie from all sinfull crime,
And her soules glorie shall exceed in brightnesse,
O let thy mercie grow vnto such ripenesse :
Behold her, O behold her gracious King,
That vnto thee sweet songs of praise will sing.

And as thou leadst through the red coloured waues,
The hoast of thy elected *Israel*,
And from the wrath of *Pharoe* didst them saue,

Appoin-

Increase thy gifts bestowed on thy Creature,
And multiply thy blessings manifold,
And as thou hast adorned her with nature,
So with thy blessed eyes her eyes behold,
That in them doth thy workmanship vnfold,
Let her not wither Lord without increase,
But bleſſe her with ioyes offspring of ſweet peace.
Amen. Amen.

C₄

*And with a gracious looke grace what is written,
 With smiling cheare peruse my homely labour,
 With Enuies poisoned spitefull looke not bitten :
 So shalt thou cause my willing thought to striue,
 To adde more Honey to my new-made Hiue.*

A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature,
 the *Phænix*, and the *Turtle Dove*.

Nature.

ALL haile faire *Phænix*, whither art thou flying?
 Why in the hot Sunne dost thou spread thy wings?
 More pleasure shouldst thou take in cold shades lying,
 And for to bathe thyselfe in wholsome Springs,
 Where the woods feathered quier sweetely sings:
 Thy golden Wings and thy breasts beauteous Eie,
 Will fall away in *Phæbus* royaltie.

Phænix.

O stay me not, I am no *Phænix* I,
 And if I be that bird, I am defaced,
 Vpon the *Arabian* mountaines I must die,
 And neuer with a poore yong *Turtle* graced;
 Such operation in me is not placed:
 What is my Beautie but a painted wal,
 My golden spreading Feathers quickly fal.

Nature.

Why dost thou shead thy Feathers, kill thy Heart,
 Weep out thine Eyes, and staine thy golden Face?
 Why dost thou of the worlds woe take a part,
 And in relenting teares thy selfe disgrace?
 Ioyes mirthful Tower is thy dwelling place;

All

All Birdes for vertue and excelling beautie,
Sing at thy reuerend feet in Loue and Dutie.

Oh how thou feed'st me with my Beauties praising!
O how thy Praise sounds from a golden Tounge!
O how thy Tounge my Vertues would be raising!
And raising me thou dost corrupt thy song;
Thou feest not Honie and Poifon mixt among;
Thou not'st my Beautie with a iealous looke,
But dost not see how I do bayte my hooke.

Phoenix.

Tell me, & tell me, for I am thy friend,
I am Dame *Nature* that first gaue thee breath,
That from *Ioues* glorious rich seate did descend,
To set my Feete vpon this lumpish earth:
What is the cause of thy sad fullen Mirth?
Hast thou not Beauty, Vertue, Wit and Fauour:
What other graces would'st thou craue of Nature?

Nature.

What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,
To be as seruile vassalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senses do exhall:
But (& my griefe) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-eyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprooue.

Phoenix.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did bestow would more increase?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?

D

But O vaine Bird, giue ore in silence, cease ;
 Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
 That cuts thy threed of Loue with twentie swords.

Nature. Tell me (O Mirrour) of our earthly time,
 Tell me sweete *Phœnix* glorie of mine age,
 Who blots thy Beauty with foule *Enuies* crime,
 And locks thee vp in fond *Suspitions* cage ?
 Can any humane heart beare thee such rage ?
 Daunt their proud stomacks with thy piercing Eye,
 Vnchaine Loues sweetneffe at thy libertie.

Phœnix. What is't to bath me in a wholesome Spring,
 Or wash me in a cleere, deepe, running Well,
 When I no vertue from the same do bring,
 Nor of the balmie water beare a smell ?
 It better were for me mongst Crowes to dwell,
 Then flocke with Doues, whē Doues sit alwayes billing,
 And waste my wings of gold, my Beautie killing.

Nature. Ile chaine foule *Enuy* to a brazen Gate,
 And place deepe *Malice* in a hollow Rocke,
 To some blacke defert Wood Ile banish *Hate*,
 And fond *Suspition* from thy sight Ile locke :
 These shall not stirre, let anie Porter knocke.
 Thou art but yong, fresh, greene, and must not passe,
 But catch the hot *Sunne* with thy steeled glasse.

Phœnix. That Sunne shines not within this Continent,
 That with his warme rayes can my dead Bloud chearish,
 Grosse cloudie Vapours from this Aire is sent,

Not

Not hot reflecting Beames my heart to nourish.
 O Beautie, I do feare me thou wilt perish ;
 Then gentle *Nature* let me take my flight,
 But ere I passe, fet *Enuie* out of fight.

Ile coniure him, and raise him from his graue,
 And put vpon his head a punishment :
Nature thy sportiue Pleasure meanes to saue ;
 Ile fend him to perpetuall banishment,
 Like to a totterd Furie ragd and rent :
 Ile baffle him, and blind his Iealous eye,
 That in thy actions Secrecie would pry.

Nature.

Ile coniure him, Ile raise him from his Cell,
 Ile pull his Eyes from his conspiring head,
 Ile locke him in the place where he doth dwell ;
 Ile starue him there, till the poore slaue be dead,
 That on the poisonous Adder oft hath fed :
 These threatnings on the Helhound I will lay,
 But the performance beares the greater sway.

Phoenix.

Stand by faire *Phoenix*, spread thy Wings of gold,
 And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye,
 Like *Iunos* bird thy Beautie do vnfold,
 And thou shalt triumph ore thine enemy :
 Then thou and I in *Phæbus* coach will flie,
 Where thou shalt see and tast a secret Fire,
 That will adde spreading life to thy Desire.

Nature.

Arise thou bleare-ey'd *Enuie* from thy bed,
 Thy bed of Snakie poison and corruption,

D 2

Vnmaske thy big-fwolne Cheekes with poyson red,
 For with thee I must trie Conclusion,
 And plague thee with the Worlds confusion.
 I charge thee by my Power to appeare,
 And by Celestiall warrant to draw neare.

Phœnix. O what a mistie Dampe breakes from the ground,
 Able it selfe to infect this noyfome Aire :
 As if a caue of Toades themselues did wound,
 Or poysoned Dragons fell into dispaire,
 Hels damned sent with this may not compare,
 And in this foggie cloud there doth arise
 A damned Feend ore me to tyrannize.

Nature. He shall not touch a Feather of thy wing,
 Or euer haue Authoritie and power,
 As he hath had in his dayes secret prying,
 Ouer thy calmie Lookes to send a shower :
 Ile place thee now in secrecies sweet Bower,
 Where at thy will in sport and dallying,
 Spend out thy time in Amorous discourfing.

Phœnix. Looke *Nurce*, looke *Nature* how the Villaine sweates,
 His big-fwolne Eyes will fall vnto the ground,
 With fretting anguish he his blacke breast beates,
 As if he would true harted minds confound :
 O keepe him backe, his sight my heart doth wound :
 O *Enuie* it is thou that mad'ft me perish,
 For want of that true Fire my heart should nourish.

Nature. But I will plague him for his wickednesse,

Enuie

Enuie go packe thee to some forreine soyle,
 To some defertfull plaine or Wildernesse,
 Where sauage Monsters and wild beafts do toyle,
 And with inhumane Creatures keep a coyle.
 Be gone I say, and neuer do returne,
 Till this round compact world with fire do burne.

What is he gone ? is *Enuie* packt away ?
 Then one fowle blot is mooued from his Throne,
 That my poore honest Thoughts did seeke to slay :
 Away fowle grieve, and ouer-heaue Mone,
 That do ore charge me with continuall grones.
 Will you not hence ? then with downe-falling teares,
 Ile drowne my selfe in ripenesse of my Yeares.

Phœnix.

Fie peeuisish Bird, what art thou franticke mad ?
 Wilt thou confound thy selfe with foolish Griefe ?
 If there be cause or meanes for to be had,
 Thy Nurse and nourisher will find reliefe :
 Then tell me all thy Accidents in brieve ;
 Haue I not banisht *Enuy* for thy sake ?
 I greater things for thee ile vndertake.

Nature.

Enuie is gone and banisht from my sight,
 Banisht for euer comming any more :
 But in *Arabia* burnes another Light,
 A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,
 This barren Countrey makes me to deplore :
 It is so saplesse that the very Spring,
 Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring.

Phœnix.

D 3

The noisome Aire is growne infectious,
 The very Springs for want of Moisture die,
 The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous,
 No hearbes for *Phisicke* or sweet *Surgerie*,
 No balme to cure hearts inward maladie :
 No gift of *Nature*, she is here defaced,
 Heart-curing *Balsamum* here is not placed.

Nature. Is this the summe and substance of thy woe ?
 Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote ?
 Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth ouerflow ?
 Is this the Riuer sets thy ship aflote ?
 Is this the Lesson thou hast learn'd by rote ?
 And is this all ? and is this plot of Ground
 The substance of the Theame doth thee confound ?

Phœnix. This is the Anker-hold, the Sea, the Riuer,
 The Lesson and the substance of my Song,
 This is the Rocke my Ship did seeke to shiuer,
 And in this ground with Adders was I stung,
 And in a lothsome pit was often flung :
 My Beautie and my Vertues captiuatē,
 To Loue, dissembling Loue that I did hate.

Nature. Cheare vp thy spirit *Phœnix*, prune thy wings,
 And double-gild thy Fethers for my newes ;
 A *Nightingale* and not a *Rauen* sings,
 That from all blacke contention will excuse
 Thy heauy thoughts, and set them to peruse
 Another Clymat, where thou maist expresse,
 A plot of *Paradise* for worthinesse.

Ioue

Ioue in diuine diuineſſe of his Soule,
 That rides vpon his fire axaltree,
 That with his Mace doth humane fleſh controule,
 When of mans deedes he makes a Regiſtrie,
 Louing the good for ſingularitie :
 With a vail'd Count'nance and a gracious Smile,
 Did bid me plant my Bird in *Paphos* Ile.

What ill diuining Planet did preſage,
 My timeleſſe birth ſo timely brought to light ?
 What fatal Comet did his wrath engage,
 To worke a harmleſſe Bird ſuch worlds deſpight,
 Wrapping my dayes bliſſe in blacke fables night ?
 No Planet nor no Comet did conſpire
 My downefall, but foule *Fortunes* wrathful ire.

Phœnix.

What did my Beautie moue her to Diſdaine ?
 Or did my Vertues ſhadow all her Bliffe ?
 That ſhe ſhould place me in a deſart Plaine,
 And ſend forth *Enuie* with a *Judas* kiſſe,
 To ſting me with a Scorpions poiſoned hiſſe ?
 From my firſt birth-right for to plant me heare,
 Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare.

Raile not gainſt *Fortunes* ſacred Deitie,
 In youth thy vertuous patience ſhe hath tyred,
 From this baſe earth ſhee'le lift thee vp on hie,
 Where in Contents rich Chariot thou ſhalt ride,
 And neuer with Impatience to abide :
Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
 And on thy feathered head will ſet a crowne.

Nature.

Phœnix. T'was time to come, for I was comfortlesse,
 And in my Youth haue bene Infortunate :
 This Ile of *Paphos* I do hope will blesse,
 And alter my halfe-rotten tottering state ;
 My hearts Delight was almost ruinate.
 In this rich Ile a *Turtle* had his nest,
 And in a Wood of gold tooke vp his rest.

Nature. Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,
 And we will leave this ill corrupted Land,
 We'le take our course through the blew Azure skie,
 And set our feete on *Paphos* golden sand.
 There of that *Turtle Dove* we'le vnderstand :
 And visit him in those delightfull plaines,
 Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remains.

Phœnix. I come, I come, and now farewell that strond,
 Vpon whose craggie rockes my Ship was rent ;
 Your ill befeeming follies made me fond,
 And in a vastie Cell I vp was pent,
 Where my fresh blooming Beauty I haue spent.
 O blame your selues ill nurtred cruell Swaines,
 That fild my scarlet Glorie full of Staines.

Nature. Welcome immortal Bewtie, we will ride
 Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,
 And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
 That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,
 Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria* :
 And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,
 In *Paphos* sacred Ile we meane to light.

How

How glorious is this Chariot of the day,
Where *Phæbus* in his crystall robes is set,
And to poore passengers directs a way :
O happie time since I with *Nature* met,
My immelodious Discord I vnfret :

Phænix.

And sing sweet Hymnes, burn Myrrhe & Frankensence,
Honor that Isle that is my sure defence.

Looke *Phænix* ore the world as thou dost ride,
And thou shalt see the pallaces of Kings,
Great huge-built Cities where high States abide,
Temples of Gods, and Altars with rich off'rings,
To which the Priests their sacrifices brings :
Wonders past wonder, strange *Pyramides*,
And the gold-gathering Strond of *Euphrates*.

Nature.

O what rich pleasure dwelleth in this Land !
Greene springing Medowes, high vpreared Hills,
The white-fleest Ewe brought tame vnto the hand,
Faire running Riuers that the Countrie fils,
Sweet flowers that faire balmy Deaw distils,
Great peopled Cities, whose earth-gracing show,
Time is asham'd to touch or ouerthrow.

Phænix.

Be silent gentle *Phænix*, Ile repeate,
Some of these Cities names that we descrie,
And of their large foundation Ile intreate,
Their Founder that first rear'd them vp on hie,
Making a glorious Spectacle to each eie :
Warres wald Defender and the Countries grace,
Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace.

Nature.

E

*This Alfred
first deuised
England into
Shires, being
King of Nor-
thumbes.*

Alfred the father of faire *Elfleda*
Founded three goodly famous Monasteries,
In this large Ile of sweete *Britania*,
For to refresh the poore soules miseries,
That were afflicted with calamities :
One in the Towne surnamed *Edlingsey*,
Which after ages called *Athelney*.

*Alfred buried
in the Cathe-
drall Church of
VVinchester.*

The second House of that Deuotion,
He did erect at worthy *Winchester*,
A place well planted with Religion,
Called in this age the newly-built Minster,
Still kept in notable reparation :
And in this famous builded Monument,
His bodie was interd when life was spent.

*The Vniuersity
of Oxford built
by Alfred.*

The last not least surpassing all the rest,
Was *Oxfords* honorable foundation,
Since when with Learnings glorie it is blest,
Begun by the godly exhortation
Of the Abbot *Neotus* direction :
From whose rich womb pure Angell-like Diuinitie,
Hath sprong to faue vs from Calamitie.

*This Sore is a
Riuer that run-
neth by Leice-
ster, called of
some Brenber
water.*

Leyre the sonne of *Baldud* being admitted,
To beare the burden of the *British* sway,
A Prince with *Natures* glorie being fitted,
At what time *Ioas* raigned King of *Iuda*,
To make his new got Fame to last for aye,
By *Sore* he built the Towne of *Caerleir*,
That to this day is called *Leycester*.

Bellin

Belin that famous worthy *Brytaine* King,
That made the Townes of *France* to feare his frowne,
And the whole *Romish* Legion to finge.
And to record his gracious great renowne,
Whose host of men their Townes were firing :
 Builded in *Southwals* height *Caerlion*,
 Or termed *Arwiske Caerlegion*.

*In this Citie
were three fa-
mous Churches
one of S. Julius
the Martyr, the
second of S. A-
ron : and the o-
ther the mother
Church of all
Demetia.*

This glorious Citie was the onely Pride,
In eldest age of all *Demetia* :
Where many notable Monuments abide,
To grace the Countrey of *Britania*,
That from *Times* memorie can neuer slide :
Amphibulus was borne in this sweete place,
Who taught *S. Albon*, *Albon* full of grace.

*This Belin also
builded a nota-
ble Gate in Lo-
don now called
Billingsgate &
Belins Castle.*

King *Lud* furnam'd the great *Lud-hurdibras*,
The sonne of *Leil*, builded the famous Towne
Of *Kaerkin*, with a huge Tower of brasse,
Now called *Canterburie* of great renowne,
Able to bide the raging Foes stout frowne :
 The *Metropolitans* seate where Learning sits,
 And chiefe of all our *English* Bishoprickses.

*Lud, father to
Baldud, a man
well seen in the
Sciences of A-
stronomie and
Necromancie.*

This noble King builded faire *Caerguent*,
Now cleped *Winchester* of worthie fame,
And at Mount *Paladour* he built his Tent,
That after ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name,
His first foundation from King *Leyls* sonne came :
 About which building Prophet *Aquila*,
 Did prophesie in large *Brytania*.

*This Baldud
sonne of Lud-
Hurdibras,
made first the
hot Baths at
Caerbran, now
called Bathe.*

E 2

King *Leill* a man of great religion,
 That made his bordring neighbours for to yeeld,
He also repai- red the Citie of And on their knees to pleade Submission,
Caer Leon, now called Chester. Being eldest sonne to *Brute* surnamed *Greenshield*,
 The Citie of *Caerleits* he did build,
 Now called *Carleyle* by corruption,
 And Time that leades things to confusion.

The Cittie of Cambridge a famous Vniuersitie,
built in the The Nurfe of Learning and Experience,
dayes of Gur- The Chearifher of true Diuinitie,
guntius the son That for the Soules good wisedome doth commence,
of Beline, by Confuting Vice, and driuing Error thence :
one Cantaber a Was built by *Sigisbert* : but wrought effectually
Spaniard, bro- By Kings and Lords of famous memorie.
ther to Partho-
lony, or as some
wrote by Gor-
bonian.

Ebranke the sonne of stout *Mempriti*us,
 Hauing in matrimoniall copulation,
 Twentie one wiues in large **Britanicus*,
 And thirtie daughters by iust computation,
 And twentie sonnes of estimation,
 Builded *Caerbranke* famous for the name,
 Now called *Englands Yorke* a place of Fame.

He in *Albania* large and populous,
 Now termed *Scotland* of the *Scottish* Sect,
 Because his deedes should still be counted famous,
 The Castle of *Maidens* there he did erect,
 And to good purpofe did this worke effect :
 But iron-eating Time the Truth doth staine,
 For *Edingburgh* the Citie doth remaine.

And

And in that *Maiden* Castle he did frame,
 To grace the building to the outward eie,
 Nine Images of stone plac'd in the same,
 Which since haue stay'd times perpetuitie,
 In the true forme of worke-mans excellencie :
 Not any whit diminisht, but as perfect
 As in the first-dayes minute they were set.

Nature I muse at your description,
 To see how *Time* that old rust-cankard wretch,
 Honors forgetfull Friend, Cities confusion,
 That in all Monuments hath made a Breach,
 To auncient names brought alteration :
 And yet at this day such a place remaines,
 That all *Times* honor past with honor staines.

Phoenix.

Those carued old-cut stonie Images,
 That beautifie the Princes stately Towers,
 That graces with their grace the Pallaces,
 And high imperiall Emperizing bowers,
 Were neuer raz'd by *Times* controlling houres :
 Nine worthie women almost equiualent,
 With those nine worthie men so valient.

Nature.

Three of the nine were *Jewes*, and three were *Gentiles*,
 Three *Christians*, Honors honorable Sexe,
 That from their foes did often beare the spoiles,
 And did their proud controlling neighbours vexe,
 Which to their name did Noblenesse annexe,
 An Embleame for true borne Gentilitie,
 To imitate their deeds in chiuallrie.

E 3

The first *Minerua* a right worthie *Pagon*,
 That many manlike battailes manly fought,
 She first deuiz'd Artillerie of yron,
 And Armour for our backes she first found out,
 Putting our liues deare hazard from some doubt :
 She gouerned the *Libians*, and got Victories,
 With Honor by the lake **Tritonides*.

* *Lacus Mi-
nerue.*

Our maine pitcht Battels she first ordered,
 Setting a Forme downe to this following Age,
 The orders of Incamping she first registred,
 And taught the lawes of Armes in equipage,
 To after time her skill she did engage :
Apollo was her deare begotten sonne,
 In *Abrahams* time she liu'd till life was donne.

Semiramis Queene of *Affiria*,
 Was second worthie of this worlds great wonder,
 She conquered large *Æthiopia*,
 And brought the Necke of that stout Nation vnder,
 Waisting the Countries of rich *India* :
 Her dayes of Honor and of Regiment,
 Was in the time of *Isaacks* gouernment.

The third and chieftest for Audaciousnesse,
 And Enterprises that she took in hand,
 Was *Tomyris* full of true Noblenesse,
 Queene of the *North* (as I do vnderstand,)
 From forth her eyes she lightned Honors Brand,
 And brandished a Sword, a sword of Fame,
 That to her weake Sexe yeelded *Heftors* name.

When

When she receiued newes her sonne was dead,
 The Hope and Vnderprop of *Scithia*,
 She put on Armour, and encountered
 The *Monarch Cyrus* King of *Perfia*,
 And Gouvernor of rich *Getulia* :
 Slue him in fight her Fame for to renew,
 Two hundred thousand Souldiers ouerthrew.

Amongst the *Hebrew* women we commend,
Iahel the *Kenite* for the first in bountie,
 Whose vncomprehenfible valour in the end,
 Did free and set at large her captiu'd Countrie,
 Oppressed with tyrannicall Miferie :
 From dangers imminent of fire Warre,
 By killing hand to hand her foe great *Sifar*.

Debora an *Hebrew* worthie the second place,
 She fortie yeares did gouerne *Israel*,
 In peace preferu'd her Land, her land of Grace,
 Where honest sportiue Mirth did alwaies dwell :
 Her holy holinesse no tongue can tell,
 Nations astonied at her happinesse,
 Did grieue to loofe her Wifedomes worthinesse.

Iudith the third that redeliuered,
 The strong besieged Citie of *Bethulia*,
 And when the prowde Foe she had vanquished,
 And ouercame hot-spur'd *Assiria*,
 Bringing in triumph *Holofernes* head,
 She got a great and greater Victorie,
 Then thousand Souldiers in their maiestie.

The first of *Christians* was faire *Maud* the Countesse,
 Countesse of *Aniow*, daughter to a King,
Englands first *Henry*: *Almaines* Empresse,
 Heire indubitate, and her Fathers offspring,
 She titles to the *English* Crowne did bring:
 She ne're defisted from the warlike field,
 Till that vsurped *Stephen* of *Blois* did yeeld,
 And condescended to her sonnes dear right,
 That war-like *Maude* had re obtain'd by might.

The second was *Elizabeth* of *Aragon*,
 Queene and wife to honorable *Ferdinando*:
 She stoutly fought for propagation
 Of Christian Faith; brought to subuersion,
 The forsaken infidels of *Granado*,
 Reducing that proud prouince all in one,
 To follow *Christs* vnspotted true Religion.

The last was *Iohane* of *Naples* true borne Queene,
 Sister to *Ladislaus* King of *Hungarie*,
 A woman that defended (as twas seene,)
 Her countries great and gracious libertie,
 By force of laudable Armes and Chialrie,
 Against the *Sarafins* inuasion,
 And proud hot warres of princely *Aragon*.

Thus haue I in the honor of their worth,
 Laid ope their Progenie, their Deedes, their Armes,
 Their offspring, and their honorable Birth,
 That is a Lanthorne lightning their true Fames,
 Which Truth can neuer burne in Enuies flames:

Worthy

Worthie of wonder are these three times three,
Folded in brazen Leaues of memorie.

Windsor a Castle of exceeding strength,
First built by *Arviragus Brytaines* King,
But finished by *Arthur* at the length,
Of whose rare deedes our *Chronicles* do ring,
And poets in their verse his praise do sing :
For his Round-table and his war-like Fights,
Whose valiantnesse the coward Mind affrights.

This *Brytish* King in warres a Conquerer,
And wondrous happie in his Victories,
Was a companion of this noble Order,
And with his person grac'd these Dignities,
Great dignities of high exceeding Valour :
For he himselfe the selfe-same Honor tooke,
That all his following States did euer brooke.

This *Paragon* whose name our time affrights,
At *Windsor* Castle dubbed in one day,
One hundred and iust fortie valiant Knights,
With his keene trustie Sword, and onely stay,
(Cald *Dridwin*) that his Loue did ouerfway :
And with that Sword the very day before,
He slue as many *Saxon* foes or more.

But *English Edward* third of Memorie,
In blessed and religious zeale of Loue,
Built vp a Colledge of exceeding glory,
That his kind care to *England* did approue.

F

This *Colledge* doth this Castle beautifie :
 The Honor of the place is held so deare,
 That many famous Kings are buried there.

But one rare thing exceeding admirable
 That to this day is held in great renowne,
 And to all Forreiners is memorable,
 The name of which makes *Englands* foes to frowne,
 And puls the pride of forreine Nations downe,
Knights of the Garter and Saint Georges Crosse,
 Betok'ning to the Foe a bloudie losse.

Here followeth the Birth, Life
 and Death of honourable Arthur
King of Brittain.

To the courteous Reader.

Courteous Reader, hauing spoken of the first foundation
 of that yet renowned castle of Windfor by Aruiragus
 king of Britain, & finished by that succeeding prince of worthy
 memory famous king Arthur ; I thought good (being intrea-
 ted by some of my honourable-minded Friends, not to let slip so
 good and fit an occasion, by reason that there yet remaines in
 this doubtfull age of opinions, a controuersie of that esteemed
 Prince of Brittain) to write not according to ages obliuio, but
 directed onely by our late Historiographers of England, who
 no doubt haue taken great paines in the searching foorth of the
 truth of that first Christian worthie : and wheras (I know not
 directed

directed by what blindnes) there haue bene some Writers (as I thinke enemies to truth) that in their erronious censures haue thought nō such mā euer to be liuing; How fabulous that should seeme to be, I leaue to the iudgement of the best readers, who know for certaine, that that neuer dead Prince of memory, is more beholding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian, yea to the Greekes themselues, then to his own Countrymen, who haue fully and wholly set foorth his fame and liuelyhood: then how shamelesse is it for some of vs, to let slip the truth of this Monarch? And for more confirmatiō of the truth, looke but in the Abbey of Westminster at Saint Edwards shrine, there shalt thou see the print of his royal Seale in red wax closed in Berrill, with this inscription, Patricius Arthurus Gallie, Germaniæ, Daciæ Imperator. At Douer likewise you may see Sir Gawins skull and Cradocks mantle: At Winchester, a Citie well knowne in England, his famous round Table, with many other notable monuments too long to rehearse: Besides I my selfe haue seen imprinted, a french Pamphlet of the armes of king Arthur, and his renowned valiant Knights, set in colours by the Heraulds of France: which charge of impressiō would haue been too great, otherwise I had inserted them orderly in his Life and Actions: but (gentle Reader) take this my paines gratefully, and I shal hereafter more willingly strue to employ my simple wit to thy better gratulation; I haue here set downe (turned from French prose into English meeter) the words of the Herald vnder the arms of that worthy Brittain.

King Arthur in his warlike Shield did beare
 Thirteene rich Crownes of purified gold:
 He was a valiant noble Conquerer,
 As ancient Memorie hath truly told:
 His great Round-table was in Britanie,
 Where chofen Knights did do their homage yearly.

F 2

The strange Birth, honorable Coronation and most vnhappie Death of famous Arthur King of Brytaine.

OF noble *Arthurs* birth, of *Arthurs* fall,
 Of *Arthurs* folemne Coronation,
 Of *Arthurs* famous deedes *Heroycall*,
 Of *Arthurs* battels and inuasion,
 And that high minded worthie *Brytish King*,
 Shall my wits memorie be deifying.

In the laft time of *Vter* furnam'd *Pendragon*,
 So called for his wittie pollicies,
 Being a King of eftimation,
 In famous *Brytaine* mongft his owne allies,
 There was a mightie Duke that gouern'd *Cornwaile*,
 That held long warre, and did this King affaile.

This Duke was nam'd the Duke of *Tintagil*:
 After thefe hot bred warres were come to end,
 He fojourn'd at a place cald *Terrabil*,
 From whence *Pendragon* for this Duke did fend,
 And being wounded fore with *Cupids* ftिंग,
 Charg'd him his Wife vnto the Court to bring.

His Wife a paffing Ladie, louely, wife,
 Chafte to her husbands cleare vnfotted bed,
 Whofe honor-bearing Fame none could fupprize,

But

But *Vesta*-like her little time she led :
Igrene her name on whose vnequall beautie
Pendragon doted, led by humane folly.

At length he broke his mind vnto a Lord,
 A trustie Councillour and noble Friend,
 That soone vnto his minds grieve did accord,
 And his Kings louing loue-thoughts did commend,
 Telling *Pendragon* this should be his best,
 To tell the Dutchesse of his sweete request.

But she a Woman, sterne, inexorable,
 Willing fond Lusts inchauntments to resist,
 All his tongues smoothing words not penetrable,
 In her chaste bosomes Gate could not insift,
 Bet straight she told her Husband how she sped,
 Left that his grace should be dishonoured.

And counfeld him to passe away in haste,
 That Nights darke duskie mantle might oreshade,
 Their flying bodies, least at last they taste,
 More miserie then Time did ere inuade,
 " For Lust is such a hot inflamed thing,
 " It gouerneth mans senses, rules a King.

And as the Duchesse spake, the Duke departed,
 That neither *Vter* nor his Councill knew,
 How his deepe bosomes *Lord the Dutchesse thwarted, * *Cupid*.
 But marke the story well what did ensue :
 Soone as the King perceiued their intent,
 Intemperate Rage made him impatient.

F 3

Away with Musicke for your strings do iarre,
 Your sound is full of Discords, harsh and ill,
 Your Diapazon, makes a humming warre
 Within mine eares, and doth my fences fill
 With immelodious mourning ; She is gone
 That rul'd your felues and Instruments alone.

Away fond riming *Ouid*, lest thou write
 Of *Prognés* murther, or *Lucretias* rape,
 Of *Igrens* iourney taken in the night,
 That in the blacke gloom'd silence did escape :
 O could no Dogge haue bark'd, no Cocke haue crow'd,
 That might her passage to the King haue show'd.

No mirth pleasde *Vler*, but grimme Melancholy
 Haunted his heeles, and when he sate to rest,
 He pondred in his mind *Igrenas* beautie,
 Of whom his care-craz'd head was full possest :
 Nothing was now contentiue to his mind,
 But *Igrenes* name, *Igrene* to him vnkind.

At last his noble Peeres with pitie mou'd,
 To see the Kings sodaine perplexitie,
 With a great care that their Liege Emperour lou'd,
 For to allay his great extremitie,
 Did counsell him to send for *Garloyes* wife,
 As he would answer it vpon his life.

Then presently a Messenger was sent,
 To tell the Duke of his wifes secret folly :
 This was the substance of his whole intent,

To

To bring his wife to Court immediatly :
 Or within threescore dayes he did protest,
 To fetch him thither to his little rest.

Which when the Duke had warning, straight he furnish'd
 Two Castles with well-fenc'd artillerie,
 With vitales and with men he garnish'd,
 His strongest Holds for such an enemy :
 And in the one he put his hearts-deare Treasure,
 Faire *Igrene* that he loued out of measure,

That Castle which the Duke himselfe did hold,
 Had many Posternes out and issues thence,
 In which to trust his life he might be bold,
 And safely the warres Furie to commence :
 But after-telling time did wonders worke,
 That Foxes in their holes can neuer lurke.

Then in all haste came *Vier* with his hoast,
 Pitching his rich pavilions on the ground,
 Of his aspiring mind he did not boast,
 For Loue and Anger did his thoughts confound,
 Hot warre was made on both sides, people slaine,
 And many Death-doore-knocking Soules complaine.

Loue and minds anguish so perplext the King,
 For *Igrene* that incomparable Dame,
 That *Cupids* sicknesse pearc'd him with a sting,
 And his warres lowd Alarums ouercame,
Venus intreated *Mars* awhile to stay,
 And make this time a sporting Holiday.

Then came sir *Ulfius*, a most noble Knight,
 And askt his King the cause of his disease,
 Being willing in a subiects gracious right,
Vter Pendragons mind in heart to please :
 Ah said the King, *Igrene* doth captiuat
 My Heart, and makes my Senses fubiugate. .

Courage, my gracious Liege, I will go find
 That true diuining prophet of our Nation,
Merlin the wise that shall content your mind,
 And be a Moderator in this action :
 His learning, wisedome, and vnseene experience,
 Shall quickly giue a Salue for loues offence.

So *Vlfius* at the length from him departed,
 Asking for *Merlin* as he past the way,
 Who by great fortunes chance sir *Vlfius* thwarted,
 As he went by in beggers bafe aray :
 Demanding of the Knight in basenesse meeke,
 Who was the man he went so farre to seeke ?

Vlfius amazed at his bafe attire,
 Told him it was presumption to demaund
 The name of him for whom he did enquire,
 And therefore would not yeeld to his command :
 Alas said *Merlin* I do plainly see,
Merlin you seeke, that *Merlin* I am he.

And if the King will but fulfill my heft,
 And will reward my true deseruing heart,
 In his loues agonies he shal be blest

So

So that he follow what I shall impart,
 Vpon my Knighthood he will honor thee,
 With fauour & rewards most royally.

Then *Vlfus* glad departed in all haſt,
 And rode amaine to King *Pendragons* fight,
 Telling his Grace *Merlin* he met at laſt,
 That like a Lampe will giue his *Louelaies* light.
 Where is the man? I wiſht for him before.
 See where he ſtands my Liege at yonder doore.

When *Vter* ſaw the man, a ſudden ioy,
 And vncompre'nded gladneſſe fild his hart :
 With kind embracements met him on the way,
 And to him gan his ſecrets to impart.
 Leaue off, quoth *Merlin*, I do know your mind,
 The faire-fac'd Lady *Igrene* is vnkind.

But if your Maieſty will here proteſt,
 And ſweare as you are lawfull King annointed,
 To do my will, nothing ſhall you moleſt,
 But follow my direſtions being appointed.
 I ſweare quoth *Vter* by the *Euangelists*,
 He dyes for me that once thy will reſiſts.

Sir, ſaid the Prophet *Merline*, this I craue,
 That ſhall betoken well what ere betide,
 The firſt faire ſportiuſe Night that you ſhall haue,
 Lying ſafely nuzled by faire *Igrenes* ſide,
 You ſhall beget a ſonne whoſe very Name,
 In after-ſtealing Time his foes ſhall tame.

G

That child being borne your Grace must giue to me,
 For to be nourished at my appointment,
 That shal redound much to his maiestie,
 And to your Graces gracious good intent :
 That shall be done : (quoth Merlin) let's away,
 For you shall sleepe with *Igrene* ere't be day.

And as *Ioue* stole to faire *Alcmenas* bed,
 In counterfeiting great *Amphytrio*,
 By the same lust-directed line being led,
 To *Igrenes* louely chamber must you go :
 You shall be like the Duke her husbands greatnesse,
 And in his place possesse her Husbands sweetnesse.

And you my noble Lord, sir *Vlfius*,
 Shall be much like sir *Brustias* a faire Knight,
 And I will counterfeit the good *Iordanus*,
 And thus wee le passe together in the night,
 But see you question not, say you are diseased,
 And hie to bed there shall your heart be pleased.

But on the morrow do not rife my Liege,
 Vntill I come to counsell for the best,
 For ten miles off you know doth lie the Siege,
 That will not turne these night-sports to a iest,
 Pendragon pleas'd hafter for to embrace,
 The sweet'ft got pray that euer King did chafe.

Soone as the Duke of *Tintagill* did perceiue,
 That *Vter* left alone his royall armie,
 He issued from his Castle to bereaue,

The

The souldiers of their liues by pollicie :
 But see his fortune, by that wily traine,
 That he had laid for others he was slaine.

The subtill-lust directed King went on,
 Maskt in a strange deuised new found shape,
 To simple-minded *Igrene* vnlike *Pendragon*,
 And three long houres lay in his louers lap :
 There he begat the christian King of Kings,
 Whose fame *Caisler* Swannes in pleafure sings.

Affoone as day-betok'ning *Phæbus* Chariot,
 Had crost his sisters waggon in the skie,
Merlin in haste to *Vters* chamber got,
 Bidding good morrow to his Maiestie :
 And told him vnrecalled Time did stay,
 To haste him from his pleafure thence away.

Vter amaz'd with *Igrene* in his armes,
 Wisht that the Prophet had no vse of tongue,
 Whose dolefull sound breath'd forth these harsh Alarmes,
 And like the night-Crow craokt a deadly song ;
 Ah what a hell of griefe t'was to depart,
 And leaue the new-got Treafure of his heart.

Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer,
 Being warm'd with blood of a dissembling Husband,
 Desire in her cheekes she could not fmother,
 And her Loue-dazeling eye none could withstand :
 He kist her twice or thrice and bad adue,
 As willing his nights pleafure to renue :

G 2

But when the late betrayed Lady knew,
 How that her true betrothed Lord was slaine,
 Ere that nights reuelling did first ensue,
 In secret to her selfe she wept amaine :
 Amaz'd and maruelling who that should be,
 That rob'd her husband of his treasurie.

And to her selfe she gan for to relate,
 The iniuries of her vnspotted life,
 And in her mind she liu'd disconsolate,
 Banning her base-bad Fortune being a wife ;
 Wishing for euer she had liu'd a maide,
 Rather than her chaste thoughts should be betraid.

The noble Councill that attended *Vter*,
 Began with grauitie for to deuise,
 That (where their King had doted much vpon her)
 Her beautie his young thoughts to equalize,
 To knit them both in *Hymens* sacred right,
 And then in lawfull wise to tast delight.

This motion made vnto their Soueraigne,
 Of a warme lustie stomacke youthfull bloud,
 Thought it a heauen such a *Saint* to gaine,
 That would reuiue his spirits, do him good :
 And gaue consent to have her honoured,
 With mariage Rites, the which were soone performed.

Halfe a yeare after as the King and Queene,
 Then growing great with child a bed were lying, [?]
 The Curtaines drawne vnwilling to be seene :

This

This pollicie the King himselfe deuising :
 Asking whose child it was that she did beare,
 Speake gentle *Igrene* tell me without feare.

The Queene amazed at this question,
 Being fully wrapt in pale timiditie,
 Knew not to answer this sad action,
 Because she fully knew her innocencie :
 He vrg'd her still, at length she waxed bold,
 And stoutly to the King the truth she told.

With that he kist his Queene that was beguil'd,
 And did recomfort her being halfe forlorne,
 Telling t'was he that did beget the child,
 The child that from her faire wombe should be borne :
 With that a sudden ioy did repoffesse
 Her pensue hart, whome Fortune late did bleffe.

Then *Merlin* (that did alwaies loue the King,
 As bearing chiefe affiance to his countrey)
 Sought to prouide for the childs nourishing,
 Therein to shew his well disposed dutie.
 As thou decreest said *Vter*, must it be,
 My deare Sonnes fortunes Ile commit to thee.

Well said the *Prophet*, I do know a Lord,
 A faithfull passing true disposed man,
 That to your Graces pleasure will accord,
 And in your seruice do the best he can :
 Commit your child vnto his custodie,
 A man renoun'd in famous *Britany*.

G 3

His name Sir *Hector* : send a Messenger,
 To will him come vnto the Court with speede,
 And that your Maieftie must needs conferre,
 Of matters helpfull in a Princes neede.
 When he is come your Grace may certifie,
 You'le put your sonne & heire to his deliuerie.

And when that Fortunes child kind Fortunes heire,
 (For so the Destinies prognosticate)
 Shall be brought foorth into the open aire,
 That of faire *Igrene* lately was begate :
 At yonder priuie Posterne being vnchristened,
 You must deliuer it me to be baptized.

As *Merlin* had deuised, so t'was done :
 For all the Court to him did yeeld obeyfance :
 And now Sir *Hector* to the king is come,
 And to *Pendragon* made his deare affiance,
 Wishing his Wife might nourish that bright sonne,
 Whose Mornings glorie was not yet begunne.

Then when the louely Queene was soone deliuered,
 Of that rich bearing Burthen to her ioy,
 The King himselfe in perfon hath commaunded,
 Two Ladies and two Knights to beare the boy,
 Bound vp in cloth of gold being rich of State,
 And giue it to the pooreman at the gate,

So *Merlin* had the Prince at his disposing,
 Committing it to *Hectors* faithfull wife :
 Now nothing wanted but the sweete baptizing,

To

To grace the Prince of Princes all his life :
 A holy reuerent Man indu'de with fame;
Arthur of *Britaine* cald the Princes name.

After the royall Solemnation,
 Of that blacke mournfull weping funerall,
 Of *Vter* that we name the great *Pendragon*,
 By subtill practife brought vnto his fall :
 The sixteenth yeare of his victorious raigne,
 By poifon was this braue *Pendragon* flaine.

His body vnto *Stone-heng* being brought,
 Hard by his brother *Aurelius* is he laid,
 In a faire Monument then richly wrought,
 Dead is the King whose life his foes dismaid,
 But from his loynes he left a sonne behind,
 The right *Idea* of his fathers mind.

Great *Arthur* whom we call the *Britaines* King,
 A man renown'd for famous victories,
Saxons and *Pifles* to homage he did bring,
 As you may read in auncient histories :
 Our later Chronicles do testifie,
 King *Arthurs* noble mind in Chiualrie.

Twelue noble battels did King *Arthur* fight,
 Against the *Saxons* men of hardie strength,
 And in the battels put them still to flight,
 Bringing them in subiection at the length :
 He neuer stroue to driue them quite away,
 But stragling here and there he let them stay.

Valerius wit-
 nesseth that *K.*
Arthur cōque-
 red thirty king-
 domes, for as
 thē a great cō-
 pany of Gouer-
 nors held vnder
 their iurisdi-
 ction the Iland
 together vvith
 France and
 Germanie.

In *Southry, Kent*, and *Norfolke* did they dwell,
 Still owing homage to king *Arthures* greatnesse,
 Whose puiſſance their pride did alwaies quell,
 Yet did he temper rigour with his meeknesse :
 And like a Lion ſcorn'd to touch the Lambe,
 Where they ſubmiſſiue-like vnto him came,

Againſt the *Pictes* he held continuall warre,
 The which vnto the *Saxons* were allide,
 And with the ſubtill *Scot* did alwaies iarre,
 Who neuer true to *Arthur* would abide :
 But (ſcorning his aduancement to the Crowne)
 Did thinke by force to pull his greatnesse downe.

The chiefeſt cauſe of this hot mortall ſtrife,
 That mou'd theſe Kings to be diſſentious,
 Was that the King of *Pictes* had tane to wife
 The eldeſt ſiſter of *Aurelius*,
 And *Cornon* King of *Scots* had married
 The youngeſt ſiſter to his Princely bed.

Wherefore they thought the *Brytiſh* Regiment,
 Should haue deſcended to the lawfull heires
 Of *Anna*, wife to both in gouernment,
 And he as King to rule their great affaires :
 And do inferre king *Arthures* barſtardie,
 And vniuſt claime to that high dignitie.

And preſently they do diſpatch in haſt,
 Ambaſſadours to famous *Brytanie*,
 Of their great Peeres for to demaund at laſt,

The

The kingdomes Crowne and kingdomes Royaltie :
 Who scorning for to heare a stranger nam'd,
 Crowned king *Arthur*, whom the world hath fam'd.

*The Coronation of King Arthur, and
 the Solemnitie thereof: the proud message
 of the Romanes, and the whole resolution of King
 Arthur and his Nobles.*

THe appointed time and great Solemnitie,
 Approched of king *Arthurs* Coronation,
 To which high states of mightie Dignitie,
 Assembled at the Citie of *Caerleon*,
 In *Cæsars* time cal'd *Vrbs Legionum* :
 A Title doubtlesse bearing some import,
 Where many famous *Brytaines* did resort.

To grace king *Arthur* whom the *Britaines* loued,
 Came three *Arch bishops Englands* chiefe renowne,
 Both *London*, *Yorke*, and *Dubright* Honor moued,
 On *Arthurs* head to fet the *British* Crowne,
 That after puld the pride of Nations downe :
 Vnto the Pallace of this princely King,
 They were conuay'd where true-born Fame did spring.

Dubright (because the Court at that time lay
 Within the compasse of his Diocesse)
 In his own person on this Royall day,
 Richly to furnish him he did addresse,
 His loue vnto his King he did expresse,
 H

And at his hands the King was dignified,
When *Aue Caesar* lowd the people cride.

This happie Coronation being ended,
The King was brought in sumptuous royaltie,
With all the peoples harts being befriended,
To the Cathedrall church of that same See,
Being the *Metropolitall* in nobilitie,
With lowd exclaiming ioy of peoples voyce,
That God might bleffe their Land for such a choice.

On either hand did two Archbishops ride,
Supporting *Arthur* of *Britania*,
And foure Kings before him did abide,
Angifell King of stout *Albania*,
And *Cadual* King of *Venedocia*,
Cador of *Cornewaile* mongst these Princes past,
And *Sater* of *Demetia* was the last.

These foure attired in rich ornaments,
Foure golden Swords before the King did beare,
Betokening foure royall Gouvernments,
And foure true Noble harts not dreading feare,
That *Emmie* from their breasts can neuer teare :
Before them playd such well-tun'd melodie,
That birds did sing to make it heauenly.

King *Arthurs* Queene vnto the Church was brought,
With many noble Peeres being conducted :
Her Armes and Titles royally were wrought,
And to her noble Fame were garnished,

That

That Infamie had neare diminished :
 Foure Queenes before her bore foure filuer Doues,
 Expreffing their true Faith and husbands Loues.

To braue King *Arthur* on this solemne feast,
 This day of high vnspeakeable dignitie,
 Came foure graue discreet perfons of the best,
 From *Romes* Lieutenant, proud in Maiestie,
 Carying in token of their Embassage
 Greene Oliue boughs, and their dear Lieges message.

The Epistle of Lucius Tiberius the
 Romane Lieutenant, to Arthur
King of Britanie.

LVcius Tiberius, *Romes great gouernour,*
 To Arthur King of large Britania,
 As he deserueth fauour at our hands :
 Rome and the Romane Senators do wonder,
 And I my selfe exceedingly do muse,
 To thinke of thy audacious haughtie mind,
 And thy tyrannicall dealing to our State :
 Hote fire Anger boyleth in my breast,
 And I am mou'd with honour of the cause,
 For to reuenge thy Iniuries to Rome :
 And that like one or' proud of his estate,
 Refusest to acknowledge her thy head,
 Neither regardest speedily to redresse,
 Thy base and blind obliuous ouerfight,
 And vniust dealings to offend the Senate,

H 2

*Vnto whose high imperiall Dignitie,
 Vnlesse Forgetfulnesse do bleare thine eyes,
 Thou knowst the whole huge Circle of the world,
 Are made Contributorie and owe vs homage.
 The tribute that the Britaines ought to pay,
 The which the Senate did demaund of thee,
 Being due vnto the Romaine Emperie :
 For that braue Iulius Cæsar had enioy'd
 And many worthy Romanes many yeares,
 Thou in contempt of vs and our Estate,
 Our honorable Estate and our dignitie,
 Presum'st iniuriously for to detaine :
 The confines of wel-seated Gallia,
 The Prouinces of Sauoy and Daulphine,
 With hot-flam'd fierie warre hast thou subdude,
 And gotten in thy large possession ;
 The Ilands of the bordring Ocean,
 The Kings whereof so long as we enioy'd them,
 Payd tribute to our Noble auncestors.
 The Senate highly mou'd with thy presumption,
 Determine for to re demaund amends,
 And restitution for thy open wrongs :
 I therefore from the noble Senatours,
 Commaund thee on thy true Allegiance,
 To Rome, to them, to me, and our Estate,
 That in the midst of August next ensuing,
 Thou do repaire to Rome, there for to answer,
 Before the worthie Senate and the Lords
 Thy Trespasse ; and abide arbitrement,
 Such as by them shall there be ordred,
 And iustice shall impose vpon thy head :*

Which

*Which thing if thou presumptuously refuse,
 I will forthwith enuade thy Territories,
 Wast thy whole Countrey, burne thy Townes and Cities ;
 And what so ere thy rashnesse hath detain'd,
 From Rome or from the Romaine Emperie,
 I will by dint of sword subdue againe.
 Thus arm'd with hopefull Resolution,
 Weele stay thy answer of submission.*

Lu. Tib.

*Cador the Duke of Cornewaile his
 Oration to the King.*

R*Enowmed Arthur and thrice worthie Britaine :
 O how a liuely bloud doth fill my veines,
 At this proud message of the hawtie Romaines,
 I hitherto my Lord haue bene in feare,
 Lest that the worthy Britaines with much ease,
 And long continuall, peace and quietnesse,
 Should grow to too much slouth and cowardise,
 And lose that honorable Reputation,
 Of Chiualrie and Martiall discipline :
 Wherein (right Noble King) we haue bene counted,
 For to surmount all Nations of the world.
 For where the vse of Armes is not esteem'd,
 But buried in Obliuions loathsome caue,
 And wanton dallying held in æstimate,
 It cannot chuse but pale-fac'd Cowardise,
 Must dimme and cleane deface all worthy Vertue.
 Five yeares haue fully runne their monthly course,*

H 3

*Since we put off our armour from our backs,
 Or heard the Trumpets clangor in our eares,
 Or marcht in triumph with the rattling Drum,
 Being nuzzled in effeminate delights,
 God willing that our names should not be blotted
 With the foule staine of beastly sluggardie,
 Hath stirred up the proud insulting Romanes,
 To whet our dull edg'd swords not now in vse,
 To cut their heads off in this rightfull cause,
 And scoure our rustie Armour long laid vp,
 To buckle with so proud anemie,
 Therefore great Arthur in thy greatnesse raise
 Thy colours vp, for to vpreare thy praise.* *Ca. Cor.*

The Oration of King Arthur to his Lordes
 and Followers.

MY Fellowes and my deare Companions,
 Both in the aduerse chances of our age,
 And prosperous successfull happinesse,
 Whose true vnspeakable fidelities,
 In giuing counsell touching warres abroad,
 And home-bred mutinies amongst our selues,
 With good successfulnesse haue I perceau'd,
 In your deepe wisedomes and your grauitie.
 Affoord me now your honorable aides,
 Wisely foreseeing what you think conuenient,
 Touching the proud command'ment sent from Rome,
 A thing at first carefully deliberated,
 Is in the end most easly tollerated:

We

*We therefore shall with easier burden brooke,
The hawtie message of Tiberius Lucius,
If mongst our selues in wisedome we conferre,
How and which way to answer his demaund,
And surely (noble Followers) I suppose,
We haue no cause to feare their forreine braues.
For that vpon a most vniust request,
He seekes to haue a tribute paid from Britaine,
Because forsooth in Iulius Cæsars time,
Through iarres and discords of the ancient Brytains,
The tribute hath beene due and payable :
For when our countrie was at full posselt,
With ciuill garboiles and domesticke brawles,
Their Cæsar did ariue within this land,
And with this armed souldiers full of force,
Brought in subiection that vnquiet Nation,
By this alleadgance they vniustly craue,
Tribute and satisfaction at our hands,
For nothing that is got by violence,
May iustly be posselt by violence.
Sith therefore he presumeth to demaund,
A thing being most vnlawfull at our hands,
By the same reason let vs demaund of him,
Tribute at Rome mauger their Romish power,
And he that is the mightier in force,
Let him possesse the honor of the tribute,
For if his allegations and demaunds,
Be forcible and worthie to be kept,
Because their Cæsar and some Romane Princes,
Haue sometimes conquered Brytania,
By the like reason I do thinke that Rome,*

*Ought to pay tribute and to do vs homage,
 Because my Predecessors conquered it :
 Bellin the noble King of Brytanie,
 With his braue brother Brennus warlike ayde,
 Being then accounted Sauoies noble Duke,
 Rased the wals of Rome, and set his Standard
 With victorie vpon the Citie gates,
 And in the middle of their Market place,
 Hung vp twentie of their chiefeft Noblemen.
 And Constantine the sonne of Helena,
 And Maximinianus my neere Cousins,
 Were both inthronis'd in the Imperiall seate,
 And gouernment of Romes great Emperie.
 As touching Fraunce and other Ilands there,
 We neede not answer their out-brauing termes :
 For they refused to defend their owne,
 When we by force redeem'd them from their hands.
 Then counsell me thrife-worthy Brytaine Peeres,
 Abandoning base cowardize and feares.*

K. Arthur.

*The Answer of Howell King
 of litle Brytaine.*

T*Hough all your wisedomes and your grauities,
 Handmaides to Counsell and Nobilitie,
 Should be engraue in one golden leafe,
 More to the purpose could not you inferre,
 Then thy most graue and exquisite Oration,
 Thy eloquent and Tully-like aduise*

Hath

*Hath furnisht vs with such experiment,
 Whereby we ought incessantly to praise,
 In you the wisdome of a constant man :
 For if with all post expedition,
 You will prepare a voyage vnto Rome,
 That doth expect our haste and royall comming,
 According to the reasons you alleage,
 I doubt not but that faire Victoria,
 Will fit in triumph on our conquering Helmes,
 To fright the mindes of Romish aduersaries,
 Sith we defend our auncient libertie,
 Disdaining for to beare a seruile yoke,
 Which to this day the Britaines do maintaine :
 Let vs go chearefully and demaund of them,
 With Iustice what vniustly they demaund :
 For he that doth deface anothers right,
 And thinkes vniustly for to dispossesse,
 And take from him his owne inheritance
 Deferuedly, and with a worthy meanes,
 Not violating large and hostile Armes,
 May he be put from that which is his owne,
 By him to whom the wrong is offred.
 Seeing therefore that the Romanes would vsurpe,
 The royall dignitie of worthy Britaine,
 Due to your honorable auncestors,
 I doubt not (noble King) but wee le regaine,
 That which your Predecessors haue possesse,
 Euen in the middle of their proudest Citie,
 If we may come to buckle with our foes.
 This is the conflict that true hearted Britaines,
 So long haue wisht to happen to our age.*

I

*These be the propheties of wise Sibilla,
 Long time agoe, plainly and truly told,
 And now at length fulfilled to our ioy,
 That of the third race of the worthie Britaines,
 There should be borne a Prince to repoffesse,
 The Romish Empire and their Dignitie:
 For two of these the prophesie is past,
 In Belin and that worthie Constantine,
 Who ouercame, and gaue the Armes of Rome:
 Now haue we none but you my gracions Liege,
 The third and last, not least in all our eyes,
 To whom this high Exploit is promised:
 Make haste therefore most royall Soueraigne,
 For to receiue that which our God will giue,
 Hasten for to subdue their willing minds,
 Which profer vp their honor to your hands,
 Hasten deare Liege for to aduance vs all,
 That willingly will spend our liues and lands,
 For the aduancement of our libertie.
 And to atchieue this Labour worthie King,
 Ten thousand armed souldiers will I bring.*

Ho. K. of Brit.

*Angusel King of Albania his
 Answere to the King.*

*S**ince first I heard my Soueraigne speake his mind,
 Ful fraught with Eloquẽce and learned Counsel,
 A sodaine ioy did so possesse my soule,
 As that in words I cannot utter forth*

As

The explanation of my willing thoughts :
In all our Victories and Conquests wonne,
Subduing many Regions, many Kings,
Nothing at all in honour haue we gain'd,
If that we suffer the proud-minded Romanes,
And hautie Germaines to vsurpe vpon vs,
And do not now reuenge those bloudie slaughters,
Enacted on our friends and countrymen.
And fith occasion now is profered,
And Libertie to trie our force of Armes,
I do reioyce to see this happie day,
Wherein we may but meet and ioyne with them :
I thrift my Lord in heart for sweet reuenge,
As if three dayes I had beene kept from drinke ;
The wounds I should receiue vpon that day
Would be as pleasant to my labouring soule,
As Water to a thirstie Traueller,
Or else Releasement to a man condemn'd,
Nay death it selfe were welcome to my bosome,
For to reuenge our Fathers iniuries,
Defend our libertie, aduance our King :
Let vs giue onset on that meacocke Nation,
Those fond effeminate unruly people,
And fight it out vnto the latest man ;
That after we haue spread our wauing Colours,
In signe of Triumph and of Victorie,
We may enioy the Honors they possesse,
And for my part renowned valiant King,
Two thousand armed horsemen will I bring.

An. K. Alb.

I 2

A Royall armie *Arthur* hath prouided,
 To beard the brauing *Romanes* in their Countrie,
 And like a *Martialist* hath them diuided,
 To buckle with so proud an Enemie :
 And Courage ioyn'd with Resolution,
 Doth pricke them forwards to this Action.

The *Britains* hawtie and resolued men,
 Stout, valiant, of *Bellonas* warlike brood,
 Chear'd on their Followers, and began agen
 For to reuiue their new decayed blood :
 And to redeeme to *Arthur* and his Line,
 What once was wonne by valiant *Constantine*.

Now sounds his Drumme a march in chearfull fort,
 Now his loud winded Trumpets checke the aire,
 And now the *Britaines* to him do refort, a
 Not fearing warres affliction or despaire :
 But all with one voyce promise victorie
 To *Arthur* King of famous *Britainy*.

His Colours they are wauing in the wind,
 Wherein is wrought his Armes of ancestrie,
 His Pendants are in formall wise assign'd,
 Quartred at large by well read *Heraldrie* :
 Cuffing the ayre that struggles for to kisse,
 The gaudinesse of faire King *Arthurs* blisse.

Within his spreading Ensigne first he bore,
 Allotted from his royall familie,
 Three flying Dragons and three Crownes he wore,

Por-

Portraid *de Or*, the field of *Azure* die,
 His fathers Coate, his Mothers Countries grace,
 His honors Badge, his cruell foes deface.

At last vnto himselfe he hath assumed,
 And tooke to Armes proper to his desire,
 As in his faithfull mind being best accounted,
 And fitting to those thoughts he did require :
 A crosse of Siluer in a field of *Vert*,
 A gracious *Embleme* to his great desert.

On the first quarter of this field was figured,
 The image of our *Ladie* with her *Sonne*
 Held in her armes ; this he desired,
 Wherein his new-growne valour was begonne :
 And bearing this same Figure forth right nobly,
 Did maruellous Actes and feates of Chiualrie.

This Signe in elder ages being odious,
 And hated of the bad deseruing mind,
 By his deare blood is made most pretious
 Our vnpure Sinne by him being full reind :
 A great triumphant Signe, a Signe of ioy,
 A blessed Crosse to free vs from annoy.

To this the righteous man bowes downe his head,
 And this the heauenly *Angels* do adore,
 By this our vnpure soules with life is fed,
 And *Diuels* fearing this do much deplore :
 Hereon he vanquisht *Sathan*, Hell, and Sinne,
 And by this Signe our new-life we begin.

I 3

Wife, learned *Historiographers* do write,
 That this pure Signe of the most holy Crosse
 Was sent from God, to *Mercuries* delight,
Julian the *Apostata's* onely losse,
 And that an Angell brought to *Mercurie*,
 All Armour for his backe most necessarie.

A Shield of *Azure* herein coloured,
 A flowrie Crosse between two golden Roses,
 That the proud *Jewes* minds much distempred,
 Whose vertue in it selfe true Time enclofes
 A rich wrought Shield and a most heauenly Armour,
 That to the proud Foe stricke a deadly terrour.

And in the time of *Charles* the seuenth french King
 The Sunne giuing glorie to the dim-fac'd Morne,
 When early rising Birds alowd did sing,
 And faire cleare clouds the Element did adorne,
 To *Englishmen* and *French* from heauen was sent
 A milke-white Crosse within the Firmament.

Which heauenly Signe of both these nations seene,
 The haughtie *French* mou'd with rebellion
 Against their lawfull King and true-borne Queene,
 Began to yeeld their true submission,
 And tooke it as a great admonishment,
 And Signe betok'ning bitter detriment.

Thus we may see, that the Religion
 Which they conceiued of this blessed fight,
 Altered their minds to veneration,

And

And mollified their harts then full of spight,
 Yeelding vnto their Prince obedience,
 And true submission for their great offence.

This fight of honor, to the *French Kings* fame
 They did behold, a spectacle to *Fraunce*,
 At the same time when the third *Edward* came,
 And in the land his colours did aduance,
 Sending to Clodoueus then their King
 Which there became a Christian by Baptizing.

*Hæc sunt Francorum celebranda insignia Regum,
 Quæ demissa polo, sustinet alma fides
 Et nobis cœlica dona :
 Et pia Francorum placeant insignia Regum,
 Aurea cœlesti primum suffulta colore
 Lilia, Cæsarijs olim iam credita ceruis
 Auri flamma dehinc, veterum victoria Regum.*

And euer since great *Clodoueus* raigne,
 They did remaine as Ensignes to that Nation,
 Where still before three Toades they did sustaine,
 Their onely pourtraiture of commendation,
 By honor to the *English* Kings pertaining, (ning.
 That conquer'd *Fraunce*, when all their pride was wai-

His barbed Horfes beat the yeelding ground,
 And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
 Prowd of their riders, in whose harts are found
 A promise to the *Romanes* ouerthrow.

The glistering shine of their well-fashion'd armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour.

Their Armour strongly made and firmly wrought,
Not to the vse of old decayed Time,
Who with their gilded shewes are good for nought,
But like to stonie wals not made with lime,
The *Brytaines* went not proudly armoured,
But strong, as scorning to be conquered.

In *Calis* he his colours doth aduance,
Who all for feare do entertaine this Prince,
And passeth through the regiment of *France*,
And doth with puissance the *French* conuince :
Still marching vp to *Paris* and to *Roane*,
Bringing that Countrie in subiection.

And hauing got his Title and his Name,
A Title got with famous victorie,
He marcheth forward to enlarge his Fame,
Leauing faire *France* in his authoritie,
By sword and clemencie he conquer'd *Island*,
And wonne by famous warre the land of *Gothland*.

Now more and more his armie doth increafe,
And mightie Kings do offer him their aide,
So in the country they might liue in peace,
His warlike followers so their minds dismaid :
The name of *Arthur* King of *Britanie*,
Hath fear'd the *Romish* force from *Italy*.

At

At last he comes to meete his enemy,
 High-harted *Lucius* that his letters sent,
 To great *Carleon* with such Maiestie,
 That stiffely did demaund a base intent :
 But now he wiht King *Arthur* were away,
 For feare he lost the Honor of the day.

The *Britaines* valour was so admirable,
 As when a Lion meeteth with his Pray ;
 King *Arthurs* courage so inestimable,
 That nere a *Romaine* durst his strength assay :
 But like the dust with wind did take their flight,
 Yeelding by Warre what they demaund by Might.

Here lay a heape of *Romans* slaughtered,
 Trode vnder foote by proud victorious Steedes,
 And here one Friend another murdered,
 Not able for to helpe him in his neede :
 Here bruised Souldiers that alowd did cry,
 Braue *Arthur* helpe vs in our miserie.

And after he had wonne so great a Field,
 And ouerthrew the *Romaine Lucius*,
 He pardon'd those that graciously would yeeld,
 And leaue their Leader proud *Tiberius* :
 Who left his men for feare, and would not fight,
 But hid himselfe in darknesse of the Night.

This base retraite and glorious Victorie,
 To *Arthur's* honour and *Tiberius* shame,
 Was spred through *Rome*, through *France*, through *Italy*,
 K

An extollation to the *Brytish* name :
 Who forraged about, yet all did flie,
 Till *Arthur* tooke them to his pitying mercie.

Forwards towards *Rome* these *Britaines* make their way,
 Sounding Defiance as they passe along,
 Their conquering Ensignes still they do display,
 In Armes and hautie courage passing strong :
 All Cities offer peace, all Townes submit
 To *Arthurs* greatnesse, as a thing most fit.

But as they passe huge *Mirmedons* do striue,
 Surnamed *Giants*, for to stop this King.
 And vow by Paganisme (by which they thriue,)
 His bodie in *Oceanus* to fling :
 And daunt his followers, who as Fame hath said,
 Of great bigge monstrous men were not afraid.

At last they march vpon a large broade plaine,
 When first these hautie *Giants* he doth spie,
 The *Britaines* scorne for to retire againe,
 But either winne the honor, or else die :
 Courage quoth *Arthur*, better die with fame,
 Then yeeld or turne to our immortall shame.

At length they meete, and meeting cope together,
 As when two sauage Boares are full of ire,
 The Victorie as yet inclin'd to neither,
 But from their Creasts and Shields did sparckle fire :
 Inkindled Wrath from *Arthurs* breast hath sprong,
 That he made passage through the thickest throng.
 The

The King of *Giants Arthur* meetes withall,
 And copes with him : for in his strength did stand
 His Kingdomes great aduancement, or his fall,
 His Subiects peace, his quietnesse of land :
 But this renowne to *Britaine* doth remaine,
 The *Giant, Arthur* hand to hand hath slaine.

When he was downe the rest did faint for feare,
 Which when the *British* armie had espied,
 Their true-borne valour did they not forbear,
 But all the greene grasse with their bloud they died :
 And made such slaughter of these monstrous men,
 That after-time hath registred agen.

After this Conquest is King *Arthur* minded,
 With all his royall power to march to *Rome*,
 And with his Lords he hath determined,
 This gallant Resolution, and this Doome :
 To crowne himselfe by warre their Emperour,
 And ouer all a mightie Gouvernour.

And had not Fortune and Rebellion,
 Stir'd vp his Cousin *Mordreds* hautie mind,
 At home to make ciuill inuasion,
 Who fought King *Arthurs* glory for to blind,
 With honour had he re-inkindled fire,
 To burne the wals of *Rome* to his desire.

But O false *Mordred*, thou deceitfull Kinsman,
 (Begot of Treasons heyre) thus to rebell,
 Against thy noble Nephew, who hath wonne

K 2

Cities and peopled Townes that did excell :
 And all he did was for to glorifie
 His Royall kindred and his Noble countrey.

But thou some base-borne Haggard mak'ft a wing,
 Against the Princely *Eagle* in his flight,
 And like a hissing Serpent seek'ft to sting
 The Lion that did shield thee from despight :
 But now being wakened by his Countries wrong,
 With warre he meanes to visite you ere long.

The news of this proud Rebelle in his Land,
 Was like deepe piercing arrowes at his hart,
 Intemperate Rage did make them vnderstand
 King *Arthurs* furie, and fond *Mordreds* smart,
 Who vow'd reuengement most vnnaturall,
 On him that fought to bring his friends to thrall.

He founds Retraite with heart-fwolne heauineffe,
 That he must leaue faire *Rome* vnconquered,
 And marcheth through the Land in quietnesse,
 To be reueng'd on the Vfurper *Mordred* :
 At this sweet newes of his departing thence,
 The *Romaines* praise the Rebels excellence.

King *Arthur* heard at his returne towards *Brytaine*,
 How *Mordred* had proclaim'd himselfe there King,
 Those that resisted, he by force hath slaine,
 Vnto their Countries ground a gentle offering,
 And to the *Saxon Cheldricke* is allide,
 Who landing to their lawfull King denide.

By

By force they driue King *Arthur* from the shore,
 And like rebellious Monsters kill his men,
 Which when he viewes, he striueth more and more,
 And his great puissant strength renewes againe,
 And maugre all the power they withstand,
 At *Sandwich* Noble *Arthur* taketh Land :

And ioyning battel with his enemies,
 The traytrous Rebels are discomfited,
 And *Mordred* all in hast away he flies,
 By Treasons bloudie Traine & murther led,
 To gather Power to renew the fight,
 Vrg'd forward by the *Saxon Cheldricks* spight.

The Noble *Arthur* in this conflict loft
 Some of his followers whom he lou'd too deare ;
 The death of gentle *Gawen* grieu'd him most,
 As by his outward sorrow did appeare :
 This *Gawen* was proud *Mordreds* lawfull brother,
 Legitimate by father and by mother.

O mirrour of true borne gentilitie,
 Faire mappe of Honor in his gentle blood,
 That rather chofe to loue his noble countrie,
 And seeke the meanes to do his life Liege good,
 Then to defend his kindred by that warre,
 That made the Sonne and most kind Father iarre.

Kind *Gawen*, trustie worthie Gentleman,
 Belou'd of *Arthur*, as deseruedly,
 Recording Time thy faithfulness shall scan,

K 3

And loyall Truth wrapt vp in memorie :
 Shall fay in thy Kings quarrell being iust,
 At last thou diedst, not in thy Brothers trust.

Thy gentle King prepared thy Funeral,
 And laid thy bodie in a Sepulchre,
 In thine owne country richly done and royall,
 At *Roffe* whose auncestrie shall still endure :
 And like a Nephew, mourn'd and wept for thee,
 Griewing to loose *Brytish* Nobilitie.

But to proceede in this vnluckie fight,
 King *Angusel* was slaine whom *Arthur* loued,
 A man in whom his countrie tooke delight,
 That ne're with home-bred Treacherie was moued,
 In false-faith'd *Scotland* was his bones interd,
 To which before King *Arthur* him prefer'd.

That vniust *Mordred*, Mischiefes nourisher,
 Times bad infamer, Traitor to the State,
 Of his whole Countrie bounds the chiefe perturber,
 Whose name to this day mongst them growes in hate.
 Fled from the battell, getting ships he saild
 Westward towards *Cornwail* whẽ his force was quail'd.

But when King *Arthur* heard of his departure,
 Causing the refuse Rebels for to flie,
 To make the way of his defence more sure,
 With speed he re-inforst his royall armie,
 With new supplie of hardie men at Armes,
 Whose Resolution fear'd no following harmes.

With

With his whole force he marcheth after him,
 Where all the *Kentish* men reioyce to see
 King *Arthurs* Colours, whose rich pride doth dim
 The faire-fac'd Sunne in all his Maiestie :
 Not resting till he came vnto the place,
 Where *Mordred* was encamped for a space.

By *Winchester* a Citie of renowne,
 The Traitorous armie of this *Mordred* lay,
 On whose proud gather'd troupe the Sunne did frowne,
 Fore-shewing to his men a blacke-fac't day :
 And so it prou'd before the selfe-same night ;
 Mordred and his best friends were slaine in fight.

At *Camblane* was this bloudie battell ended,
 Where fame-achieuing *Arthur* fore was wounded,
 With gallant *Britaine* Lords being attended,
 Whose sword (cald *Pridwin*) manie had confounded,
 Yet Fortunes vnseene immortalitie,
 Sometimes cuts downe sprigs of a Monarchie.

At this dayes dolefull stroke of *Arthurs* death,
 The glorious shining Sunne lookt pale and wanne,
 And when this *Monarch* losed forth his breath,
 The *Britaines* being amaz'd about him ranne :
 And with their nailes did teare their flesh afunder,
 That they had lost their King the worlds great Wonder.

Ouer this litle Iland he had raigned,
 The full iust terme of fixe and twentie yeares,
 When twelue most famous battels he obtained,

As in our auncient Chronicles appeares,
 And in the Church-yard of faire *Glastenburie*,
 They held King *Arthurs* wofull obsequie.

And in the time of second *Henries* dayes,
 Betweene two pillars was his body found,
 That in his life deferu's immortall praife,
 Layd fixteene foote deepe vnderneath the ground ;
 Because his *Saxon* foes whom he did chafe,
 Should not with fwords his liueleffe corps deface.

In the laft yeare of *Henries* royaltie,
 More then fixe hundred after his buriall,
 By the Abbot of the houle of *Glastenburie*,
 At laft they found King *Arthurs* funerall :
Henry de Bloys the Abbots name they gaue,
 Who by the Kings commaund did find the graue.

The principall and chiefe occafion
 That mou'd King *Henry* for to feeke the place,
 Was that a Bardth in Welch diuifion,
 Recorded *Arthurs* actes vnto his Grace :
 And in the foresaid Church-yard he did fing,
 That they should find the body of the King.

And thofe that dig'd to find his bodie there,
 After they enterd feuen foote deepe in ground,
 A mightie broade ftone to them did appeare,
 With a great leaden Croffe thereto bound,
 And downwards towards the corpes the Croffe did lie,
 Containing this infcripted poefie.

Hic

*Hic iacet sepultus inclytus Rex,
Arthurus in Insula Aualoniæ.*

His bodie whose great actes the world recorded,
When vitall limitation gaue him life,
And Fames shrill golden Trump abroad had founded,
What Warres he ended, what Debate, what Strife,
What Honor to his countrey, what great Loue,
Amongst his faithfull subiects he did proue.

Was not interd in sumptuous royaltie,
With funerall pompe of kindred and of friends,
Nor closde in marble stone wrought curiously,
Nor none in mourning blacke his King attends,
But in a hollow tree made for the nonce,
They do enter King *Arthurs* princely bones.

Their outward habite did not shew their mind,
For many millions of fad weeping eies,
In euery streete and corner you might find,
Some beating their bare breast, and some with out cries,
Curfing and Banning that proud *Mordreds* foule,
That did by warre his princely life controule.

The Kings that were attendant on his traine,
Forgot their kingdomes, and their royall crownes,
Their high proud hautie hearts with grieve were flaine,
Strucke in amaze with Fortunes deadly frownes :
For they had lost their Scepter, Seate, and all,
By princely *Arthurs* most vnhappy fall.

L

The trunke being opened, at the last they found
 The bones of *Arthur* King of *Brytaine*,
 Whose shin-bone being set vpon the ground,
 (As may appeare by auncient Memorie)
 Reacht to the middle thigh within a spanne,
 Of a tall proper well set bigge lim'd Man.

And furthermore they found King *Arthurs* skull,
 Of such great largenesse that betwixt his eyes,
 His foreheads space a spanne broad was at full,
 That no true *Historiographer* denies :
 The forenam'd *Abbot* liuing in those daies,
 Saw what is written now to *Arthurs* praise.

The print of tenne wounds in his head appeared,
 All grown together except onely one,
 Of which it seemes this worthie *Brytaine* died :
 A true Memoriall to his louing Nation ;
 But that was greater far then all the rest,
 Had it been leffer *Brytaine* had bene blest.

In opening of the Tombe they found his wife,
 Queene *Guiniuere* interred with the King,
 The Treffes of her haire as in her life,
 Were finely platted whole and glistering :
 The colour like the most pure refin'd gold,
 Which being toucht straight turned into mould.

Henry de Bloyes at the length translated
 The bones of *Arthur* and his louely Queene,
 Into the great Church where they were interred,

Within

Within a Marble toombe, as oft was seene :
 Of whom a worthie Poet doth rehearse,
 This *Epitaph* in sweete *Heroicke* Verse.

*Hic iacet Arthurus flos regum, gloria regni,
 Quem mores, probitas commendant laude perenni.*

Iohannis *Leylandij* antiquarij Encomion funerale, in
 vitam, facta, mortemq; ; Regis Arthuri inclitissimi.

S Axonicas toties qui fudit marte cruento
 Turmas, & peperit spolijs sibi nomen opimis,
 Fulmineo toties *Pictos* qui contudit ense,
 Imposuitque iugum *Scoti* cervicibus ingens,
 Qui tumidos Gallos, Germanos quiq. feroces
 Pertulit, & Dacos bello confregit aperto :
 Denique *Mordredum* è medio qui sustulit illud
 Monstrum, horrendum ingens, dirum seuumque tyrannum,
 Hoc iacet extinctus monumento *Arthurius* alto,
 Militiæ clarum decus & virtutis alumnus,
 Gloria nunc cuius terram circumuolat omnem,
Ætherij que petit, sublimia tecta tonantis.
 Vos igitur gentis Proles generosa *Britannæ*
 Induperatori ter magno assurgite vestro :
 Et tumulo sacro Roseas inferte Corollas,
 Officij testes redolentia munera vestri.

Thus Englished.

He that so oft the *Saxon* Troupes did foile,
 And got a name of worth with richest spoile :
 He that with brandisht sword the *Picts* destroyd,
 And yok'd the *Scots*, their stubborn necks annoy'd :
 He that the loftie *French* and *Germanes* fierce did smite,

L 2

And *Dacians* force with Warre did vanquish quite :
 He lastly which cut off that monster *Mordreds* life,
 A cruell *Tyrant*, horrible, mightie, full of strife :
Arthur lyes buried in this Monument,
 Warres chiefeft garland, Vertues sole intent ;
 Whose Glorie through the world ftill swiftly flies,
 And mounts with *Fames* wings vp to the thundring skies.
 You gentle Offspring of the *Britaines* blood,
 Vnto this puiffant Emperour do honours good,
 And on his Tombe lay Garlands of sweete Rofes,
 Sweete gifts of Dutie, and sweet louing pofies.

Finis Epitaphij.

No. Arth.

*The true Pedigree of that famous
 VVorthie King Arthur, collected
 out of many learned Authors.*

TWelue men in number entred the vale of *Aualon* :
Ioseph of *Arimathea* was the chiefeft we confesse,
Iosue the sonne of *Ioseph* his father did attend on,
 With other ten, these *Glaston* did poffesse,
Hilarius the Nephew of *Ioseph* first begate
Iosue the Wife : *Iosue Aminadab*,
Aminadab Castellors had by fate :
Castellors got *Manael* that louely Lad,
 And *Manael* by his wife had faire-fac'd *Lambard*,
 With another deare sonne furnamed *Vrlard* ;
 And *Lambard* at the length begot a sonne,

That

That had *Igrene* borne of his wife,
 Of this *Igrene*, *Vter* the great *Pendragon*
 Begot King *Arthur* famous in his life,
 Where by the truth this Pedigree doth end,
Arthur from *Iosephs* loynes did first descend.
Peter Cousin to *Ioseph* of *Arimathea*,
 Being sometimes King of great *Arcadia*,
 Begat *Erlan* that famous worthy Prince,
 And *Erlan* gat *Melianus*, that did conuince
 His neighbour foes, *Melianus* did beget
Edor, and *Edor Lothos* name did set,
 That tooke to wife the sister of King *Arthur* :
 A Virgine faire, chaste, louely, and most pure,
 Of whom this *Lotho* had foure louely boyes,
 Their fathers comfort and their mothers ioyes,
Walwanus, *Agranaius*, *Garelus* and *Guerelise*,
 That in their countrey much did foueragnize :
 All which were men of great authoritie,
 And famous in the land of *Britanie*.

*Here endeth the Birth, Life, Death, and Pedigree of
 King Arthur of Britanie, & now, to where we left.*

O *Nature* tell me one thing ere we part,
 What famous towne and situated Seate
 Is that huge Building that is made by Art,
 Against whose wals the crystall streames do beate,
 As if the flowing tide the stones would eate :
 That lies vpon my left hand built so hie,
 That the huge top-made Steeple dares the Skie ?

Phœnix.

L 3

Nature. That is the *Britaines* towne old *Troynouant*,
 The which the wandring-*Troyans* Sonne did frame
 When after shipwracke he a place did want,
 For to reuiue his Honor-splitted Name,
 And raifd againe the cinders of his Fame,
 When from *Sydonian Dido* they did steale,
 To reare the Pillars of a Common-weale.

Since when to come more nearer to our time,
Lud the great King did with his wealth enlarge,
 The famous builded Citie of this Clime,
 And *Ludstone* to be cald he gaue in charge,
 And *London* now that Towne is growne at large :
 The flowing Riuer *Thamafis* is nam'd,
 Whose Sea-enfuing Tide can neare be tam'd.

Phænix. O *London* I haue heard thee honoured,
 And thy names Glorie rais'd to good intent,
 Lawes Councell chamber in thy wals is bred,
 The schoole of Knowledge and Experiment :
 Wife Senators to gouerne thee is lent.
 All things to beautifie a Royall Throne,
 Where Scarfitie and Dearth did neuer grone.

Nature. Leaue off thy Praifes till we haue more leasure,
 And to beguile the wearie lingring Day,
 Whose long-drawne Howers do tire vs out of measure :
 Our cunning in Loue-songs let vs assay,
 And paint our Pleasure as some good Array :
 I will beginne my cunning for to tast,
 And your Experience we will try at last.

Here Nature singeth to this dittie following.

What is Loue but a toy,
 To beguile mens Senfes ?

Whata

What is *Cupid* but a boy,
 Boy to cause expences,
 A toy that brings to fooles oppressed thrall,
 A boy whose folly makes a number fall.

What is Loue but a child,
 Child of little substance,
 Making Apes to be wild,
 And their pride to aduance,
 A child that loues with guegawes to be toying,
 And with thinn shadows alwaies to be playing.

Loue is sweete, wherein sweete ?
 In fading pleasures, wanton toyes,
 Loue a Lord, and yet meete,
 To crosse mens humours with annoyas :
 A bitter pleasure, pleasing for a while,
 A Lord is Loue that doth mans thoughts beguile.
 O sing no more, you do forget your Theame,
 And haue prophan'd the sacred name of Loue,
 You dip your tongue in an vnwholsome Streame,
 And from the golden Truth your notes remoue,
 In my harsh Dittie I will all reprove :
 And vnaccustom'd I will trie my skill,
 To pleasure you, and to confute your will.

The Phoenix her Song to the Dittie before.

O Holy Loue, religious Saint,
 Mans onely hony-tasting Pleasure,
 Thy glory, learning cannot paint,
 For thou art all our wordly Treasure :
 Thou art the Treasure, Treasure of the foule,
 That great celestiall powers doft controule.

What greater blisse then to embrace

The perfect patterne of Delight
 Whose heart-enchainting Eye doth chafe
 All stormes of sorow from mans fight
 Pleasure, Delight, Wealth, and earth-ioyes do lie
 In *Venus* bosome, bosome of pure beautie.

That mind that tasteth perfect Loue
 Is farre remoted from annoy :
Cupid that God doth sit aboue,
 That tips his Arrowes all with ioy :
 And this makes Poets in their Verfe to sing
 Loue is a holy, holy, holy thing.

Nature. O voice Angelicall, O heauenly song,
 The golden praise of Loue that thou hast made,
 Deliuerd from thy sweete smoothd honied tong,
 Commaunds Loue selfe to lye within a shade,
 And yeeld thee all the Pleasures may be had :
 Thy sweete melodious voice hath beautifide
 And guiled Loues rich amours in her pride.

Phœnix. Enough, enough, Loue is a holy thing,
 A power deuine, deuine, maiesticall :
 In shallow witted braines as you did sing,
 It cares not for the force materiall,
 And low-borne Swaines it nought respects at all :
 She builds her Bower in none but noble minds,
 And there due adoration still she finds.

Nature. Stay *Phœnix* stay, the euening Starre drawes nie,
 And *Phœbus* he is parted from our sight,

And

And with this Wagon mounted in the Skie,
 Affording passage to the gloomie night,
 That doth the way-faring Passenger affright :
 And we are set on foote neere to that Ile,
 In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile.

O what a muskie sent the ayre doth cast,
 As if the Gods perfum'd it with sweete Myrrhe :
 O how my bloud's inspired and doth taste,
 An alteration in my ioynts to stirre,
 As if the good did with the bad conferre :
 The ayre doth moue my Spirites, purge my Sence,
 And in my body doth new warre commence.

Phœnix.

Looke round about, behold yon fruitfull Plaine,
 Behold their meadow plots and pasture ground,
 Behold their chryftall Riuers runne amaine,
 Into the vaste huge Seas deuouring found,
 And in her bowels all her filth is found :
 It vomiteth by vertue all corruption,
 Into that watrie plaine of desolation.

And while the day giues light vnto our eies,
 Be thou attentiuē, and I will relate,
 The glorie of the plaines that thou descri'ft,
 Whose fertill bounds farre doth extenuate,
 Where *Mars* and *Venus* arme in arme haue fate :
 Of plants of hearbs, and of high springing trees,
 Of sweete delicious fauors, and of Bees.

In this delightfome countrey there doth grow,

M

The *Mandrake* cald in *Greeke Mandragoras*,
 Some of his vertues if you looke to know,
 The iuyce that freshly from the roote doth passe,
 Purgeth all fleame like blacke *Helleborus* :

Tis good for paine engendred in the eies ;
 By wine made of the roote doth sleepe arise.

Theres *Yellow Crowbels* and the *Daphadill*,
Good Harry, *herbe Robert*, and white *Cotula*,
Adders grasse, *Eglantine*, and *Aphodill*,
Agnus Castus, and *Acatia*,
 The *Blacke Arke-Angell*, *Coloquintida*,
 Sweete *Sugar Canes*, *Sinkefoile*, and boies *Mercurie*,
Goosefoote, *Goldsnap*, and good *Gratia Dei*.

Mosse of the Sea, and yellow *Succorie*,
 Sweete *Trefoile*, *Weedwind*, the wholesome *Wormewood*,
Muskmealons, *Moustaile*, and *Mercurie*,
 The dead *Arkeangell* that for wennes is good,
 The *Souldiers perrow*, and great *Southernewood* :
Stone hearts tongue, *Blessed thistle*, and³ *Sea Trifoly*,
Our Ladies cushion, and *Spaines Pellitorie*.

Phænix. No doubt this Clymate where as these remaine,
 The women and the men are fam'd for faire,
 Here need they not of aches to complaine,
 For Phisickes skill growes here without compare :
 All herbes and plants within this Region are,
 But by the way sweete *Nature* as you go,
 Of *Agnus Castus* speake a word or two.

That

That shall I briefly ; it is the very handmaid
 To *Vesta*, or to perfect Chastitie,
 The hot inflamed spirite is allaid
 By this sweete herbe that bends to *Luxury*,
 It drieth vp the feede of *Venerie* :

Nature.

The leaues being laid vpon the sleepers bed,
 With chaſtneſſe, cleanneſſe, pureneſſe he is fed.

Burne me the leaues, and ſtraw them on the ground,
 Whereas ſoule venemous Serpents vſe to haunt :
 And by this vertue here they are not found,
 Their operation doth ſuch creatures daunt,
 It cauſeth them from thence for to auaunt :

If thou be ſtung with Serpents great or leſſe,
 Drink but the feede, and thou ſhalt find redreſſe.

But to proceed, heres *Clary* or *Cleare-cie*,
Calues ſnout, *Cukoe flowers*, and the *Cuckoes meate*,
Calathian Violets, *Dandelion*, and the *Dewberrie*,
Leopards foote, and greene *Spinage* which we vſe to eate,
 And the hot *Indian Sunne* procuring heate :

Great wild *Valerian*, and the *Withie wind*
 The *water Creſſes*, or ague-curing *Woodbind*.

There's *Foxglove*, *Forget me not*, and *Coliander*,
Galingal, *Goldcups*, and *Bupreſtis*,
Small honeſties, *Eyebright*, and *Coculus Panter*,
Double tongue, *Moly*, and the bright *Anthillis*,
Smelling Clauer, and *Æthiopsis* :

Floramore, *Euphorbium*, and *Eſula*,
White bulbus violet, and *Caffia fiſtula*.

M 2

Phœnix. By the way sweete *Nature* tell me this,
 Is this the *Moly* that is excellent,
 For strong enchauntments, and the Adders hiss?
 Is this the *Moly* that *Mercurius* sent
 To wise *Vlysses*, when he did preuent
 The witchcraft, and soule *Circe's* damned charmes,
 That would haue compast him with twentie harmes?

Nature. This is the *Moly* growing in this land,
 That was reueal'd by cunning *Mercurie*
 To great *Vlysses*, making him withstand
 The hand of *Circes* fatall forcerie,
 That would haue loden him with miserie :
 And ere we passe Ile shew some excellence,
 Of other herbs in *Phisickes* noble Science.

There *Mugwort*, *Sena* and *Tithimales*,
Oke of Ierusalem, and *Lyriconsaucie*,
Larkes spurre, *Larkes claw* and *Lentiles*,
Garden Nigella, *Mill*, and *Pionie*,
Woody Nightshade, *Mints*, and *Sentorie*,
 Sowbread, *Dragons*, and *Goates oregan*
 Pelemeum, *Hellebore*, and *Osmond the Waterman*.

Firft of this *Mugwort* it did take the name,
 Of *Artemesia* wife to *Mausoleus*,
 Where sunne-bred beautie did his heart inflame,
 When she was Queene of *Helicarnassus*,
Diana gaue the herbe this name to vs :
 Because this vertue to vs it hath lent,
 For womens matters it is excellent.

And

And he that shall this herbe about him beare,
 Is freed from hurt or daunger any way,
 No poifned Toade nor Serpent shall him feare,
 As he doth trauell in the Sunne-shine day,
 No wearinesse his limmes shall ought affay :
 And if he weare this *Mugwort* at his breast,
 Being traueilling, he nere shall couet rest.

There is blacke *Hellebore* cald *Melampodium*,
 Because an *Arcadian* shepheard first did find
 This wholsome herbe *Melampus* nam'd of some,
 Which the rich *Proetus* daughters wits did bind,
 When she to extreame madnesse was inclind :
 It cured and reuiu'd her memorie,
 That was posselt with a continuall frenzie.

There Centrie in Greeke *Centaurion*,
 That from the Centaure *Chiron* tooke the name,
 In *Spaine* t'was cald *Cintoria* long agoe,
 And this much honor must we giue the same,
 Wild Tygers with the leaues a man may tame :
 Tis good for finewed aches, and giues light
 To the blacke mistie dimnesse of the sight.

Fames golden glorie spreadeth this report,
 Vpon a day that *Chiron* was a guest,
 To arme-strong *Hercules* and did refort
 Vnto his house to a most sumptuous feast,
 And welcome was the *Centaure* mongst the rest.
 But see his lucke, he on his foote let fall,
 Great *Hercul's* shaft, and hurt himselfe withal.

M 3

A mightie arrow not for him to weeld,
 The wound being deepe, and with a venom'd point,
 To Deaths areftment he began to yeeld,
 And there with fundrie Balmes they did annoint,
 His wounded foote being ftrucken through the ioynt :
 All would not ferue till that an old man brought,
 This *Centaurie* that eafe to him hath wrought.

There's *Ofmond balepate*, *Plebane*, and *Oculus Chrifti*,
Sleeping nightshade, *Salomons feale*, and *Sampire*,
Sage of Ierufalem, and fweete *Rofemarie*,
Great Pilofella, *Sengreene*, and *Alexander*,
Knights Milfoile, *Mafticke*, and *Stocke gillofer*,
 Hearts eafe, *herbe twopence*, and *Hermodaftill*,
 Narciffus, and the red flower *Pimpernell*.

Phoenix. That word *Narciffus* is of force to steale,
 Cold running water from a ftony rocke :
 Alas poore boy thy beautie could not heale
 The wound that thou thyfelfe too deepe didft locke ;
 Thy fhadowed eyes thy perfect eyes did mocke.
 Falne beautie fed true beautie from the deepe,
 When in the glaffe water thou didft peepe.

O Loue thou art imperious full of might,
 And doft reuenge the crie difdaining loue
 His lookes to Ladies eyes did giue a light,
 But pride of beautie, did his beautie fmother,
 Like him for faire you could not find another :
 Ah had he lou'd, and not on Ladies lower,
 He neare had bene transformed to a flower.

This

This is an Embleame for those painted faces,
Where deuine beautie rests her for awhile,
Filling their browes with stormes and great disgraces,
That on the pained foule yeelds not a smile,
But puts true loue into perpetuall exile :

Nature.

Hard hearted Soule, such fortune light on thee,
That thou maist be tranform'd as well as he.

Ah had the boy bene pliable to be wonne,
And not abusde his morne excelling face,
He might haue liu'd as beauteous as the Sunne,
And to his beautie Ladies would giue place,
But O proud Boy, thou wroughtst thine owne disgrace :
Thou lou'st thy selfe, and by the selfe same loue,
Didst thy deuineesse to a flower remoue.

But to proceed, theres *Christi oculus*,
The seede of this *Horminum* drunke with wine,
Doth stirre a procurations heate in vs,
And to Libidenous lusts makes men incline,
And mens vnable bodies doth refine :
It brings increafe by operation,
And multiplies our generation.

There's *Carrets*, *Cheruile*, and the *Cucumber*,
Red Patiens, *Purflane*, and *Gingidium*,
Oxe cie, sheepe killing *Penygraffes*, and the golden flower
Cuckoe pintell, our *Ladies seale*, and *Saga pinum*,
Theophrastus violet, and *Vincetoxicum* :
Saint Peters wort, and louely *Venus haire*,
And *Squilla*, that keepes men from foule despaire.

O this word *Carrets*, if a number knew
 The vertue of thy rare excellling roote,
 And what good help to men there doth ensue,
 They would their lands, and their liues sell to boote,
 But thy sweete operation they would view :
 Sad dreaming Louers slumbring in the night,
 Would in thy honie working take delight.

The *Thracian Orpheus* whose admired skill
 Infernall Pluto once hath rauished,
 Causing high Trees to daunce against their will,
 And vntam'd Beast with Musicks Harpe hath fed,
 And fishes to the shore hath often led,
 By his experience oftentimes did proue,
 This Roote procur'd in Maides a perfect loue,

Purflane doth comfort the inflamed hart,
 And healeth the exulcerated kidnies :
 It stoppeth all defluxions falling smart,
 And when we sleepe expelleth dreames and fancies :
 It driues Imaginations from our eyes,
 The iuyce of *Purflane* hindreth that desire
 When men to *Venus* games would faine aspire.

Theres *Rocket*, *Iack by the hedge*, and *Loue in idlenesse*,
Knights water Sengreene, and *Siluer maidenheare*,
Paris Nauews, *Tornesol*, and towne *Cresses*,
Starre thistle that for many things is deare,
 And *Seia* that in *Italy* Corne doth beare :
 Wake-robbins, *Hyacinth*, and *Hartichocke*,
 Lettuce that mens fence asleepe doth rocke.

O poore

O poore boy *Hyacinthus* thy faire face
 Of which *Apollo* was enamored,
 Brought thy lifes Lord too timely to that place,
 Where playing with thee thou wast murdered,
 And with thy bloud the grasse was sprinckled :
 Thy bodie was transformed in that hower,
 Into a red white mingled Gilli-flower.

Phoenix.

But yet *Apollo* wept when he was slaine,
 For playing with him, cleane against his will
 He made him breathlesse, this procur'd his paine :
 True loue doth feldome seeke true loue to kill ;
 O Loue thou many actions dost fulfill !
 Search, seek, & learn what things there may be shown,
 Then fay that Loues sweet secrets are vnknowne.

Nature.

And as a token of *Apolloes* sorrow,
 A filuer coloured Lillie did appeare,
 The leaues his perfect fighes and teares did borrow,
 Which have continued still from yeare to yeare ;
 Which shewes him louing, not to be feure,
 Ai ai is written as a mourning Dittie,
 Vpon this flower which shewes *Apolloes* pittie.

O Schoole-boyes I will teach you such a shift,
 As will be worth a Kingdome when you know it,
 An herbe that hath a secret hidden drift,
 To none but Treauants do I meane to shew it,
 And all deepe read Phisitions will allow it :
 O how you play the wags, and faine would heare
 Some secret matter to allay your feare.

N

Theres garden *Rocket*, take me but the seed,
 When in your Maisters brow your faults remaine,
 And when to faue your selues there is great need,
 Being whipt or beaten you shall feel no paine,
 Although the bloud your buttocks feeme to staine :
 It hardneth so the flesh and tender skin,
 That what is seene without comes not within.

The Father that desires to haue a boy,
 That may be Heire vnto his land and liuing,
 Let his espoused Loue drinke day by day,
 Good *Artichocks*, who buds in August bring,
 Sod in cleare running water of the spring ;
 Wiues naturall Conception it doth strengthen,
 And their declining life by force doth lengthen.

In Sommer time, when sluggish idlenesse
 Doth haunt the bodie of a healthfull man,
 In Winter time when a cold heauie slownesse
 Doth tame a womans strength do what she can,
 Making her look both bloudlesse, pale and wan,
 The vertue of this *Artichocke* is such,
 It stirres them vp to labour very much.

Theres *Sowbread*, *Stanwort*, and *Starre of Hierusalem*,
 Bafe or flat *Verruine*, and the wholesome *Tansie*,
 Go to bed at noone, and *Titimale*,
 Hundred headed *thistle*, and tree-clasping *Iuie*,
Storks bill, great *Stonecrop*, and seed of *Canary*,
 Dwarfe gentian, *Snakeweed*, and fommer *Sauory*,
 Bell rags, prickly *Boxe*, and *Raspis of Couentry*.

This

This *Sowbread* is an herbe that's perillous,
 For howfoeuer this same Roote be vsed,
 For women growne with child tis dangerous,
 And therefore it is good to be refused :
 Vnlesse too much they seeke to be misused.

O haue a care how this you do apply,
 Either in inward things or outwardly.

Those that about them carrie this same *Sowbread*
 Or plant it in their gardens in the Spring,
 If that they onely ouer it do tread,
 Twill kill the issue they about them bring,
 When Mother *Lullabie* with ioy should sing :

Yet wanton scaping Maides perhaps will tast,
 This vnkind herbe, and snatch it up in hast.

Yet let me giue a warning to you all,
 Do not presume too much in dalliance,
 Be not short-heeld with euery wind to fall :
 The Eye of heauen perhaps will not dispence
 With your rash fault, but plague your fowle offence,
 And take away the working and the vertue,
 Because to him you broke your promis'd dutie.

Theres *Iuie*, that doth cling about the tree,
 And with her leaue armes doth round embrace
 The rotten hollow withered trunke we see,
 That from the maiden *Cissus* tooke that place,
 Grape-crowned *Bacchus* did this damzell grace :
 Loue-piercing windowes dazeled so her eye,
 That in Loues ouer-kindnesse she did dye.

N 2

A rich-wrought sumptuous Banquet was prepared,
 Vnto the which the Gods were all inuited :
 Amongst them all this *Ciffus* was infnared,
 And in the fight of *Bacchus* much delighted :
 In her faire bosome was true Loue vnited,
 She daunc't and often kist him with such mirth,
 That sudden ioy did stop her vitall breath.

Assoone as that the Nourisher of things,
 Our Grandam Earth had tasted of her bloud,
 From forth her bodie a fresh Plant there springs,
 And then an *Iuy*-climbing Herbe there stood,
 That for the fluxe Diffenterie is good :
 For the remembrance of the God of wine,
 It therefore alwaies claspes about the Vine.

There is *Angellica* or Dwarfe Gentian,
 Whose roote being dride in the hot shining Sunne,
 From death it doth preferue the poysoned man,
 Whose extreame torment makes his life halfe gone,
 That from deaths mixed potion could not shunne :
 No Pestilence nor no infectious aire,
 Shall do him hurt, or cause him to dispaire.

Theres *Carduus benedictus* cald the *Blessed thistle*,
Neswort, *Peniroyall*, and *Astrolochia*,
Yellow Wolfs-bane, and Rose-smelling *Bramble*,
Our Ladies Bedstraw, *Brookelime*, and *Lunaria*,
Cinque foile, *Cats taile*, and *Cresse Sciatica*,
Hollihockes, *Moufeare*, and *Pety Morrell*
Sage, *Scorpiades*, and the garden *sorrell*.

First

First of the *Nesewort*, it doth driue away,
 And poysoneth troublesome Mice and long-tail'd Rats,
 And being sod in milke, it doth destroy
 Bees, Waspes, or Flies, and litle stinging Gnats :
 It killeth Dogs, and rest disturbing Cats,
 Boyled with vineger it doth asswage
 The ach proceeding from the tooths hot rage.

Sage is an herbe for health preferuatiue,
 It doth expell from women barrenesse :
Ætius faith, it makes the child to liue,
 Whose new-knit ioynts are full of feeblenessse,
 And comforteth the mothers wearinessse :
 Adding a liuely spirit, that doth good
 Vnto the painefull labouring wiues sicke blood.

In *Egypt* when a great mortalitie,
 And killing Pestilence did infect the Land,
 Making the people die innumerable,
 The plague being ceast, the women out of hand
 Did drinke of iuyce of *Sage* continually,
 That made them to increafe and multiply,
 And bring forth store of children presently.

This herbe *Lunaria*, if a horse do graze
 Within a meadow where the same doth grow,
 And ouer it doth come with gentle pace,
 Hauing a horlocke at his foote below,
 As many haue, that sauegard we do know,
 It openeth the Locke, and makes it fall,
 Despight the barre that it is lockt withall.

N 3

Theres *Standergras*, *Hares ballockes*, or great *Orchis*,
 Prouoketh *Venus*, and procureth sport,
 It helps the weakned body that's amisse,
 And fals away in a consumptuous fort,
 It heales the *Hellique* feauer by report :
 But the dried shrield roote being withered,
 Hindreth the vertue we haue vttered.

If Man of the great springing rootes doth eate,
 Being in matrimoniall copulation,
 Male children of his wife he shall beget,
 This speciall vertue hath the operation,
 If Women make the withered rootes their meate,
 Faire louely Daughters, affable, and wife,
 From their fresh springing loines there shall arise.

There's *Rosemarie*, the *Arabians* iustifie,
 (*Phitions* of exceeding perfect skill,)
 It comforteth the braine and Memorie,
 And to the inward sence giues strength at will,
 The head with noble knowledge it doth fill.
 Conferues thereof restores the speech being lost,
 And makes a perfect Tongue with little cost.

Theres *Dwale* or *Nightshade*, tis a fatall plant,
 It bringeth men into a deadly sleepe,
 Then Rage and Anger doth their senses haunt,
 And like mad *Aiæx* they a coile do keepe,
 Till leane-fac'd Death into their heart doth creepe,
 In *Almaine* graue experience hath vs taught,
 This wicked herbe for manie things is nought.

Oke

Oke of Ierusalem being thoroughly dried,
 And laid in presser where your clothes do lie,
 No Mothes or venome mongst them shall abide,
 It makes them smell so odoriferously,
 That it doth kill them all immediately :
 It helps the breast that's stopped with corruption,
 And giues mans breath fit operation.

Blest be our mother Earth that nourisheth,
 In her rich womb the seede of Times increase,
 And by her vertue all things flourisheth,
 When from her bosome she doth them release,
 But are their Plants and Trees in this faire Ile,
 Where *Floras* sweete spread garden seemes to smile ?

Phoenix.

As plentifull vnto these *Ilanders*,
 Are the fruit-bearing Trees, as be the Flowers :
 And to the chiefeft Lords that are commanders,
 They serue as pleasant ouer-shading bowers,
 To banquet in the day, and sport being late,
 And most of them I meane to nominate.

Nature.

Ther's the great sturdie *Oke* and spreading *Vine*,
 Vnder whose branches *Bacchus* vfd' to sleepe,
 The *Rose-tree* and the loftie bearing *Pine*,
 That seemes (being toucht with wind) full oft to weepe,
 The *Hawthorne*, *Christs-thorne* and the *Rosemary*,
 The *Tamariske*, *Willow*, and the *Almond-tree*.

The most chaff tree, that Chaffnesse doth betoken,
 The *Hollyholme*, the *Corke* and *Gooseberrie*,

That neuer with tempestuous stormes is shooke,
 The *Oliue*, *Philbert*, and the *Barberie*,
 The *Masticke* tree whose liquid gumme being dride,
 Is good for them that Rheume hath terrified.

Theres *Iudas* tree, so cal'd because that *Iew*,
 That did betray the innocent Lambe of God,
 There first of all his sorrowes to renew,
 Did hang himselfe, plagu'd with a heauy rod,
 A iust reward for such an vniust slaue,
 That would betray his Maister to the graue.

Theres *Ash-tree*, *Maple*, and the *Sycamore*,
Pomegranate, *Apricockes* and *Iunipere* :
 The *Turpentine* that sweet iuyce doth deplore,
 The *Quince*, the *Pearre-tree*, and the young mans *Medlar*,
 The *Fig-tree*, *Orenge*, and the sweet moist *Lemmon*,
 The *Nutmeg*, *Plum-tree*, and the louely *Cytron*.

Now for the *Mirtle* tree, it beares the name,
 Being once the gods *Pallas* best beloued,
 Of *Merfin* the younge fair *Athenian* Dame,
 Because in actiuenesse she much excelled :
 The lustie young men of *Athenia*,
 She still was honour'd of the wise *Minerua*.

Who willing her at Tilt and Tournament,
 At running, vaulting, and Actiuitie,
 And other exercise of gouernement,
 Not to be absent from her Deitie :
 Because that she as Iudge might giue the Crowne,
 And

And garland to the Victors great renowne.

But no forepassed age was free from *Enuie*,
 That spitefull honor-crazing enemy :
 For on a time giuing the equall glorie
 To him that wan it most deferuedly,
 The vanquisher in furie much displeased,
 Slue *Merfen* whom the Goddesse fauoured.

Pallas offended with their crueltie,
 Did gratefully reuenge her Maidens death,
 Transforming her into a Mirtle tree,
 Sweetly to flourish in the lower earth :
 The berries are a meanes for to redresse
 (Being decocted) fwolne-fac'd Drunkenneffe.

The stormie Winters greene remaining *Bay*
 Was *Daphne*, *Ladon* and the Earths faire daughter,
 Whom wife *Apollo* haunted in the day,
 Till at the length by chaunce alas he caught her :
 O if fuch faults were in the Gods aboue,
 Blame not poore silly men if they do loue.

But she not able (almost out of breath)
 For to resist the wife Gods humble sute,
 Made her petition to her mother Earth,
 That she would succour her, and make her mute :
 The Earth being glad to ease her miserie,
 Did swallow her, and turn'd her to a Bay tree.

Apollo being amazed at this sight,
 O

Named it *Daphne* for his *Daphnes* honour,
 Twisting a Garland to his hearts delight,
 And on his head did weare it as a fauour :
 And to this day the Bay trees memorie
 Remaines as token of true Prophefie.

Some of the heathen, men of opinion,
 Suppose the greene-leau'd Bay tree can resist
 Inchauntments, spirites, and illusion,
 And make them seeme as shadowes in a mist,
 This tree is dedicate onely to the Sunne,
 Because her vertue from his vice begonne.

The *Mose*-tree hath such great large spreading leaues,
 That you may wrap a child of twelue months old
 In one of them, vnlesse the truth deceaues,
 For so our *Herborists* haue truly told :
 By that great Citie *Aleph* in *Assyria*,
 This tree was found hard by *Venetia*.

The fruite hereof (the *Greekes* and *Christians*)
 That do remaine in that large-spreading Citie,
 The misbeleeuing *Iewes* and *Perfians*,
 Hold this opinion for a certaintie :
 Adam did eate in liuely Paradise,
 That wrapt mans free-borne soules in miseries.

Phœnix. These trees, these plants, and this description,
 Of their sweete liquid gums that are distilling,
 Are to be held in estimation,
 For faire-fac'd *Tellus* glorie is excelling :

But

But what white siluer'd rich refembling plaine,
Is that where wooddie moouing trees remaine ?

That is the watry kingdome of *Neptunus*,
Where his high wood-made Towers dayly flote,
Bearing the title of *Oceanus*,
As hony-speaking Poets oft do quote :
And as the branches spreading from the tree,
So do the Riuers grace this louely Countrie.

Nature.

Wherein is bread for mans sweete nourishment,
Fishes of sundry sorts and diuerse natures,
That the inhabitants doth much content,
As a relieuement to all mortall creatures,
But for to make you perfect what they be,
I will relate them to you orderly.

There swimmes the gentle *Prawne* and *Pickerell*,
A great deuourer of small little fish,
The *Puffin*, *Sole*, and Sommer louing *Mackrell*,
In feason held for a high Ladies dish :
The bigge bon'd *Whale*, of whom the skilfull Marriner,
Sometimes God knowes stands in a mightie terrour.

The musicke-louing *Dolphin* here doth swimme,
That brought *Arion* on his backe to shore,
And stayd a long while at the Seas deepe brimme,
To hear him play, in nature did deplore,
As being loth to leaue him, but at last
Headlong himfelfe into the Sea he cast.

O 2

Here swimmes the *Ray*, the *Sea-calfe* and the *Porpoise*,
 That doth betoken raine or stormes of weather,
 The *Sea-horse*, *Sea-hound*, and the wide-mouth'd *Plaice*,
 A *Spitchcoke*, *Stocke-fish*, and the litle *Pilcher*,
 Whose onely moisture preft by cunning Art,
 Is good for those troubled with Aches smart.

Here swimmes the *Shad*, the *Spitfish*, and the *Spurling*,
 The *Thornebacke*, *Turbot*, and the *Perewinkle*,
 The *Twine*, the *Trout*, the *Scallop*, and the *Whiting*,
 The *Scate*, the *Roch*, the *Tench* and pretie *Wrinkle*:
 The *Purple-fish*, whose liquor vsually,
 A violet colour on the cloth doth die.

Here swimmes the *Pearch*, the *Cuttle* and the *Stocke-fish*,
 That with a wooden staffe is often beaten,
 The *Crab*, the *Pearch*, which poore men alwayes with,
 The *Ruffe*, the *Piper* good for to be eaten :
 The *Barbell* that three times in euery yeare,
 Her natural young ones to the waues doth beare.

Phœnix. His great deuine Omnipotence is mightie,
 That rides vpon the Heauens axeltree,
 That by increafe amongft vs sends fuch plentie,
 If to his Mightinesse grateful we will be :
 But stubborne necked *Iewes* do him prouoke,
 Till he do loade them with a heauie yoke.

Nature. Truth haue you faid ; but I will here expresse
 The richesse of the Earths hid secrecie,
 The falt Seas vnfeene, vnknowne worthinesse,

That

That yeelds vs precious stones innumerably,
 The rarenesse of their vertue fit for Kings,
 And such this cuntry climate often brings.

Herein is found the *Amatist*, and *Abestone*,
 The *Topaze*, *Turches*, and *Gelatia*,
 The *Adamant*, *Dionise*, and *Calcedon*,
 The *Berill*, *Marble* and *Elutropia*,
 The *Ruby*, *Saphire*, and *Asterites*,
 The *Iacinth*, *Sardonix*, and *Argirites*.

The *Smaragd*, *Carbuncle*, and *Alablafter*,
Cornellis, *Crusopasse*, and *Corrall* :
 The sparkling *Diamond*, and the louely *Iasper*,
 The *Margarite*, *Lodestone*, and the bright-ey'd *Chrystall*,
Ligurius, *Onix*, *Nitrum*, and *Gagates*,
Abfistos, *Amatites*, and the good *Achates*.

Here in this Iland are there mines of *Gold*,
 Mines of *Siluer*, *Iron*, *Tinne* and *Lead*,
 That by the labouring workman we behold :
 And mines of *Brasse*, that in the Earth is fed,
 The stone *Lipparia*, *Galaclites*, and *Panteron*,
Enidros, *Iris*, *Dracontites*, and *Astrion*.

The *Adamant*, a hard obdurate stone,
 Inuincible, and not for to be broken,
 Being placed neare a great bigge barre of Iron,
 This vertue hath it, as a speciall token,
 The *Lodestone* hath no power to draw away
 The Iron barre, but in one place doth stay.

O 3

Yet with a Goates warme, fresh and liuely blood,
 This *Adamant* doth breake and riuē in sunder,
 That manie mightie, huge strokes hath withstood :
 But I will tell you of a greater wonder,
 It reconciles the womans loue being loft,
 And giueth prooue of Chastnesse without cost.

The purple coloured *Amatist* doth preuaile
 Against the wit-oppressing Drunkenesse,
 If euill Cogitations do assaile
 Thy sleepe thoughts wrapt vp in heauinesse,
 It soone will driue them from thy minds disturbing,
 And temporize thy braine that is offending.

The white-veind enterlin'd stone *Achates*,
 Bespotted here and there with spots like blood,
 Makes a man gracious in the peoples eyes,
 And for to cleare the sight is passing good :
 It remedieth the place that's venomous,
 And in the fire smels odoriferous.

The Gemme *Amatites* hath this qualitie,
 Let a man touch his vesture with the same,
 And it resisteth fier mightily :
 The vertue doth the force of burning tame,
 And afterwards cast in the fiers light,
 Burnes not at all, but then it seemes most bright.

The faire stone *Berrill* is so precious,
 That mightie men do hold it verie rare :
 It frees a man from actions perillous,

If

If of his lifes deare blood he haue a care,
 And now and then being put into the Eyes,
 Defends a man from all his enemies.

The stone *Ceranicum* spotted ore with blue,
 Being safe and chastly borne within the hand,
 Thunders hote raging cracks that do ensue
 It doth expell, and Lightnings doth withstand,
 Defending of the house that many keepe,
 And is effectuell to bring men asleepe.

The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,
 The *Diamond* the heauens bright shining starre,
 The *Diamond* the earths most purest glorie :
 And with the *Diamond* no Stone can compare ;
 She teacheth men to speake, and men to loue,
 If all her rarest vertues you will proue.

The *Diamond* taught *Musicke* first his cunning,
 The *Diamond* taught *Poetry* her skill,
 The *Diamond* gaue Lawyers first their learning,
Arithmeticke the *Diamond* taught at will :
 She teacheth all Arts : for within her eye,
 The knowledge of the world doth safely lye.

Dradocos is a stone that's pale and wan,
 It brings to some men thoughts fantastickall :
 It being layd vpon a cold dead Man,
 Loseth the vertue it is grac'd withall ;
 Wherefore tis called the most holy stone :
 For, whereas Death frequenteth it is gone.

Achites is in colour violet,
 Found on the Bankes of this delightfome place,
 Both male and female in this Land we get :
 Whose vertue doth the Princely Eagle grace ;
 For being borne by her into her nest,
 She bringeth foorth her young ones with much rest.

This stone being bound fast to a womans side,
 Within whose purest wombe her child is lying,
 Doth hasten child-birth, and doth make her bide
 But litle paine, her humours is releasing.
 If anie one be guiltie of Deceit,
 This stone will cause him to forsake his meate.

Enidros is the stone that's alwayes sweating,
 Distilling liquid drops continually :
 And yet for all his daily moisture melting,
 It keepes the selfe same bignesse stedfastly :
 It neuer lesseneth, nor doth fall away,
 But in one stedfast perfectnesse doth stay.

*Perpetui fletus lachrymas distillat Enidros,
 Qui velut ex pleni fontis scaturigine manat.*

Gagates smelling like to Frankensence,
 Being left whereas the poisonous Serpents breed,
 Driues them away, and doth his force commence,
 Making this beast on barren plaines to feed,
 And there to starue and pine away for meate,
 Because being there he finds no foode to eate.

This stone being put in a faire womans drinke,

Will

Will testifie her pure Virginitie,
 A most rare thing that some men neuer thinke,
 Yet you shall giue your iugdement easily,
 For if she make her water presently,
 Then hath this Woman lost her honestie.

The *Iacinth* is a neighbour to the *Saphire*,
 That doth transforme it selfe to fundrie fights,
 Sometimes tis blacke and cloudie, sometimes cle
 And from the mutable ayre borrowes lights :
 It giueth strength and vigor in his kind,
 And faire sweete quiet sleepe brings to the m

Rabiates being clearely coloured,
 Borne about one doth make him eloquent,
 And in great honour to be fauoured,
 If he do vse it to a good intent,
 Foule venemous Serpents it doth bring in awe,
 And cureth paine and grieve about the mawe.

The iron-drawing Lode-stone if you set
 Within a vessell, either Gold or Brasse,
 And place a peece of Iron vnder it,
 Of some indifferent size or smallest compasse,
 The Lodestone on the top will cause it moue,
 And by his vertue meete with it aboue.

The *Meade* stone coloured like the grassie greene,
 Much gentle ease vnto the Goute hath donne,
 And helpeth those being troubled with the Spleene,
 Mingled with Womans milke bearing a Sonne :

P

It remedi'th the wit-affailing Frenzie,
And purgeth the fad mind of Melancholie.

The stone *Orites* spotted ore with white,
Being worne, or hung about a womans necke,
Prohibiteth Conception and Delight,
And the child-bearing wombe by force doth checke :
Or else it haft'neth her deliuerie,
And makes the birth vnperfect and vntimely.

Skie colour'd *Saphire* Kings and Princes weare,
Being held most precious in their iudging sight :
The verie touch of this doth throughly cure
The Carbuncles enraging hatefull spight :
It doth delight and recreate the Eyes,
And all bafe grossenesse it doth quite despise.

If in a boxe you put an inuenomd Spider,
Whose poisonous operation is annoying,
And on the boxes top lay the true *Saphire*,
The vertue of his power shewes vs his cunning,
He vanquisheth the Spider, leaues him dead,
And to *Apollo* now is consecrated.

The fresh greene colour'd *Smaragd* doth excell
All Trees, Boughs, Plants, and new fresh springing Leaues :
The hote reflecting Sunne can neuer quell
His vertue, that no eyesight ere deceiues,
But ore faire *Phæbus* glorie it triumpheth,
And the dimme duskie Eyes it polisheth.

The

The valiant *Cæsar* tooke his chiefe delight,
 By looking on the *Σπαρσ* excellence,
 To see his *Romane* souldiers how they fight,
 And view what wards they had for their defence,
 And who exceld in perfect chiuallrie,
 And noblest bore himfelfe in victorie.

This Stone doth serue to Diuination,
 To tell of things to come, and things being past,
 And mongst vs held in estimation,
 Giuing the sicke mans meat a gentle tast :
 If things shall be, it keepes in the Mind,
 If not, forgetfulnesse our Eyes doth blind.

The *Turkes* being worne in a Ring,
 If any Gentleman hath cause to ride,
 Supports, and doth sustaine him from all falling,
 Or hurting of him selfe what ere betide :
 And ere he suffer anie fearefull danger,
 Will fall it selfe, and breake, and burst a funder.

These wondrous things of *Nature* to mens cares *Phoenix.*
 Will almost prove (sweete *Nature*) incredible,
 But by *Times* ancient record it appeares,
 These hidden secrets to be memorable :
 For his diuineffe that hath wrought this wonder,
 Rules men and beafts, the lightning and the thunder.

For the worlds blindnesse and opinion, *Nature.*
 I care not *Phoenix*, they are misbeleeuing,
 And if their eyes trie not conclusion,

P 2

They will not trust a strangers true reporting.
 With Beasts and Birds I will conclude my storie,
 And to that All-in-all yeeld perfect glorie.

In yonder woodie groue and fertile plaine,
 Remaines the *Leopard* and the watrie *Badger*,
 The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* doth there remaine,
 The *Onocentaure* and the cruell *Tyger*,
 The *Dromidary* and the princely *Lion*,
 The *Bore*, the *Elephant*, and the poifnous *Dragon*.

The strong neck'd *Bull* that neuer felt the yoke,
 The *Cat*, the *Dog*, the *Wolfe*, and cruell *Viper*,
 The lurking *Hare* that pretie sport prouokes,
 The *Goatebucke*, *Hedgehogge*, and the swiftfoote *Panther*,
 The *Horse*, *Cameleopard* and strong pawd *Beare*,
 The *Ape*, the *Affe*, and the most fearefull *Deare*.

The *Mouse*, the *Mule*, the *Sow* and *Salamander*,
 That from the burning fire cannot liue,
 The *Weasell*, *Cammell* and the hunted *Beauer*,
 That in pursute away his stones doth giue :
 The *Stellio*, *Camelion* and *Vnicorne*,
 That doth expell hot poifon with his Horne.

The cruell *Beare* in her conception,
 Brings forth at first a thing that's indigest,
 A lump of flesh without all fashion,
 Which she by often licking brings to rest,
 Making a formal body good and sound,
 Which often in this Iland we have found.

Hic

Hic format lingua factum, quem protulit Vrsa.

The great wild *Bore* of nature terrible,
 With two strong Tushes for his Armorie,
 Sometimes affailes the *Beare* most horrible,
 And twixt them is a fight both fierce and deadly :
 He hunteth after *Marioram* and *Organie*,
 Which as a whetstone doth his need supplie.

The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* is neuer tam'd,
 But with an iron ring put through his snout,
 That of some perfect strength must needs be fram'd,
 Then may you leade him all the world about :
 The Huntsmen find him hung within a tree,
 Fast by the hornes and then thy vse no pittie.

The *Camell* is of nature flexible,
 For when a burden on his backe is bound,
 To ease the labourer, he is knowne most gentle,
 For why he kneeleth downe vpon the ground :
 Suffering the man to put it off or on,
 As it seemes best in his discretion.

They liue some fiftie or some hundred yeares,
 And can remaine from water full foure dayes,
 And most delight to drinke when there appeares,
 A muddie spring that's troubled many wayes :
 Between them is a naturall honest care,
 If one conioyneth with his Damme, tis rare.

The *Dragon* is a poisnous venom'd beast,

P 3

With whom the *Elephant* is at enmitie,
 And in contention they do neuer rest,
 Till one hath flaine the other cruelly :
 The *Dragon* with the *Elephant* tries a fall,
 And being vnder he is flaine withall.

The bunch-backt, big-bon'd, swift-foote *Dromidary*
 Of *Dromas* the Greeke word borrowing the name,
 For his quicke flying speedy property :
 Which easily these countreyemen do tame,
 Hel' go a hundredth miles within one day,
 And neuer seeke in any place to stay.

The *Dogge* a naturall, kind, and louing thing,
 As witnesseth our Histories of old :
 Their maister dead, the poore foole with lamenting
 Doth kill himselfe before accounted bold :
 And would defend his maister if he might,
 When cruelly his foe begins to fight.

The *Elephant* with tusshes Iuorie,
 Is a great friend to man as he doth trauell :
 The *Dragon* hating man most spitefully,
 The *Elephant* doth with the *Dragon* quarell :
 And twixt them two is a most deadly strife,
 Till that the man be past, and sau'd his life.

The *Elephant* seene in Astronomy,
 Will euery month play the Phisition :
 Taking delight his cunning for to try,
 Giuing himselfe a sweete purgation,

And

And to the running springs himfelfe addresse,
And in the same wash off his filthinesse,

The *Gote-bucke* is a beast lasciuious,
And giuen much to filthy venerie ;
Apt and prone to be contentious,
Seeking by craft to kill his enemy :
His blood being warme suppleth the Adamant,
That neither fire or force could euer daunt.

The *Hedghogge* hath a sharpe quicke thorned garment,
That on his backe doth ferue him for defence :
He can preface the winds incontinent,
And hath good knowledge in the difference
Betweene the Southerne and the Northren wind,
These vertues are allotted him by kind.

Whereon in *Constantinople* that great City,
A marchant in his garden gaue one nourishment :
By which he knew the winds true certainty,
Because the *Hedghogge* gaue him iust prefagement :
Apples, or pearces, or grapes, such is his meate,
Which on his backe he caries for to eate.

The spotted *Linx* in face much like a *Lyon*,
His vrine is of such a qualitie,
In time it turneth to a precious stone,
Called *Ligarius* for his property :
He hateth man so much, that he doth hide
His vrine in the earth, not to be spide.

P. 4

The princely *Lion* King of forrest-Kings,
 And chiefe Commaunder of the Wildernesse,
 At whose faire feete all Beasts lay downe their offerings,
 Yeelding alleageance to his worthinesse :
 His strength remaineth most within his head,
 His vertue in his heart is compassed.

He neuer wrongs a man, nor hurts his pray,
 If they will yeeld submissiue at his feete,
 He knoweth when the *Lionesse* playes false play,
 If in all kindnesse he his loue do meete :
 He doth defend the poore and innocent,
 And thofe that cruel-hearted Beasts haue rent.

Then is't not pittie that the craftie *Foxe*,
 The rauinous *Wolfe*, the *Tyger*, and the *Beare*,
 The slow-past-dull-brain'd heauiue *Oxe*,
 Should strive so good a state-to ouerweare ?
 The *Lion* sleepest and laughes to see them strive,
 But in the end leaues not a beast aliue.

The *Onocentaur* is a monstrosus beast ;
 Supposed halfe a man and halfe an asse,
 That neuer shuts his eyes in quiet rest,
 Till he his foes deare life hath round encompassed,
 Such were the *Centaures* in their tyrannie,
 That liu'd by humane flesh and villanie.

The *Stellio* is a beast that takes his breath,
 And liueth by the dew thats heauenly,
 Taking his Food and Spirit of the earth,

And

And so maintaines his life in chastitie,
 He takes delight to counterfeit all colours,
 And yet for all this he is venomous.

Tis strange to heare such perfect difference,
 In all things that his Mightinesse hath fram'd
 Tis strange to heare their manner of defence,
 Amongst all creatures that my *Nurse* hath nam'd :
 Are there no Wormes nor Serpents to be found
 In this sweete smelling Ile and fruitful ground ?

Phoenix.

Within a little corner towards the East,
 A moorish plot of earth and dampish place,
 Some creeping Wormes and Serpents vse to rest,
 And in a manner doth this bad ground grace :
 It is vnpeopled and vnhabited,
 For there with poisonous ayre they are fed.

Nature.

Here liues the *Worme*, the *Gnat* and *Grashopper*,
Rinatrix, *Lizard*, and the fruitfull *Bee*,
 The *Mothe*, *Chelidras*, and the *Bloodsucker*,
 That from the flesh suckes bloud most speedily :
Ceraftis, *Aspis* and the *Crocodile*,
 That doth the way-faring passenger beguile.

The labouring *Ant*, and the bespeckled *Adder*,
 The *Frogge*, the *Tode*, and Sommer-haunting *Flie*,
 The prettie *Silkeworme*, and the poinsous *Viper*,
 That with his teeth doth wound most cruelly :
 The *Hornet* and the poisonous *Cockatrice*,
 That kills all birds by a most lie deuce.

Q

The *Aphis* is a kind of deadly Snake,
 He hurts most perillous with venom'd sting,
 And in pursute doth neare his foe forsake,
 But slaies a Man with poyſnous venoming :
 Betweene the male and female is such loue,
 As is betwixt the most kind *Turtle dove*.

This is the Snake that *Cleopatra* vsed,
 The *Egyptian* Queene belou'd of *Anthony*,
 That with her breasts deare bloud was nourished,
 Making her die (faire soule) most patiently,
 Rather than *Cæsars* great victorious hand,
 Should triumph ore the Queene of such a land.

The *Lizard* is a kind of louing creature,
 Especially to man he is a friend :
 This property is giuen him by nature,
 From dangerous beaſts poore Man he doth defend :
 For being sleepey he all fence forsaketh,
 The *Lizard* bites him till the man awaketh.

The *Ant* or *Emote* is a labouring thing,
 And haue amongſt them all a publike weale,
 In ſommer time their meate they are prouiding,
 And ſecrets mongſt themſelues they do concale :
 The monſtrous huge big Beare being ſickly,
 Eating of theſe, is cured preſently.

The fruitfull prety *Bee* liues in the hiue,
 Which unto him is like a peopled City,
 And by their daily labour there they thrive,

Bringing

Bringing home honied waxe continually :
 They are reputed ciuill, and haue kings,
 And guides for to direct them in proceedings.

When that their Emperour or King is present,
 They live in peacefull fort and quietnesse,
 But if their officer or king be absent,
 They flie and swarme abroad in companies :
 If any happen casuall-wife to dyc,
 They mourne and bury him right solemnly.

The *Crocodile* a saffron colour'd Snake,
 Sometimes vpon the earth is conuerfant,
 And other times liues in a filthy lake,
 Being oppressed with foule needy want :
 The skin vpon his backe as hard as stone,
 Resisteth violent strokes of steele or iron.

Rinatrix is a poyssenous enuenom'd Serpent,
 That doth infect the riuers and the fountaines,
 Bringing to cattell hurt and detriment :
 When thirstie they forsake the steepy mountaines,
Rinatrix violator Aquæ, and infects the earth,
 With his most noysome stinking filthy breath.

The *Scorpion* hath a deadly stinging taile,
 Bewitching some with his faire smiling face,
 But presently with force he doth assaile
 His captiu'd praie, and brings him to disgrace :
 Wherefore tis cald of some the flattering worme,
 That subtilly his foe doth ouerturne.

Q 2

Orion made his boast the earth should bring
 Or yeeld no serpent forth but he would kill it,
 Where presently the *Scorpion* vp did spring,
 For so the onely powers above did will it :
 Where in the peoples prefence they did see,
 Orion stung to death most cruelly.

Of *Wormes* are diuers forts and diuers names,
 Some feeding on hard timber, some on trees,
 Some in the earth a secret cabbine frames,
 Some liue on tops of Ashes, some on Oliues ;
 Some of a red watrish colour, some of greene,
 And some within the night like Fire are seene.

The *Silkworme* by whose Webbe our Silkes are made,
 For she doth dayly labour with her weauing,
 A *Worme* that's rich and precious in her trade,
 That whilst poore soule she toyleth in her spinning,
 Leaues nothing in her belly but empty aire,
 And toying too much falleth to despaire.

Here liues the *Caddes* and the long leg'd *Crane*,
 With whome the *Pigmies* are at mortall strife,
 The *Larke* and *Lapwing* that with nets are tane,
 And so poore silly soules do end their life :
 The *Nightingale* wrong'd by Adulterie,
 The *Nightcrow*, *Goshawke*, and the chattring *Pie*.

The *Pheasant*, *Storke*, and the high tousing *Faulcon*,
 The *Swanne* that in the riuer takes delight,
 The *Goldfinch*, *Blackebird*, and the big neck'd *Heron*

The

The skreeching *Owle* that loues the duskie night,
 The *Partridge*, *Griffon*, and the liuely *Peacocke*,
 The *Linnet*, *Bulfinch*, *Snipe*, and rauening *Puttocke*.

The *Robin Redbreast* that in Winter sings,
 The *Pellican*, the *Iay*, and the chirping *Sparrow*,
 The little *Wren* that many yong ones brings,
Hercin, *Ibis*, and the swift wingd *Swallow* :
 The princely *Eagle* and *Caladrius*
 The *Cuckow* that to some is prosperous.

The snow-like colour'd bird, *Caladrius*,
 Hath this inestimable natural prosperitie,
 If any man in sicknesse dangerous,
 Hopes of his health to haue recouerie,
 This bird will alwayes looke with chearefull glance,
 If otherwise, sad is his countenance.

The *Crane* directed by the leaders voice,
 Flies ore the seas, to countries farre vnknowne,
 And in the secret night they do reioice
 To make a watch among them of their owne ;
 The watchman in his clawes holds fast a stone,
 Which letting fall the rest are wak'd anone.

The Spring-delighting bird we call the *Cuckow*,
 Which comes to tell of wonders in this age,
 Her prettie one note to the world doth shew,
 Some men their destinie, and doth presage
 The womans pleasure and the mans disgrace,
 Which she fits singing in a secret place.

Q 3

The Winters enuious blaft ſhe neuer taſteth,
 Yet in all countries doth the *Cuckoe* ſing,
 And oftentimes to peopled townes ſhe haſteth,
 Ther for to tell the pleaſures of the Spring :
 Great Courtiers heare her voyce, but let her flye,
 Knowing that ſhe prefageſh Deſtiny.

This pretty bird ſometimes vpon the ſteeple,
 Sings *Cuckoe, Cuckoe*, to the pariſh Prieſt,
 Sometimes againe ſhe flies amongſt the people,
 And on their Croſſe no man can her reſiſt,
 But there ſhe ſings, yet ſome diſdaining Dames,
 Do charme her hoarſe, leſt ſhe ſhould hit their names.

She ſcornes to labour or make vp a neſt,
 But creepes by ſtealth into ſome others roome,
 And with the *Larkes* deare yong, her yong-ones reſt,
 Being by ſubtile dealing ouercome :
 The yong birds are reſtoratiue to eate,
 And held amongſt vs as a Princes meate.

The Princely *Eagle* of all Birds the King,
 For none but ſhe can gaze againſt the Sunne,
 Her eye-ſight is ſo cleare, that in her flying
 She ſpies the ſmalleſt beaſt that euer runne,
 As ſwift as gun-ſhot vſing no delay,
 So ſwiftly doth ſhe flie to catch her pray.

She brings her birds being yong into the aire,
 And ſets them for to looke on *Phæbus* light,
 But if their eyes with gazing chance to water,

Thoſe

Those she accounteth bastards, leaues them quight,
 But those that haue true perfect constant eyes,
 She cherifheth, the rest she doth despise.

The *Griffon* is a bird rich feathered,
 His head is like a *Lion*, and his flight
 Is like the *Eagles*, much for to be feared,
 For why he kills men in the vgly night :
 Some say he keepes the *Smaragd* and the *Iasper*,
 And in pursute of Man is monstrous eager.

The gentle birds called the faire *Hircinie*,
 Taking the name of that place where they breed,
 Within the night they shine so gloriously,
 That mans astonied senses they do feed :
 For in the darke being cast within the way
 Giues light vnto the man that goes astray.

Ibis the bird flieth to *Nilus* flood,
 And drinking of the water purgeth cleane :
 Vnto the land of *Ægypt* he doth good,
 For he to rid their Serpents is a meane ;
 He feedeth on their egges, and doth destroy
 The Serpents nests that would their Clime annoy.

The *Lapwing* hath a piteous mournfull cry,
 And sings a sorrowfull and heauy song,
 But yet shee's full of craft and subtilty,
 And weepeth most being farthest from her yong :
 In elder age she seru'd for Southfayers
 And was a Prophetesse to the Augurers.

Q 4

The birds of *Ægypt* or *Memnodides*,
 Of *Memnon* that was flaine in rescuing *Troy*,
 Are said to flie away in companies,
 To *Priams* pallace, and there twice a day
 They fight about the turrets of the dead,
 And the third day in battell are confounded.

The *Nightingale* the nights true Chorister,
Musickes chiefe louer in the pleasant Spring,
 Tunes Hunts-vp to the Sunne that doth delight her,
 And to *Arions* harp aloud will sing :
 And as a Bridegroomme that to church is comming,
 So he salutes the Sunne when he is rising.

The *Romane Cæsars*, happie Emperours,
 Especially those of the yongest fort,
 Haue kept the *Nightingale* within their towers,
 To play, to dally, and to make them sport,
 And oftentimes in *Greeke* and *Latine* tong,
 They taught those birds to sing a pleasant song.

This bird as *Histories* make mention,
 Sung in the infant mouth of *Stefichorus*,
 Which did foretell due commendation,
 In all his actions to be prosperous :
 So *Bees* when *Plato* in his bed did lie,
 Swarm'd round about his mouth, leauing their honie.

The sluggish slouthfull and the daftard *Owle*,
 Hating the day, and louing of the night,
 About old sepulchers doth daily howle,

Frequenting

Frequenting barnes and houses without light,
 And hides him often in an Iuy tree,
 Least with small chattering birds wrong'd he should be.

*Fœdaque sic volucris venturi nuntia luctus,
 Ignauus Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.*

The filthy messenger of ill to come
 The sluggish *Owle* is, and to danger some.

This ill bedooming *Owle* fate on the speare,
 Of warlike *Pirrhus* marching to the field,
 When to the *Græcian* armie he drew neare,
 Determining to make his foes to yeeld,
 Which did foreflew sinister happinesse,
 And balefull fortune in his businesse.

The *Parrat* cald the counterfeiting bird,
 Deckt with all colours that fair *Flora* yeelds,
 That after one will speake you word for word :
 Liuing in wooddie groues neare fertile fields,
 They haue bene knowne to giue great Emperors wine,
 And therefore some men hōld them for deuine.

The proud sun-brauing *Peacocke* with his feathers,
 Walkes all along, thinking himselfe a King,
 And with his voyce prognosticates all weathers,
 Although God knowes but badly he doth sing :
 But when he lookes downe to his base blacke Feete,
 He droopes, and is asham'd of things unmeete.

The mighty *Macedonian Alexander*,
 R

Marching in louely triumph to his foes,
 Being accounted the worlds conquerour,
 In *Indie* spies a *Peacocke* as he goes,
 And maruelling to see so rich a sight,
 Charg'd all men not to kill his sweete delight.

The *Pellican* the wonder of our age,
 (As *Ierome* saith) reuiues her tender yong,
 And with her purest bloud, she doth asswage
 Her yong ones thirst, with poisonous Adder stong,
 And those that were supposd three dayes dead.
 She giues them life once more being nourished.

The vnfatiate *Sparrow* doth prognosticate,
 And is held good for diuination,
 For flying here and there, from gate to gate,
 Foretels true things by animaduersion :
 A flight of *Sparrowes* flying in the day,
 Did prophesie the fall and sacke of *Troy*.

The artificiall nest-composing *Swallow*,
 That eats his meate flying along the way,
 Whose swiftnesse in our eyesight doth allow,
 That no imperiall Bird makes her his pray :
 His yong ones being hurt within the eies,
 His helps them with the herbe *Calcedonies*.

Cecinna and the great *Volateran*,
 Being *Pompeis* warlike and approued knights,
 Sent letters by these Birds without a man,
 To many of their friends and chiefe delights,

And

And all their letters to their feete did tie,
Which with great speed did bring them haftily.

The fweete recording Swanne *Apolloes* ioy,
And firy scorched *Phaetons* delight,
In footed verfe fings out his deep annoy,
And to the filuer riuers takes his flight,
 Prognosticates to Sailers on the feas,
 Fortunes prosperitie and perfect ease.

*Cignus in auspicijs semper lætissimus ales,
Hoc optant nautæ, quia se non mergit in undis.*

But what fad-mournefull drooping soule is this,
Within whose watry eyes fits Discontent,
Whose fnaile-pac'd gate tels something is amiffe :
From whom is banisht sporting Meriment :
 Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
 The perfect picture of hart pining woes ?

Phœnix.

This is the carefull bird the *Turtle* Doue,
Whose heauy croking note doth shew his grieve,
And thus he wanders seeking of his loue,
Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe :
 All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,
 Are bad, fled, gone, and false into decay.

Nature.

Is this the true example of the Heart ?
Is this the Tutor of faire *Constancy* ?
Is this Loues treasure, and Loues pining smart ?
Is this the substance of all honesty ?

Phœnix.

R 2

And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore foule,
That Destinies foule wrath should thee controule.

See Nourfe, he stares and lookes me in the face,
And now he mournes, worfe then he did before,
He hath forgot his dull slow heauy pace,
But with swift gate he eyes vs more and more :
O shall I welcome him, and let me borrow
Some of his griefe to mingle with my sorrow.

Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,
This is the *Doue* you long'd fo much to see,
And this will proue companion of your mone,
An Vmpire of all true humility :
Then note my *Phænix*, what there may enfue,
And fo I kisse my bird. *Adue, Adue.*

Phænix. Mother farewell ; and now within his eyes,
Sits sorrow clothed in a sea of teares,
And more and more the billowes do arise :
Pale Griefe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke.

Turtle. O stay poore *Turtle*, whereat haft thou gazed,
At the eye-dazling Sunne, whose sweete reflection,
The round encompast heauenly world amazed ?
O no, a child of Natures true complexion,
The perfect *Phænix* of rariety,
For wit, for vertue, and excelling beauty.

Haile

Haile map of forrow : *Tur.* Welcome *Cupid's* child. *Phoenix.*
 Let me wipe off those teares vpon thy cheekes,
 That stain'd thy beauties pride, and haue defil'd
 Nature it selfe, that so vsurping seekes
 To sit vpon thy face, for Ile be partener,
 Of thy harts wrapped forrow more hereafter.

Natures faire darling, let me kneele to thee, *Turtle.*
 And offer vp my true obedience,
 And sacredly in all humility,
 Craue pardon for presumptions foule offence :
 Thy lawne-snow-colour'd hand shall not come neare
 My impure face, to wipe away one teare.

My teares are for my *Turtle* that is dead,
 My forrow springs from her want that is gone,
 My heauy note sounds for the foule that's fled,
 And I will dye for him left all alone :
 I am not liuing, though I seeme to go,
 Already buried in the graue of wo.

Why I haue left *Arabia* for thy sake, *Phoenix.*
 Because those fires haue no working substance,
 And for to find thee out did vndertake :
 Where on the mountaine top we may aduance
 Our fiery alter ; let me tell thee this,
Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Come poore lamenting foule, come sit by me,
 We are all one, thy forrow shall be mine,
 Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,

R 3

Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine :
 Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou giue a grone,
 I shall be dead in answering of thy mone.

Turtle. Loues honorable Friend, one grone of yours,
 Will rend my sicke-loue-pining hart afunder,
 One sigh brings teares from me like *Aprill* showers,
 Procur'd by Sommers hote loud cracking thunder :
 Be you as mery as sweet mirth may be,
 Ile grone and sigh, both for your felse and me.

Phoenix. Thou shalt not gentle *Turtle*, I will beare
 Halfe of the burdenous yoke thou dost sustaine,
 Two bodies may with greater ease outweare
 A troublesome labour, then Ile brooke some paine,
 But tell me gentle *Turtle*, tell me truly
 The difference betwixt false Loue and true Sinceritie.

Turtle. That shall I briefly, if youle giue me leaue,
 False loue is full of Enuie and Deceit,
 With cunning shifts our humours to deceiue,
 Laying downe poison for a sugred baite,
 Alwayes inconstant, false and variable,
 Delighting in fond change and mutable.

True loue, is louing pure, not to be broken,
 But with an honest eye, she eyes her louer,
 Not changing variable, nor neuer shoken
 With fond Suspition, secrets to discouer,
 True loue will tell no lies, nor ne're dissemble,
 But with a bashfull modest feare will tremble.

Falfe

Falſe loue puts on a Maſke to ſhade her folly,
 True loue goes naked wiſhing to be ſeene,
 Falſe loue will counterfeite perpetually,
 True loue is Troths ſweete emperizing Queene :
 This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,
 Falſe loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

What may we wonder at ? O where is learning ?
 Where is all difference twixt the good and bad ?
 Where is *Apelles* art ? where is true cunning ?
 Nay where is all the vertue may be had ?
 Within my *Turtles* boſome, ſhe refines,
 More then ſome louing perfect true deuines.

Phoenix.

Thou ſhalt not be no more the *Turtle*-Doue,
 Thou ſhalt no more go weeping al alone,
 For thou ſhalt be my ſelfe, my perfect Loue,
 Thy griefe is mine, thy ſorrow is my mone,
 Come kiſſe me ſweeteſt ſweete, O I do bleſſe
 This gracious luckie Sun-ſhine happineſſe.

How may I in all gratefulneſſe requite,
 This gracious fauor offred to thy ſeruant ?
 The time affordeth heauineſſe not delight,
 And to the times appoint wee be obſeruant :
 Command, O do commaund, what ere thou wilt,
 My hearts bloud for thy fake ſhall ſtraight be ſpilt.

Turtle.

Then I command thee on thy tender care,
 And chiefe obedience that thou owſt to me,
 That thou eſpecially (deare Bird) beware

Phoenix.

Of impure thoughts, or vncleane chastity :
 For we must waft together in that fire,
 That will not burne but by true Loues desire.

Turtle. A spot of that foule monster neare did staine,
 These drooping feathers, nor I neuer knew
 In what base filthy clymate doth remaine
 That spright incarnate ; and to tell you true,
 I am as spotlesse as the purest whight,
 Cleare without staine, of enuy, or despight.

Phœnix. Then to yon next adioyning groue we'll flye,
 And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,
 And in a manner sacrificingly,
 Burne both our bodies to reuiue one name :
 And in all humblenesse we will intreate
 The hot earth parching Sunne to lend his heate.

Turtle. Why now my heart is light, this very doome
 Hath banisht sorrow from my pensive breast :
 And in my bosome there is left no roome,
 To set blacke melancholy, or let him rest ;
 Ile fetch sweete mirrhe to burne, and licorice,
 Sweete Iuniper, and straw them ore with spice.

Phœnix. Pile vp the wood, and let vs inuocate
 His great name that doth ride within his chariot,
 And guides the dayes bright eye, let's nominate
 Some of his blessings, that he well may wot,
 Our faithfull seruice and humility,
 Offer'd vnto his highest Deity.

Great

Great God *Apollo*, for thy tender loue,
 Thou once didst beare to wilful *Phaeton*,
 That did desire thy chariots rule aboue,
 Which thou didst grieue in hart to thinke vpon :
 Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
 That shall receiue the Sacrifice of bloud.

For thy sweete *Daphnes* fake thy best beloued,
 And for the Harpe receiu'd of *Mercury*,
 And for the *Muses* of thee fauored,
 Whose gift of wit excels all excellency :
 Send thy hot kindling fire into this wood,
 That shall receiue the Sacrifice of bloud.

Turtle.

For thy sweet fathers fake great *Iupiter*,
 That with his thunder-bolts commands the earth,
 And for *Latonas* fake thy gentle mother,
 That first gaue *Phæbus* glories liuely breath :
 Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
 That shall receiue the sacrifice of bloud.

Phœnix.

Stay, stay, poore *Turtle*, & we are betraid,
 Behind yon little bush there sits a spy,
 That makes me blush with anger, halfe afraid,
 That in our motions secretly would pry :
 I will go chide with him, and driue him thence,
 And plague him for prefumptions foule offence.

Be not affraid, it is the *Pellican*,
 Looke how her yong-ones make her brest to bleed,
 And drawes the bloud foorth, do the best she can,

Turtle.

S

And with the same their hungry fancies feede,
 Let her alone to view our Tragedy,
 And then report our Loue that she did see.

See beauteous *Phœnix* it begins to burne,
 O blessed *Phœbus*, happy, happy light,
 Now will I recompence thy great good turne,
 And first (deare bird) Ile vanish in thy sight,
 And thou shalt see with what a quicke desire,
 Ile leape into the middle of the fire.

Phœnix. Stay *Turtle* stay, for I will first prepare ;
 Of my bones must the Princely *Phœnix* rise,
 And ift be possible thy blood wele spare,
 For none but for my sake, dost thou despise
 This frailty of thy life, ô liue thou still,
 And teach the base deceitfull world Loues will.

Turtle. Haue I come hither drooping through the woods,
 And left the springing groues to seeke for thee ?
 Haue I forooke to bathe me in the fouds,
 And pin'd away in carefull misery ?
 Do not deny me *Phœnix* I must be
 A partner in this happy Tragedy.

Phœnix. O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
 More pure then that ore which faire *Dido* mones,
 More sacred in my louing kind desire,
 Then that which burnt old *Esons* aged bones,
 Accept into your euer hallowed flame,
 Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.
 O sweet

O sweet perfumed flame, made of those trees,
 Vnder the which the *Muses* nine haue song
 The praise of vertuous maids in misteries,
 To whom the faire fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng ;
 Accept my body as a Sacrifice
 Into your flame, of whom one name may rise.

Turtle.

O wilfulnesse, see how with smiling cheare,
 My poore deare hart hath slong himselfe to thrall,
 Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
 Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall :
 Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,
 Friendships vnspotted true sincerity.

Phoenix.

I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
 I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
 I hope of these another Creature springs,
 That shall possesse both our authority :
 I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,
 And thus I end the *Turtle* Doues true story.

Finis. R. C.

Pellican.

W^Hat wondrous hart-grieuing spectacle,
 Haft thou beheld the worlds true miracle ?
 With what a spirit did the *Turtle* flye
 Into the fire, and chearfully did dye ?
 He look't more pleasant in his countenance
 Within the flame, then when he did aduance,
 His pleasant wings vpon the naturall ground,

S 2

True perfect loue had so his poore heart bound,
 The *Phoenix Natures* deare adopted child,
 With a pale heauy count'nance, wan and mild,
 Grieu'd for to see him first possesse the place,
 That was allotted her, her selfe to grace,
 And followes cheerfully her second turne,
 And both together in that fire do burne.
 O if the rarest creatures of the earth,
 Because but one at once did ere take breath
 Within the world, should with a second he,
 A perfect forme of loue and amitie
 Burne both together, what should there arise,
 And be presented to our mortall eyes,
 Out of the fire, but a more perfect creature?
 Because that two in one is put by Nature,
 The one hath giuen the child inchaunting beautie,
 The other giues it loue and chastitie:
 The one hath giuen it wits rarietie
 The other guides the wit most charily:
 The one for vertue doth excell the rest,
 The other in true constancie is blest.
 If that the *Phoenix* had bene separated,
 And from the gentle *Turtle* had bene parted,
 Loue had bene murdred in the infancie,
 Without these two no loue at all can be.
 Let the loue wandring wits but learne of these,
 To die together, so their grieffe to ease:
 But louers now a dayes do loue to change,
 And here and there their wanton eyes do range,
 Not pleased with one choise, but seeking many,
 And in the end scarce is content with any:

Loue

Loue now adayes is like a shadowed fight,
 That shewes it selfe in *Phæbus* golden light,
 But if in kindnesse you do striue to take it,
 Fades cleane away, and you must needs forsake it.
 Louers are like the leaues with Winter shoken,
 Brittle like glasse, that with one fall is broken.
 O fond corrupted age, when birds shall show
 The world their dutie, and to let men know
 That no sinister chaunce should hinder loue,
 Though as these two did, deaths arrest they proue.
 I can but mourne with sadnesse and with grieve,
 Not able for to yeeld the world reliefe,
 To see these two consumed in the fire,
 Whom Loue did copulate with true desire :
 But in the worlds wide eare I meane to ring
 The fame of this dayes wondrous offering,
 That they may sing in notes of Chastitie,
 The *Turtle* and the *Phoenix* amitie

Conclufion.

GEntle conceiuers of true meaning Wit,
 Let good Experience iudge what I haue writ,
 For the Satyricall fond applauded vaines,
 Whose bitter worme-wood spirite in some straines,
 Bite like the Curres of *Egypt* those that loue them,
 Let me alone, I will be loth to moue them,
 For why, when mightie men their wit do proue,
 How shall I least of all expect their loue ?
 Yet to those men I gratulate some paine,
 Because they touch those that in art do faine.

S 3

But those that haue the spirit to do good,
 Their whips will will neuer draw one drop of bloud :
 To all and all in all that view my labour,
 Of euery iudging sight I craue some fauour
 At least to reade, and if you reading find,
 A lame leg'd staffe, tis lameness of the mind
 That had no better skill : yet let it passe,
 For burdnous lodes are set vpon an Asse.
 From the sweet fire of perfumed wood,
 Another princely *Phoenix* vpriht stood :
 Whose feathers purified did yeeld more light,
 Then her late burned mother out of sight,
 And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,
 Sprong from the bosome of the *Turtle-Doue*.
 Long may the new vprifing bird increafe,
 Some humors and some motions to release,
 And thus to all I offer my deuotion,
 Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion.

Finis R. C.

Cantoës Alphabet-wise to faire Phœ-
nix made by the Paphian Doue.

A. 1.

A Hill, a hill, a *Phoenix* seekes a Hill ;
 A promontorie top, a stately Mountaine,
 A Riuer, where poore soule she dippes her bill,
 And that sweete siluer streame is *Natures* fountaine,
 Accomplishing all pleasures at her will :
 Ah, be my *Phoenix*, I will be thy *Doue*,
 And thou and I in secrecie will loue.

B. 2.

B. 2.

Blaze not my loue, thou Herald of the day,
 Blesse not the mountaine tops with my sweet shine,
 Beloued more I am then thou canst say,
 Blessed and blessed be that Saint of mine,
 Balme, honie sweet, and honor of this Clime :
 Blotted by things vnseene, belou'd of many,
 But Loues true motion dares not giue to any.

C. 3.

Chastnesse farewell, farewell the bed of Glorie,
 Constraint adew, thou art loues Enemie,
 Come true Report, make of my Loue a Storie,
 Cast lots for my poore heart, so thou enioy me,
 Come come sweet *Phoenix*, I at length do claime thee,
 Chaste bird, too chaste, to hinder what is willing,
 Come in mine armes and wele not fit a billing.

D. 4.

Deuout obedience on my knees I profer,
 Delight matcht with delight, if thou do craue it,
 Denie not gentle *Phoenix* my sweet offer,
 Despaire not in my loue, for thou shalt haue it,
 Damne not the soule to woe if thou canst saue it :
 Doues pray deuoutly, O let me request,
 Delicious loue to build within thy nest.

E. 5.

Enuie is banisht, do not thou despaire,
 Euill motions tempt thee sooner then the good :
 Enrich thy beautie that art fam'd for faire,
 Euery thing's silent to conioyne thy blood,
 Esteeme the thing that cannot be withstood :
 Esteeme of me, and I will lend thee fire,

Euen of mine owne to fit thy sweet desire.

F. 6.

Faint harted soule, why dost thou die thy cheekes,
 Fearfull of that which will reuiue thy sence,
 Faith and obedience thy sweet mercy seekes,
 Friends plighted war with thee I will commence,
 Feare not at all, tis but sweet Loues offence,
 Fit to be done, so doing tis not seene,
 Fetcht from the ancient records of a Queene.

G. 7.

Gold beautifying *Phœnix*, I must praise thee,
 Granut gracious heauens a delightfome Muse,
 Giue me old *Homers* spirit, and Ile raise thee,
 Gracious in thought do not my Loue refuse,
 Great map of beauty make thou no excuse,
 Gainst my true louing spirit do not carpe,
 Grant me to play my Sonnet on thy Harpe.

H. 8.

Health to thy vertues, health to all thy beauty,
 Honour attend thy steps when thou art going,
 High heauens force the birds to owe thee duty;
 Hart-groning care to thee still stands a woiing,
 Haue pittie on him *Phœnix* for so doing:
 Helpe his diseafe, and cure his malady,
 Hide not thy secret glory leaft he die.

I. 9.

I Loue, ô Loue how thou abufest me,
 I see the fire, and warme me with the flame,
 I note the errors of thy deity:
 In *Vestas* honor, *Venus* lusts to tame,
 I in my humors yeeld thee not a name,

I count

I count thee foolish, fie Adultrous boy,
I touch the sweete, but cannot tast the ioy.

K. 10.

Kisses are true loues pledges, kisse thy deare *Turtle*,
Keepe not from him the secrets of thy youth :
Knowledge he'le teach thee vnder a greene spred Mirtle,
Kend shalt thou be of no man, of my truth,
Know first the motion, when the life ensueth :
Knocke at my harts dore, I will be thy porter,
So thou wilt let me enter in thy dorter.

L. 11.

Loue is my great Aduotrix, at thy shrine
Loue pleads for me, and from my tongue doth fay,
Lie where thou wilt, my hart shall sleepe with thine,
Lamenting of thy beauty fresh as May,
Looke *Phoenix* to thy selfe do not decay :
Let me but water thy dead saplesse floure,
Loue giues me hope t'will flourish in an houre.

M. 12.

Make not a Iewell of nice Chastity,
Muster and summon all thy wits in one,
My heart to thee sweares perfect constancy :
Motions of zeale are to be thought vpon,
Marke how thy time is ouerspente, and gone,
Mis-led by folly, and a kind of feare,
Marke not thy beauty so my dearest deare.

N. 13.

Note but the fresh bloom'd Rose within her pride,
(No Rose to be compared vnto thee)
Nothing so soone vnto the ground will slide,
Not being gathered in her chiefeest beauty,

T

Neglecting time it dies with infamy :

Neuer be coy, left whil'ft thy leaues are ſpred,
None gather thee, and then thy grace is dead.

O. 14.

O looke vpon me, and within my brow,
Officious motions of my hart appeares,
Opening the booke of Loue, wherein I vow,
Ouer thy ſhrine to ſhed continuall teares :
O no, I ſee my *Phœnix* hath no Eares,
Or if ſhe haue Eares, yet no Eyes to ſee,
O all diſgraced with continuall follie.

P. 15.

Proud Chaſtity, why doſt thou ſeeke to wrong
Phœnix my Loue, with leſſons too preſiſe ?
Pray thou for me, and I will make a ſong,
Pend in thine honor, none ſhall equalize,
Poſſeſſe not her, whoſe beauty charmes mine eyes,
Plead, ſue, and ſeeke, or I will baniſh thee,
Her body is my Caſtle and my fee.

Q. 16.

Queſtion not *Phœnix* why I adore thee,
Quite captiuat and priſner at thy call,
Quit me with Loue againe, do not abhor me,
Queld downe with hope as ſubiugate to thrall,
Quail'd will I neuer be deſpight of all ;
Quaking I ſtand before thee, ſtill expecting
Thine owne conſent, our ioyes to be effecting.

R. 17.

Remember how thy beauty is abuſed,
Ract on the tenter-hookes of foule diſgrace,
Riuers are dry, and muſt be needs refuſed

Reſtore

Restore new water in that dead founts place,
 Refresh thy feathers, beautifie thy face :
 Reade on my booke, and there thou shalt behold
 Rich louing letters printed in fine gold.

S. 18.

Shame is ashamed to see thee obstinate,
 Smiling at thy womanish conceipt,
 Swearing that honor neuer thee begat,
 Sucking in poyson for a fugged baite,
 Singing thy pride of beauty in her height :
 Sit by my side, and I will sing to thee
 Sweet ditties of a new fram'd harmony.

T. 19.

Thou art a *Turtle* wanting of thy mate,
 Thou crok'ft about the groues to find thy Louer,
 Thou fly'ft to woods, and fertile plaines dost hate :
 Thou in obliuion dost true vertue smother,
 To thy sweete selfe thou canst not find another :
 Turn vp my bosome, and in my pure hart,
 Thou shalt behold the *Turtle* of thy smart.

V. 20.

Vpon a day I fought to scale a Fort,
 Vnited with a Tower of sure defence ;
 Vncomfortable trees did marre my sport,
 Vnlucky Fortune with my woes expence,
Venus with *Mars* would not sweet war commence,
 Vpon an Alter would I offer Loue,
 And Sacrifice my soule poore *Turtle* Doue.

W. 21.

Weepe not my *Phoenix*, though I daily weepe,
 Woe is the Herald that declares my tale,

T 2

Worthy thou art in *Venus* lap to sleepe,
 Wantonly couered with God *Cupids* vale,
 With which he doth all mortall sence exhale :
 Wash not thy cheekes, vnlesse I sit by thee,
 To dry them with my sighes immediatly.

X. 22.

Xantha faire Nymph ; refemble not in Nature,
Xantippe Loue to patient *Socrates*,
Xantha my Loue is a more milder creature,
 And of a Nature better for to please :
Xantippe thought her true loue to diseafe,
 But my rare *Phoenix* is at last well pleas'd,
 To cure my passions, passions seldom eas'd.

Y. 23.

Yf thou haue pittie, pittie my complaining,
 Yt is a badge of Vertue in thy sexe,
 Yf thou do kill me with thy coy disdaining,
 Yt will at length thy selfe-will anguish vexe,
 And with continuall sighes thy selfe perplexe :
 He helpe to bring thee wood to make thy fire,
 If thou wilt giue me kisses for my hire.

Z. 24.

Zenobia at thy feete I bend my knee,
 For thou art Queene and Empresse of my hart,
 All blessed hap and true felicity,
 All pleasures that the wide world may impart,
 Befall thee for thy gracious good defart :
 Accept my meaning as it fits my turne,
 For I with thee to ashes meane to burne.

Finis.

Cantoes Verbally written.

1.

Pittie me that dies for thee.

*Pittie
me
that
dies
for
thee.* **P**ittie my plainings thou true nurse of pittie,
Me hath thy piercing lookes enioynd to sighing,
That cannot be redressed, for thy beautie
Dies my sad heart, sad heart that's drown'd with weeping :
For what so ere I thinke, or what I doe,
Thee with mine eyes, my thoughts, my heart, I woe.

2.

My life you saue, if you I haue.

*My
life
you
saue
if
you
I
haue.* My eyes, my hand, my heart seeke to maintaine
Life for thy loue, therefore be gracious,
You with your kindnesse haue my true heart slaine,
Saue my poore life, and be not tyrannous,
If any grace do in thy breast remaine,
You women haue bene counted amorous ;
I pine in sadnesse, all proceeds from thee,
Haue me in liking through thy clemencie.

3.

Do thou by me, as I by thee.

*Do
thou
by
me,
as
I
by* Do not exchange thy loue, lest in exchanging,
Thou beare the burd'nous blot of foule disgrace,
By that bad fault are many faults containing,
Me still assuring nothing is so base,
As in the worlds eye alwayes to be ranging :
I sweare sweete *Phœnix* in this holy cafe,
By all the sacred reliques of true loue,

T 3

thee. Thee to adore whom I still constant proue.

4

*Voutsafe to thinke how I do pine,
In louing thee that art not mine.*

Voutsafe Voutsafe with splendor of thy gracious looke,
to To grace my passions, passions still increasing :
thinke Thinke with thy selfe how I thy absence brooke,
how How day by day, my plaints are neuer ceasing,
I I haue for thee all companies forfooke ;
do Do thou reioyce, and in reioycing say,
pine, Pine nere so much Ile take thy grieve away.

In In that great gracing word shalt thou be counted
louing Louing to him, that is thy true sworne louer,
thee Thee on the stage of honor haue I mounted,
that That no base mistie cloud shall euer couer :
art Art thou not faire ? thy beautie do not smother ;
not Not in thy flourishing youth, but still suppose
mine. Mine owne to be, my neuer dying Rose.

5.

*My destinie to thee is knowne,
Cure thou my smart, I am thine owne.*

My My time in loues blind idlenesse is spent,
destinie Destinie and Fates do will it so,
to To *Circes* charming tongue mine eare I lent,
thee Thee louing that dost with my ouerthrow :
is Is not this world wrapt in inconstancie,
knowne. Knowne to most men as hels miserie ?

Cure Cure of my wound is past all Phisickes skill,
thou Thou maist be gracious, at thy very looke

My

my My wounds will close, that would my bodie kill,
smart Smart will be easde that could no plaisters brooke ;
I I of my *Phœnix* being quite forfooke,
am Am like a man that nothing can fulfill :
thine Thine euer-piercing eye of force will make me,
owne. Owne heart, owne loue, that neuer will forsake thee.

6.

Ore my heart your eyes do idolatrize

Ore Ore the wide world my loue-layes Ile be sending.
my My loue-layes in my Loues praise alwayes written,
heart Heart comfortable motions still attending,
your Your beautie and your vertuous zeale commending,
eyes Eyes that no frosts-cold-rage hath euer bitten :
do Do you then thinke that I in Loues hot fire,
idola- Idolatrize and surphet in desire.
trize

7.

I had rather loue though in vaine that face,
Then haue of any other grace.

I I being forc'd to carrie *Venus* shield,
had Had rather beare a *Phœnix* for my crest,
rather Rather then any bird within the field,
loue Loue tells me that her beautie is the best :
though Though some desire faire *Vestas Turtle-doue,*
in In my Birds bosome resteth perfect loue.

Vaine Vaine is that blind vnskilfull herauldrie,
that That will not cause my bird that is so rare,
face, Face all the world for her rarietie,
then Then who with her for honor may compare ?
haue Haue we one like her for her pride of beautie,
of Of all the feathered Quier in the aire ?

any Any but unto her do owe their dutie :
other Other may blaze, but I will alwaies say,
grace. Grace whom thou list, she beares the palme away.

8.

What euer fall, I am at call.

What What thunder stormes of enuie shall arise,
euer Euer to thee my heart is durable,
fall, Fall fortunes wheele on me to tyrrannize,
I I will be alwayes found inexorable :
am Am I not then to thee most stable ?
at At morne, midnight, and at mid-dayes funne,
call. Call when thou wilt, my deare, to thee Ile runne.

9.

*I had rather loue, though in vaine that face,
 Then haue of any other grace,*

I I now do with my loue should be releiued,
had Had I my thoughts in compasse of my will,
rather Rather than liue and surfeit being griued,
loue Loue in my breast doth wondrous things fulfill,
though Though loues vnkindnesse many men do kill,
in In her I trust, that is my true sworne louer,
vaine Vaine he doth write that doth her vertues smother.

that That she is faire, *Nature* her selfe alloweth,
face, Face full of beauty, eyes resembling fire,
then Then my pure hart to loue thy hart still voweth,
haue Haue me in fauour for my good desire,
of Of holy loue, Loues Temple to aspire ;
any Any but thee my thoughts will nere require,
other Other sweet motions now I will conceale
grace. Grace these rude lines that my hearts thoughts reueale.

10. *Dif-*

10.

Disgrace not me, in louing thee.

Disgrace Disgrace be banisht from thy heauenly brow,
not Not entertained of thy piercing eie,
me Me thy sweete lippes, a sweet touch will allow,
in In thy faire bosome would I alwayes lie,
louing Louing in such a downe-bed to be placed,
thee. Thee for to please, my selfe for euer graced.

11.

*I had rather loue though in vaine that face,
 Then haue of any other grace.*

I I liue enricht with gifts of great content,
had Had my desires the guerdon of good will,
rather Rather then taste of Fortunes fickle bent,
loue Loue bids me die, and scorne her witleffe skill,
though Though Loue command, Despaire doth stil attend,
in In hazard proues oft times but doubtfull end.
vaine Vaine is the loue encountred with denayes,
that That yeelds but grieve, where grace should rather grow,
face, Face full of furie, voide of curteous praise :
then Then since all loue consists of weale and woe,
haue Haue still in mind, that loue deferues the best,
of Of hearts the touchstone, inward motions louing,
any Any that yeelds the fruite of true-loues rest,
other Other I loue vnworthie of commending,
grace. Grac'd with bare beautie, beautie most offending.

12.

My selfe and mine, are alwayes thine.

My My care to haue my blooming Rose not wither,
selfe Selfe-louing Enuie shall it not denie,
and And that base weed thy growth doth seeke to hinder,

V

mine Mine hands shall pull him vp immediatly,
are Are they not enuious monsters in thine eie,
alwayes - Alwayes with vaine occasions to inclose
thine. Thine euer growing beautie, like the Rose?

13.

*The darting of your eies, may heale or wound,
 Let not empiring lookes my heart confound.*

The The ey-bals in your head are *Cupids* fire,
darting Darting such hot sparkles at my breſt,
of Of force I am enthrald, and do deſire
your Your gracious loue, to make me happie bleſt :
eyes Eyes, lippes, and tongue haue cauſed my vnreſt,
may May I vnto the height of grace aſpire,
heale Heale my ſicke heart with loues great grieſe oppreſt,
or Or if to fire thou wilt not yeeld ſuch fuell,
wound. Wound me to death, and ſo be counted cruell.

Let Let the wide ope-mouth'd world ſlaunder the guiltie,
not Not my dead *Phoenix*, that doth ſcorne ſuch ſhame,
empiring Empiring honor blots ſuch infamie,
lookes Lookes dart away the blemiſh of that name ;
my My thoughts prognosticate thy Ladies pittie :
heart Hearts-eaſe to thee, this counſell will I giue,
confound Confound thy foes, but let true louers liue.

14.

You are my ioy, be not ſo coy.

You You beſt belou'd, you honor of delight,
are Are the bright ſhining Starre that I adore,
my My eyes like Watchmen gaze within the night,

Ioy

ioy, Ioy fils my heart when you do shine before,
be not Be not disgrasue to thy friend therefore :
too Too glorious are thy lookes to entertaine
coy. Coy thoughts, fell peeuishe deeds, our base disdaine.

15.

For you I die, being absent from mine eye.

For For all the holy rites that *Venus* vsfeth,
you You I coniure to true obedience :
I I offer faith, which no kind hart refuseth,
die, Die periur'd Eneuie for thy late offence,
being Being enamored of rich Beauties pride,
absent Absent, I freeze in Winters pining cold,
from From thee I sit, as if thou hadst denide,
my My loue-sicke passions twentie times retold :
eye. Eye-dazling Mistris, with a looke of pittie,
 Grace my sad Song, and my hearts pining Dittie.

16.

Send me your heart, to ease my smart.

Send Send but a glaunce of amours from thine eie,
me Me will it rauish with exceeding pleasure,
your Your eye-bals do enwrap my destinie,
heart Heart sicke with sorrow, sorrow out of measure,
to To thinke vpon my loues continuall folly :
ease Ease thou my paine from pitties golden treasure ;
my My grieve proceeds from thee, and I suppose
smart. Smart of my smart will my lifes blood inclose.

17.

Seeing you haue mine, let me haue thine.

Seeing Seeing my passions are so penetrable,
you You of all other should be pittifull,
haue Haue mind of me, and you'le be fauourable,

V 2

mine Mine hart doth tell me you are mercifull,
 let Let my harts loue be alwayes violable,
 me Me haue you found in all things dutifull,
 haue Haue me in fauour, and thy selfe shalt see,
 thine. Thine and none others, will I all wayes be.

18.

Within thy brest, my hart doth rest.

Within Within the circuit of a Chrifall spheare,
 thy Thy eyes are plaft, and vnderneath those eyes,
 brest, Brest of hard flint, eares that do scorne to heare
 my My dayes sad gronings, and night waking cries,
 hart Hart fore sicke passions, and Loues agonies,
 doth Doth it become thy beauty? no, a staine
 rest. Rests on thy bright brow wrinckled with disdaine.

19.

O let me heare, from thee my deare.

O O tongue thou hast blasphem'd thy holy Goddesse,
 let Let me do penance for offending thee,
 me Me do thou blame for my forgetfulnesse :
 heare, Heare my submission, thou wilt succor me :
 from From thy harts closet commeth gentlenesse :
 thee Thee hath the world admir'd for clemency,
 my My hart is forrie, and Ile bite my tongue,
 deare. Deare that to thee, to thee I offred wrong.

20.

My Phœnix rare, is all my care.

My My life, my hart, my thoughts, I dedicate,
 Phœnix Phœnix to thee, Phœnix of all beauty,
 rare, Rare things in hart of thee I meditate,
 is Is it not time, I come to shew my duty?
 all All fauours vnto thee I consecrate,

My

my My goods, my lands, my felfe, and all is thine,
care. Care those that lift, so thou faire bird be mine.

21.

I would I might, be thy delight.

I I wish for things, would they might take effect,
would Would they might end, and we enioy our pleasure,
I I vow I would not proffred time neglect,
might, Might I but gather such vnlook't for treasure,
be Be all things enuious I would the respect,
thy Thy fauours in my hart I do enroule,
delight. Delight matcht with delight, doth me controule.

22.

If I you haue, none else I craue.

If If adoration euer were created,
I I am a Maister of that holy Art,
you You my aduotrix, whom I haue admired,
haue, Haue of my true deuotion bore a part :
none None but your felfe may here be nominated,
else Else would my tongue my true obedience thwart :
I I cannot flatter, Loue will not allow it,
craue. Craue thou my hart, on thee I will bestow it.

23.

Be you to me, as I to thee.

Be Bee the poore Bee, sucke hony from the flower,
you You have a spacious odoriferous field,
to To tast all moyfture, where in sweet *Floras* bower,
me, Me shall you find submissiue to yeeld,
as As a poore Captiue looking for the hower ;
I I may haue gracious lookes, else am I kild,
to To dye by you were life, and yet thy shame,
thee. Thee would the wide world hate, my folly blame.

V 3

24

You are the first, in whom I trust.

You You in your bosome hauing plac'd a light,
are Are the chiefe admirall vnto my Fleet,
the The Lanthorne for to guide me in the night,
first, First to the shore, where I may set my feet
in In safegard, void of Dangers cruell spight,
whom Whom in disgrace Loue and fel Enuie meet,
I I muster vp my spirits, and they flie ;
trust. Trust of thy faith controules mineemie.

25.

You are the last my loue shall taste.

You You standing on the tower of hope and feare,
are Are timorous of selfe-will foolishnesse,
the The onely Viper that doth loue-laies teare,
last, Last can it not, tis womans peeuishnesse,
my My kind affections can it not forbear,
loue Loue tells me that tis bred in idlenesse,
shall Shall such occasion hinder thee or me ?
taste. Taste first the fruit, and then commend the tree.

26.

If you I had, I should be glad.

If If the Sunne shine, the haruest man is glad,
you You are my Sunne, my dayes delightfome Queene,
I I am your haruest laborer almost mad,
had, Had I not my glorious commet seene,
I I wish that I might sit within thy shade,
should Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade :
be Be not *Narcissus*, but be alwaies kind,
glad. Glad to obtain the thing thou neare couldst find.

27.

Thou

Though place be far, my heart is nar.

Though Though thou my Doue from me be separated,
place Place, nor the distance shall not hinder me,
be Be constant for a while, thou maist be thwarted,
far, Far am I not, Ile come to succour thee.
my My heart and thine, my sweet shall nere be parted,
heart Heart made of loue, and true simplicitie :
is Is not Loue lawlesse, full of powerfull might,
nar. Nar to my heart that still with Loue doth fight.

28.

My thoughts are dead, cause thou art sped.

My My inward *Muse* can sing of nought but Loue,
thoughts Thoughts are his Heralds, flying to my breast
are Are entertained, if they thence remoue,
dead, Dead shall their master be, and in vnrest ;
cause Cause all the world thy hatred to reprove,
thou Thou art that All-in-all that I loue best :
art Art thou then cruell ? no thou canst not be
sped. Sped with so foule a fiend as Crueltie.

29.

I send my heart to thee, where gladly I would be.

I I of all other am faire *Venus* thrall,
send Send me but pleasant glances of thine eie,
my My foule will leape with ioy and dance withall,
heart Heart of my heart, and foules felicitie :
to To beauties Queene my heart is sanctified,
thee. Thee aboue all things haue I deified.

Where Where is Affections ? fled to Enui's caue ?
gladly Gladlie my Thoughts would beare her companie,
I I from foule bondage will my *Phoenix* saue,

would Would she in loue requite my courtesie,
be. Be louing as thou art faire, else shall I sing,
 Thy beautie a poïsnous bitter thing.

30.

*If you me iust haue knowne,
 Then take me for your owne.*

If If you be faire, why should you be vnkind?
you You haue no perfect reason for the same,
me Me thinkes it were your glorie for to find
iust Iust measure at my hands, but you to blame
haue Haue from the deepest closet of your heart,
known, Knowne my pure thoughts, and yet I pine in smart.

Then Then in the deepest measure of pure loue,
take Take pittie on the sad sicke pining soule,
me Me may you count your vnknowne *Turtle-Doue*,
for For in my bosomes chamber, I enroule
your Your deepe loue-darting eie, and still will be
owne. Owne of your owne, despight extremitie.

31.

My heart I send, to be your friend.

My My deare foules comfort, and my hopes true solace,
heart Heart of my heart, and my liues secret ioy,
I I in conceit do thy sweete selfe embrace,
send, Send cloudie exhalations cleane away
to To the blind mistie North, there for to stay:
be Be thou my arbour, and my dwelling place,
your Your armes the circling folds that shall enclose me,
friend. Friend me with this, and thou shalt neuer lose me.

32.

I haue no loue, but you my doue.

I

I I pine in sadnesse, and in sad songs singing
haue Haue spent my time, my ditties harsh and ill,
no No fight but thy faire sight would I be seeing :
loue Loue in my bosome keepes his castle still,
but But being disseuered I sit alwayes pining,
you You do procure me *Niobes* cup to fill,
my My dutie yet remembred I dare proue,
doue. Doues haue no power for to exchange their Loue.

34

I will not change, though some be strange.

I I cannot stir one foote from *Venus* gate,
will Will you come sit, and beare me company ?
not Not one but you can make me fortunate :
change Change when thou wilt, it is but cruelty,
though Though vnto women it is giuen by fate,
some Some gentle minds these ranging thoughts do hate :
be Be thou of that mind, else I will conclude,
strange. Strange hast thou alter'd Loue, to be so rude.

Thoughts keepe me waking.

Thoughts Thoughts like the ayrie puffing of the wind,
keepe Keepe a sweet faining in my Loue-sicke brest,
me Me still assuring that thou art most kind,
waking. Waking in pleasure, sleeping fure in rest :
 That no sleepes dreamings, nor no waking cries,
 To our sweet louing thoughts, sweet rest denies.

Seeing that my heart made choise of thee,
Then frame thy selfe to comfort me.

Seeing Seeing Loue is pleas'd with Loues enamor'd ioyes,
that That Fortune cannot crosse sweet *Cupids* will,

X

my My Loues content, not with fond wanton toyes :
heart Hart of my hart doth Loues vnkindnesse kill,
made Made by fond tongues vpbraiding hurtfull skill :
choise Choise now is fram'd to further all annoyés :
of Of all sweete thoughts, of all sweete happie rest,
thee, Thee have I chose, to make me three times blest.

Then Then let our holy true aspiring loue,
frame Frame vs the sweetest musicke of Desire :
thy Thy words shall make true concord, and remoue
selfe Selfe-will it selfe, for *Venus* doth require
to To be acquainted with thy beauties fire :
comfort Comfort my heart, for comfort tels me this,
me. Me hast thou chose of all to be thy blisse.

*My heart is bound to fauour thee,
 Then yeeld in time to pittie me.*

My My *Phoenix* hath two starre-resembling Eyes,
heart Heart full of pittie, and her smiling looke,
is Is of the Sunnes complexion, and replies,
bound Bound for performance by faire *Venus* booke
to To faithfulnessse, which from her nurse she tooke :
fauour Fauour in her doth spring, in vertuous praise,
thee, Thee Eloquence it selfe shall seeke to raife.

Then Then in performance of this gracious right,
yeeld Yeeld vp that piteous heart to be my Louer,
in In recompence how I haue lou'd thy sight,
time Time shall from time to time to thee discouer :
to To thee is giuen the power of *Cupids* might,
pittie Pittie is writ in gold vpon thy hart,

Me

me. Me promising to cure a curelesse smart.

I ioy to find a constant mind.

I I am encompass round about with ioy,
ioy Ioy to enioy my sweete, for she protesteth
to To comfort me that languish in annoy,
find Find ease if any sorrow me molesteth,
a A happie man that such a loue possesseth:
constant Constant in words, and alwayes vowes to loue me,
mind. Mind me she will, but yet she dares not proue me.

*My heart by hope doth liue,
 Desire no ioy doth giue.*

My My loue and dearest life to thee I consecrate,
heart Heart of my hearts deare treasure, for I striue
by By thy deuinenesse too deuine to nominate,
hope Hope of approued faith in me must thriue:
doth Doth not the God of Loue that's most deuine,
liue. Liue in thy bosomes closet and in mine?

Desire Desire to that vnspcakable delight,
no No sharpe conceited wit can nere set downe,
ioy Ioy in the world to worldly mens ey-sight,
doth Doth but ignoble thy imperiall crowne:
giue. Giue thou the onfet and the foe will flie,
 Amazed at thy great commanding beautie.

*Death shall take my life away,
 Before my friendship shall decay.*

Death Death that heart-wounding Lord, sweet louers foe,
shall Shall lay his Ebone darts at thy faire feete,

X 2

take Take them into thy hand and worke my woe,
my My woe that thy minds anguish will regret :
life Life, hart, ioy, greeting and all my pleasure,
away. Away are gone and fled from my deare treasure.

Before Before one staine shal blot thy scarlet die,
my My bloud shal like a fountaine wash the place,
friendship Friendship it selfe knit with mortality,
shall Shall thy immortal blemish quite disgrace :
decay. Decay shal all the world, my Loue in thee
 Shall liue vnstain'd vntoucht perpetually

*Let truth report what hart I beare,
 To her that is my dearest deare.*

Let Let not foule pale-fac'd Enuy be my foe,
truth Truth must declare my spotlesse loyalty,
report Report vnto the world shal plainly show
what What hart deare Loue I alwayes bore to thee,
heart Hart fram'd of perfect Loues sincerity :
I I cannot flatter, this I plainly say,
beare, Beare with false words, ile beare the blame away.

To To change in loue is a base simple thing,
her Her name will be orestain'd with periury,
that That doth delight in nothing but dissembling ?
is Is it not shame so for to wrong faire beauty,
my My true approued tounge must answer I
dearest Dearest beware of this, and learne of me,
deare. Deare is that Loue combin'd with Chastity.

Seene hath the eye, chosen hath the hart :

Firme

Firme is the faith, and loth to depart.

Seene Seene in all learned arts is my beloued,
hath Hath anie one so faire a Loue as I?
the The stony-hearted sauage hath she moued,
cie, Eye for her eye tempts blushing chastitie,
chosen Chosen to make their nine a perfect ten,
hath Hath the sweet *Muses* honored her agen.

The The bright-ey'd wandring world doth alwaies seeke,
heart, Heart-curing comfort doth proceed from thee,
firme Firme trust, pure thoughts, a mind that's alwayes meeke,
is Is the true Badge of my loues Soueraigntie :
the The honor of our age, the onely faire,
faith, Faiths mistris, and Truths deare adopted heire.

And And those that do behold thy heauenly beautie,
loth Loth to forsake thee, spoile themselues with gazing,
to To thee all humane knees proffer their dutie,
depart. Depart they will not but with fad amazing :
 To dimme their ey-fight looking gainst the funne,
 Whose hot reflecting beames will neare be donne.

*No woe so great in loue, not being heard,**No plague so great in loue, being long deferd.*

No No tongue can tell the world my hearts deepe anguish,
woe Woe, and the minds great perturbation
so So trouble me, that day and night I languish,
great Great cares in loue seeke my destruction :
in In all things gracious, sauing onely this,
loue. Loue is my foe, that I account my blisse.

X 3

Not Not all the world could profer me disgrace,
being Being maintained fairest faire by thee,
hard, Hard-fortune shall thy seruant nere outface,
no No stormes of Discord should discomfort me :
plague Plague all the world with frownes my *Turtle-Doue,*
so So that thou smile on me and be my loue.

great Great Mistris, matchlesse in thy foueraigntie,
in In lue and recompence of my affection,
loue Loue me againe, this do I beg of thee,
being Being bound by *Cupids* kind direction :
long Long haue I fu'd for grace, yet stil I find,
deferd. Deferd I am by her that's most vnkind.

*And if my loue shall be releu'd by thee,
 My heart is thine, and so account of me.*

And And yet a stedfast hope maintaines my hart,
if If anie fauour fauourably proceede
my My deare from thee, the curer of my smart,
loue Loue that easeth minds opprest with neede,
shal be Shall be the true Phisition of my grieve,
releu'd Releu'd alone by thee that yeeld'ft reliefe.

by By all the holy rites that Loue adoreth,
thee, Thee haue I lou'd aboue the loue of any,
My My heart in truth thee alwayes fauoureth,
heart Heart freed from any one, then freed from many :
is Is it not bafe to change ? yea so they say,
thine Thine owne confession loue denies delay.

and And by the high imperiall seate of *Ioue,*
so So am I forc'd by *Cupid* for to sweare,
account Account I must of thee my *Turtle-doue,*

Of

of Of thee that Times long memorie shall outweare :
me. Me by thy stedfast truth and faith denying,
 To promise any hope on thee relying.

*My passions are a hell and death to me,
 Vnlesse you feele remorse and pitie me.*

My My sweetest thoughts sweet loue to thee I send,
passions Passions deeply ingrafted, vnremouable
are Are my affections, and I must commend
a A stedfast trust in thee most admirable :
hell Hell round enwraps my bodie by disdaine,
and And then a heauen if thou loue againe.

death Death haunts me at the heeles, yet is affraid,
to To touch my bosome, knowing thou lou'ft me,
me, Me sometimes terrifying by him betraid,
vnlesse Vnlesse sweete helpfull succour come from thee :
you You well I know, the honor of mine eie,
feele Feele some remorsefull helpe in miserie.

remorse Remorse sits on thy brow triumphantly,
and And smiles vpon my face with gentle cheere ;
pittie Pittie, loues gracious mother dwels in thee,
me. Me fauouring, abandoning base feare,
 Death is amazed, viewing of thy beautie,
 Thinking thy selfe perfect eternitie.

*My purest loue doth none but thee adore,
 My heartie thoughts are thine, I loue no more.*

My My comfortable sweete approued Mistris,
purest Purest of all the pure that nature framed,
loue Loue in the height of all our happinesse,

doth Doth tell me that thy vertues are not named :
none None can giue forth thy constancie approued,
but But I that tride thy faith, my best beloued.

Thee Thee in the temple of faire *Venus* shrine
adore, Adore I must, and kneele vpon my knee,
my My fortunes tell me plaine that thou art mine,
heartie Heartie in kindnesse, yeelding vnto me :
thoughts Thoughts the much-great disturbers of our rest
are Are fled, and lodge in some vnquiet brest.

Thine Thine euer vnremou'd and still kept word,
I I pondred oftentimes within my mind :
loue Loue told me that thou neuer wouldst afford,
none None other grace but that which I did find,
more. More comfortable did this sound in mine eare,
 Then sweet releasement to a man in feare.

I do resolute to loue no loue but thee,
Therefore be kind, and fauour none but me.

I I sometime sitting by my selfe alone,
do Do meditate of things that are ensuing,
resolute Resolute I do that thou must end my mone,
to To strengthen Loue if loue should be declining.
loue Loue in thy bosome dwels, and tells me still,
no No enuious stormes shall thwart affections will.

Loue Loue hath amaz'd the world, plac'd in thy brow,
but But yet flauish disdaine seekes for to crosse
thee Thee and my selfe, that haue combin'd our vow,
therefore Therefore that monster cannot worke our losse :

Be

be Be all the winds of Anger bent to rage,
kind. Kind shalt thou find me, thus my hart I gage.

and And from my faith that's vnremoueable,
fauour Fauour be seated in thy maiden eie,
none None can receiue it loue more acceptable
but But I my felfe, waiting thy pittying mercie :
me. Me hast thou made the substance of delight,
 By thy faire funne-refembling heavenly fight.

Ah quoth she, but where is true Loue?
Where quoth he? where you and I loue.
I quoth she, were thine like my loue.
Why quoth he, as you loue I loue.

Ah Ah thou imperious high commaunding Lord,
quoth (Quoth he) to *Cupid* gentle god of Loue,
[/]he, He that I honor most will not accord,
but But striues against thy Iustice from aboue,
where Where I haue promist faith, my plighted word
is Is quite refused with a bafe reproue :
true True louing honour this I onely will thee,
loue? Loue thy true loue, or else false loue will kill me.

Where Where shall I find a heart that's free from guile ?
quoth Quoth Faithfulnesse, within my louers brest.
he, He at these pleasing words began to smile,
where Where Anguish wrapt his thoughts in much vnrest :
you You did with pretie tales the time beguile,
and And made him in conceited pleasure blest,
I I grac'd the words spoke with so sweet a tong,
loue, Loue being the holy burden of your song.

Y

I I grac'd your song of Loue, but by the way,
quoth (Quoth true Experience,) sit and you shall see,
she She will enchaunt you with her heauenly lay :
were Were you fram'd all of heauenly Pollicie,
thine Thine eares should drinke the poison of Delay,
like Like as I said, so did it proue to be,
my My Mistris beautie grac'd my Mistris song,
loue. Loue pleas'd more with her Eyes than with her Tong.

Why Why then in deepenesse of sweete Loues delight,
quoth Quoth she, the perfect Mistris of Desire,
he He that I honor most bard from my sight,
as As a bright Lampe kindles Affections fire :
you You Magicke operations worke your spight,
loue Loue to the mountaine top of will aspires :
I I challenge all in all, and this I sing,
loue. Loue is a holy Saint, a Lord, a King.

Ah Loue, where is thy faith in sweete loue?
Why loue where hearts conioyne in true loue :
Why then my heart hopes of thy Loues loue,
Else let my heart be plagu'd with false loue.

Why art thou strange to me my Deare?
Not strange when as I loue my deare :
But thou esteem'st not of thy deare.
Yes when I know my dearest deare.

Why is my Loue so false to me?
My loue is thine if thou lou'st me :
Thee I loue, else none contents me.

If

If thou lou'st me, it not repents me.

Ah quoth he, wher's faith in sweete loue ?

Why quoth she, conioynd in true loue.

Ah quoth he, I hope of thy loue :

Else quoth she, Ile die a false loue.

Ah my Deare, why dost thou kill me ?

No my deare, Loue doth not will me.

Then in thine armes thou shalt enfould me.

I, my deare, there thou shalt hold me :

And holding me betweene thine armes,

I shall embrace sweete Louers Charmes.

Though death from life my bodie part,

Yet neare the lesse keepe thou my hart.

<i>Though death from life my bodie part,</i>	Though some men are inconstant, fond, and fickle, Deaths ashie count'nance shall not alter me : From glasse they take their substance being brittle, Life, Heart, and Hand shall awaies fauour thee, My Pen shall write thy vertues registrie, Bodie conioyn'd with bodie, free from strife, Part not in sunder till we part our life.
--	--

<i>Yet nere the lesse keepe thou</i>	Yet my foules life to my deare lifes concluding, Nere let Abfurditie that villaine, theefe, The monfter of our time, mens praife deriding, Lesse in perfeuerance, of small knowledge chiefe, Keep the bafe Gate to things that are excellling, Thou by faire vertues praife maift yeeld reliefe,
--	---

Y 2

my My lines are thine, then tell Absurditie,
heart. Hart of my deare, shall blot his villainie.

Where hearts agree, no strife can be.

Where Where faithfulnessse vnites it selfe with loue,
hearts Hearts pin'd with sorrow cannot disagree :
agree, Agree they must of force, for from aboue
no No wind oppressing mischief may we see :
strife Strife is quite banisht from our companie.
can Can I be sad ? no, Pleasure bids me sing,
be. Be blessed, for sweete Loue's a happie thing.

*Thy vowes my loue and heart hath wonne,
Till thy vntruth hath it vndonne.*

Thy Thy true unspeakable fidelitie,
vowes Vowes made to *Cupid* and his faire-fac'd mother,
my My thoughts haue wonne to vertuous chastitie :
loue Loue thee alone I will, and loue none other,
and And if thou find not my loues secrecie,
heart Heart fauouring thee, then do thou Fancie smother.
hath Hath all the world such a true Bird as I,
wonne, Wonne to this fauour by my constancie ?

Till Till that leane fleshles cripple, pale-fac'd Death,
thy Thy louely Doue shall pierce with his fell dart,
vntruth Vntruth in my faire bosome nere takes breath :
hath Hath any loue such a firme constant heart ?
it It is thine owne, vnlesse thou keepe it still
vndonne. Vndone shall I be, cleane against my will.

Time

Time shall tell thee, how well I loue thee,

Time Time the true proportioner of things,
shall Shall in the end shew my affection,
tell Tell thee from whence all these my passions spring,
thee, Thee honoring that of loue haue made election :
how How often I haue made my offerings,
well Well knowne to *Venus* and her louely sonne,
I I to the wide world shall my passions runne :
loue Loue is a Lord of hearts, a great Commander,
thee. Thee chalenging to be my chiefe defender.

Most deuine and sacred,

Haue I found your loue vnspotted.

Most Most reuerend Mistris honor of mine eie,
deuine Deuine, most holy in religious loue,
and And Lord itselfe of my hearts emperie,
sacred Sacred in thoughts admitted from aboue,
haue Haue in remembrance what affection willeth :
I I it reuiues the mind, and the mind killeth.
found Found haue I written in your skie-like brow,
your Your neuer ceasing kind humilitie,
loue Loue for your sake to me hath made a vow,
vnspotted Vnspotted shall I find your constancie,
 And without staine, to thy pure stainlesse beautie,
 Shall my hearts bosome offer vp his dutie.

The want of thee is death to me.

The The day shall be all night, and night all day
want Want of the Sunne and Moone to giue vs light,

Y 3

of Of a blacke darknesse, before thy loue will stay
thee Thee from thy pleasure of thy hearts delight.
is Is not Affection nurse to long Delay ?
death Deaths Messenger, that barres me from thy fight ?
to To be in absence, is to burne in fire,
me. Me round enwrapping with hot Loues desire.

I loue to be beloued.

I I do acknowledge of all constant pure,
loue Loue is my true thoughts herralde, and Ile sing
to To be of thy thoughts closet, firme and sure,
be Be the world still thy vertues deifying :
beloued. Beloued of the most, yet most of many,
 Affirme my deare, thou art beloued of any.

I scorne if I be scorned.

I I being not belou'd by my affection,
scorne Scorne within my thoughts such bad disgrace,
if If thou of me do make thy firme election,
I I to none other loue will giue my place :
be Be thou my Saint, my bosomes Lord to proue,
scorned. Scorned of all, Ile be thy truest loue.

The heart's in paine, that loues in vaine.

The The grieve poore louers feeble being not beloued,
heart's Hearts anguish, and sad lookes may testifie :
in In night they sleepe not, and in day perplexed,
paine, Paine of this sorrow makes them melancholy,

That

that That in disdaine their silly minds are vexed,
loues Loues terror is so sharpe, so strong, so mightie,
in In all things vnresistable, being aliue,
vaine. Vaine he resists that gainst loues force doth striue.

*What greater ioy can be then this,
 Where loue enioys each louers wish?*

What What may we count the world if loue were dead?
greater Greater in woe, then woe it selfe can be,
ioy Ioy from mans secret bosome being fled,
can Cannot but kill the heart immediatly,
be Because by ioy the heart is nourished :
then Then entertaine sweete loue within thy brest,
this, This motion in the end will make thee blest.

Where Where two harts are vnited all in one,
loue Loue like a King, a Lord, a Soueraigne,
enioyes Enioyes the throne of blisse to sit vpon,
each Each fad heart crauing aid, by *Cupid* flaine :
louers Louers be merrie, Loue being dignified,
wish. With what you will, it shall not be denied.

Finis. quoth R. Chester.

HEREAFTER FOLLOVV DIVERSE

Poeticall Effaies on the former Sub-
iect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phoenix*.

*Done by the best and chieftest of our
moderne writers, with their names sub-
scribed to their particular workes :
neuer before extant.*

And (now first) consecrated by them all generally,
to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight,
Sir Iohn Salisburie.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.



Anchora Spei.

MDCI.

INVOCATIO,

Ad Apollinem & Pierides.

G Ood Fate, faire *Theſpian Deities*,
 And thou bright God, whoſe golden Eies,
 Serue as a Mirrour to the ſiluer Morne,
 When (in the height of Grace) ſhe doth adorne
 Her Chryſtall preſence, and inuites
 The euer-youthfull *Bromius* to delights,
 Sprinckling his ſute of *Vert* with Pearle,
 And (like a loofe enamour'd Girle)
 Ingles his cheeke ; which (waxing red with ſhame)
 Inſtincts the ſenſleſſe Grapes to do the ſame,
 Till by his ſweete reflection fed,
 They gather ſpirit, and grow diſcoloured.

To your high influence we commend
 Our following Labours, and ſuſtend
 Our mutuall palmes, prepar'd to gratulate
 An *honorable friend* : then propagate
 With your illuſtrate faculties
 Our mentall powers : Inſtruct vs how to riſe
 In weighty Numbers, well purſu'd,
 And varied from the Multitude :
 Be lauiſh once, and plenteouſly profuſe
 Your holy waters, to our thirſtie *Muſe*,
 That we may giue a Round to him
 In a *Caſtalian* boule, crown'd to the brim.

Vatum Chorus.

Z 2

To the worthily honor'd Knight
Sir Iohn Salisburie.

Noblest of minds, here do the Muses bring
Vnto your safer iudgements tast,
Pure iuice that flow'd from the Pierian springs,
Not filch'd, nor borrow'd, but exhaust
By the flame-hair'd Apollos hand:
And at his well-observ'd command,
For you infusde in our retentive braine,
Is now distild thence, through our quilles againe.

Value our verse, as you approue the worth;
And thinke of what they are create,
No Mercenarie hope did bring them forth,
They tread not in that seruile Gate;
But a true Zeale, borne in our spirites,
Responfible to your high Merites,
And an Inuention, freer then the Times,
These were the Parents to our senerall Rimes,
Wherein Kind, Learned, Enuious, al may view,
That we haue writ worthy our selues and you.

Vatum Chorus.





The first.

THe filuer Vault of heauen, hath but one Eie,
 And that's the Sunne: the foule-maskt Ladie, Night
 (Which blots the Cloudes, the white Booke of the Skie,)
 But one sicke *Phæbe*, feuer-shaking Light:
 The heart, one string: so, thus in single turnes,
 The world one *Phænix*, till another burnes.

The burning.

SVppose here burnes this wonder of a breath,
 In righteous flames, and holy-heated fires:
 (Like Muficke which doth rapt it selfe to death,
 Sweet'ning the inward roome of mans Defires;)
 So she waft's both her wings in piteous strife;
 "The flame that eates her, feedes the others life:
 Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-liue vrne:
 "One *Phænix* borne, another *Phænix* burne.
Ignoto.

Z 3



Let the bird of lowdest lay,
 On the sole *Arabian* tree,
 Herauld sad and trumpet be :
 To whose sound chaste wings obay.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
 Foule precurrer of the fiend,
 Augour of the feuers end,
 To this troupe come thou not neere.

From this Session interdict
 Euery foule of tyrant wing;
 Saue the Eagle feath' red King,
 Keepe the obsequie so strict.

Let the Priest in Surples white,
 That defunctiue Musicke can,
 Be the death-deuining Swan,
 Left the *Requiem* lacke his right.

And thou treble dated Crow,
 That thy fable gender mak'ft.
 With the breath thou giu'ft and tak'ft,
 Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the Antheme doth commence,
 Loue and Constancie is dead,
Phoenix and the *Turtle* fled,
 In a mutuall flame from hence.

So they loued as loue in twaine,
 Had the effence but in one,

Two

Two distincts, Diuision none,
Number there in loue was flaine.

Hearts remote, yet not afunder ;
Distance and no space was seene,
Twixt this *Turtle* and his Queene ;
But in them it were a wonder.

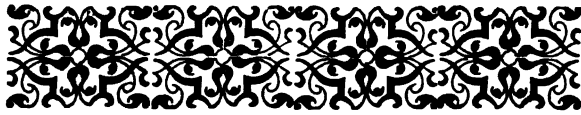
So betweene them Loue did shine,
That the *Turtle* saw his right,
Flaming in the *Phoenix* fight ;
Either was the others mine.

Propertie was thus appalled,
That the selfe was not the same :
Single Natures double name,
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason in itself confounded,
Saw Diuision grow together,
To themfelues yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded.

That it cried, how true a twaine,
Seemeth this concordant one,
Loue hath Reason, Reason none,
If what parts, can so remaine.

Whereupon it made this *Threne*,
To the *Phoenix* and the *Doue*,
Co-supremes and starres of Loue,
As *Chorus* to their Tragique Scene.



Threnos.

BEautie, Truth, and Raritie,
 Grace in all simplicitie,
 Here enclosde, in cinders lie.

Death is now the *Phœnix* nest,
 And the *Turtles* loyall brest,
 To eternitie doth rest.

Leauing no posteritie,
 Twas not their infirmitie,
 It was married Chastitie.

Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
 Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
 Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vrne let those repaire,
 That are either true or faire,
 For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer.

William Shake-speare.



*A narration and description of a
most exact wondrous creature, arising
out of the Phœnix and Turtle
Doves ashes.*

O Twas a mouing *Epicidium* !
Can Fire ? can Time ? can blackest Fate consume
So rare creation ? No ; tis thwart to fence,
Corruption quakes to touch such excellence,
Nature exclames for Iustice, Iustice Fate,
Ought into nought can neuer remigrate.

Then looke ; for see what glorious issue (brighter
Then clearest fire, and beyond faith farre whiter
Then *Dians* tier) now springs from yonder flame ?

Let me stand numb'd with wonder, neuer came
So strong amazement on astonish'd eie
As this, this measurelesse pure Raritie.

Lo now ; th' xtracture of deuineſt *Essence*,
The Soule of heauens labour'd *Quintessence*,
Peans to *Phœbus*) from deare Louers death,
Takes sweete creation and all blessing breath.

What strangeness is't that from the *Turtles* ashes
Assumes such forme ? (whose splendor clearer flashes,
Then mounted *Delius*) tell me genuine Muse.

Now yeeld your aides, you spirites that infuse
A sacred rapture, light my weaker eie :
Raife my inuention on swift Phantasie,
That whilst of this fame *Metaphisicall*
God, Man, nor Woman, but elix'd of all
My labouring thoughts, with strained ardor sing,
My Muse may mount with an vncommon wing.

A a

The description of this Perfection.

DAres then thy too audacious sense
 Perfume, define that boundlesse *Ens*,
 That amplest thought transcendeth?
 O yet vouchsafe my *Muse*, to greete
 That wondrous rarenesse, in whose sweete
 All praise begins and endeth.
 Diuineſt Beautie? that was slightest,
 That adorn'd this wondrous Brightest,
 Which had nought to be corrupted.
 In this, Perfection had no meane
 To this, Earths pureſt was vncleane
 Which vertue euen instructed.
 By it all Beings deck'd and ſtained,
Ideas that are idly fained
 Onely here ſubiſt inueſted.
 Dread not to giue ſtrain'd praise at all,
 No ſpeech is Hyperbolicall,
 To this perfection bleſſed.
 Thus cloſe my Rimes, this all that can be ſayd,
 This wonder neuer can be flattered.

*To Perfection.**A Sonnet.*

OFt haue I gazed with aſtoniſh'd eye,
 At monſtrous iſſues of ill ſhaped birth,
 When I haue ſeene the Midwife to old earth,
Nature produce moſt ſtrange deformitie.

So

So haue I marueld to obserue of late,
 Hard fauor'd Feminines so scant of faire,
 That Maskes so choicely, sheltred of the aire,
 As if their beauties were not theirs by fate.

But who so weake of obseruation,
 Hath not discern'd long since how vertues wanted,
 How parcimoniously the heauens haue scantred,
 Our chiefeft part of adoration.

But now I ceafe to wonder, now I find
 The caufe of all our monftrous penny-showes :
 Now I conceit from whence wits scarc'tie growes,
 Hard fauour'd features, and defects of mind.
 Nature long time hath stor'd vp vertue, faireneffe,
 Shaping the reft as foiles vnto this Rareneffe.

Perfectioni Hymnus.

WHat should I call this creature,
 Which now is growne vnto maturitie ?
 How should I blafe this feature
 As firme and constant as Eternitie ?
 Call it Perfection ? Fie !
 Tis perfecter thẽ brightest names can light it :
 Call it Heauens mirror ? I.
 Alas, best attributes can neuer right it.
 Beauties refistlefse thunder ?
 All nomination is too straight of sence :
 Deepe Contemplations wonder ?
 That appellation giue this excellence.
 Within all best confin'd,
 (Now feeble *Genius* end thy flighter riming)

A a 2

* *Differentia*
Deorum & ho-
minum (apud
Senecam) sic ha-
bet nostri
melior pars a-
nimus in illis
nulla pars ex-
tra animum.

No Suberbes* all is *Mind*,

As farre from spot, as possible defining.

John Marston.

Peristeros : or the male Turtle.

Not like that loose and partie-liuer'd Sect
 Of idle Louers, that (as different Lights,
 On colour'd subiects, different hewes reflect ;)

Change their Affections with their Mistris Sights,
 That with her Praise, or Dispraise, drowne, or flote,
 And must be fed with fresh Conceits, and Fashions ;
 Neuer waxe cold, but die : loue not, but dote :

"Loues fires, staid Iudgemēts blow, not humorous Paf-
 Whose Loues vpon their Louers pomp depend, (sions,
 And quench as fast as her Eyes sparkle twinkles,
 "(Nought lasts that doth to outward worth contend,
 "Al Loue in smooth browes born is tomb'd in wrinkles.)

* *The Turtle.* But like the consecrated *Bird of loue,

* *The Phoenix.* Whose whole lifes hap to his *sole-mate alluded,
 Whome no prowde flockes of other Foules could moue,
 But in her selfe all companie concluded.
 She was to him th' *Analise* World of pleasure,
 Her firmenesse cloth'd him in varietie ;
 Excesse of all things, he ioyd in her measure,
 Mourn'd when she mourn'd, and dieth when she dies.
 Like him I bound th' instinct of all my powres,
 In her that bounds the Empire of desert,
 And Time nor Change (that all things else deuoures,
 But truth eterniz'd in a constant heart)
 Can change me more from her, then her from merit,
 That is my forme, and giues my being, spirit.

George Chapman.

Præ-

Præludium.

W*E must sing too? what Subiect shal we chuse?
Or whose great Name in Poets Heauen vse,
For the more Countenance to our Actiue Muse?*

*Hercules? alas! his bones are yet sore,
With his old earthly Labors; t' exact more
Of his dull Godhead, were Sinne: Lets implore*

*Phœbus? No: Tend thy Cart still. Enuious Day
Shall not giue out, that we haue made thee stay,
And foundred thy hote Teame, to tune our Lay.*

*Nor will we beg of thee, Lord of the Vine,
To raise our spirites with thy coniuring Wine,
In the green circle of thy Iuy twine.*

*Pallas, nor thee we call on, Mankind Maide,
That (at thy birth) mad'st the poore Smith afraide,
Who with his Axe thy Fathers Mid-wife plaide.*

*Go, crampe dull Mars, light Venus, when he snorts,
Or with thy Tribade Trine, inuent new sports,
Thou, nor their loosenesse with our Making sorts.*

*Let the old Boy your sonne ply his old Taske
Turne the stale Prologue to some painted Maske,
His Absence in our Verse is all we aske.*

A a 3

*Hermes the cheater, cannot mixe with vs,
Though he would steale his sisters' Pegafus,
And rifle him ; or pawne his Petafus.*

*Nor all the Ladies of the Thespian Lake,
(Though they were crusht into one forme) could make
A Beauty of that Merit, that should take*

*Our Muse vp by Commiffion : No, we bring
Our owne true Fire ; Now our Thought takes wing
And now an Epode to deep eares we sing.*

Epods.

“ **N**Ot to know *Vice* at all, and keepe true state,
“ Is *Vertue* ; and not Fate :
“ Next to that *Vertue*, is, to know *Vice* well,
“ And her blacke spight expell.
Which to effect (since no brest is so sure,
Or safe, but shee'l procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of *Thoughts*, to watch and ward
At th' *Eye* and *Eare*, (the *Ports* vnto the *Mind* ;)
That no strange or vnkind
Obiect arriue there, but the *Heart* (our spie)
Giue knowledge instantly.
To wakefull *Reason*, our *Affections* King :
Who (in th' examining)
Will quickly taste the *Treason*, and commit

Clofe

Clofe, the clofe caufe of it.
 "Tis the feureft Pollicie we haue,
 "To make our *Sense* our Slaue.
 But this fair courfe is not embrac'd by many ;
 By many ? fcarce by any :
 For either our *Affections* do rebell,
 Or elfe the *Sentinell*,
 (That fhall ring larum to the *Heart*) doth sleepe,
 Or fome great *Thought* doth keepe
 Backe the Intelligence, and falſely ſweares
 They'r baſe, and idle Feares,
 Whereof the loyall *Conſcience* fo complains.
 Thus by theſe ſubtill traines,
 Do ſeuerall *Paſſions* ſtill inuade the *Mind*,
 And ſtrike our *Reason* blind :
 Of which vſurping ranke, ſome haue thought *Loue*,
 The firſt ; as prone to moue
 Moſt frequent Tumults, Horrors, and Vnreſts,
 In our enflamed breſts.
 But this doth from their cloud of Error grow,
 Which thus we ouerblow.
 The thing they here call *Loue*, is blind *Deſire*,
 Arm'd with *Bow*, *Shafts*, and *Fire* ;
 Inconſtant like the Sea, of whence 'tis borne,
 Rough, ſwelling, like a Storme :
 With whome who failes, rides on the ſurge of *Feare*,
 And boiles as if he were
 In a continuall Tempeſt. Now true *Loue*
 No ſuch effects doth proue :
 That is an *Eſſence* moſt gentile, and fine.
 Pure, perfect ; nay diuine :
 It is a golden Chaîne let down from Heauen,

Whose linkes are bright, and euen
 That fals like Sleepe on Louers ; and combines
 The soft and sweetest *Minds*
 In equal knots : This beares no *Brands* nor *Darts*
 To murder different harts,
 But in a calme and God-like vnitie,
 Preferues *Communitie*.
 O who is he that (in this peace) enioyes
 Th' *Elixir* of all ioyes ?
 (A Forme more fresh then are the *Eden* bowers,
 And lasting as her flowers :
 Richer then *Time*, and as *Times Vertue* rare,
 Sober, as saddest *Care*,
 A fixed *Thought*, an *Eye* vntaught to glance ;)
 Who (blest with such high chance)
 Would at suggestion of a steepe *Desire*
 Cast himselfe from the spire
 Of all his Happinesse ? But soft : I heare
 Some vicious *Foole* draw neare,
 That cries we dreame ; and sweares, there's no such thing
 As this chaste *Loue* we sing.
 Peace *Luxurie*, thou art like one of those
 Who (being at sea) suppose
 Because they moue, the *Continent* doth so :
 No (*Vice*) we let thee know,
 Though thy wild Thoughts with *Sparrowes* wings do flie,
 " *Turtles* can chastly die ;
 And yet (in this t'expresse our selfe more cleare)
 We do not number here
 Such Spirites as are onely continent,
 Because *Lusts* meanes are spent :
 Or those, who doubt the common mouth of *Fame*,
 Because

And for their *Place*, or *Name*,
 Cannot so safely sinne ; Their *Chastitie*
 Is meere *Necessitie*,
 Nor meane we those, whom *Vowes* and *Conscience*
 Haue filld with *Abstinence* :
 (Though we acknowledge who can so abstaine,
 Makes a most blessed gaine :
 " He that for loue of goodnesse hateth ill,
 " Is more Crowne-worthy still,
 " Then he which for sinnes *Penaltie* forbears,
 " His *Heart* sinnes, though he feares.)
 But we propose a person like our *Dove*,
 Grac'd with a *Phoenix* loue :
 A beauty of that cleare and sparkling Light,
 Would make a Day of Night,
 And turne the blackest forrowes to bright ioyes :
 Whose Od'rous breath destroyes
 All taste of Bitternesse, and makes the Ayre
 As sweete as she is faire :
 A Bodie so harmoniously composde,
 As if *Nature* disclosde
 All her best *Symmetrie* in that one *Feature* :
 O, so diuine a Creature
 Who could be false too ? chiefly when he knowes
 How onely she bestowes
 The wealthy treasure of her Loue in him ;
 Making his Fortunes swim
 In the full floud of her admir'd perfection ?
 What sauage, brute Affection,
 Would not be fearefull to offend a *Dame*
 Of this excelling frame ?
 Much more a noble and right generous *Mind*,
 B b

(To vertuous moodes enclin'd)
 That knowes the weight of *Guilt*: He will refraine
 From thoughts of such a straine:
 And to his *Sence* obieſt this Sentence euer,
 " *Man may ſecurely finne, but ſafely neuer.*

Ben Iohnſon.

The Phoenix Analyſde.

NOW, after all, let no man
 Receiue it for a *Fable*,
 If a *Bird* ſo amiable,
 Do turne into a Woman.

Or (by our *Turtles* Augure)
 That *Natures* faireſt Creature,
 Proue of his *Miſtris* Feature,
 But a bare *Type* and *Figure*.

Ode ἑνθουſιαſτικῇ.

SPLENDOR! O more then mortall,
 For other formes come ſhort all
 Of her illuſtrate brightneſſe,
 As farre as Sinne's from lightneſſe.

Her wit as quicke, and ſprightfull
 As fire; and more delightfull
 Then the ſtolne ſports of *Louers*,
 When night their meeting couers.

Judgement

Iudgement (adornd with Learning)
 Doth shine in her discerning,
 Cleare as a naked vestall
 Clofde as an orbe of Christall.

Her breath for fweete exceeding
 The *Phœnix* place of breeding,
 But mixt with foud, transcending
 All *Nature* of commending.

Alas : then whither wade I,
 In thought to praise this *Ladie*,
 When seeking her renowning,
 My felfe am fo neare drowning ?

Retire, and fay ; Her *Graces*
 Are deeper then their *Faces* :
 Yet shee's nor nice to shew them,
 Nor takes she pride to know them.

Ben : Iohnson.

FINIS.



11.6
11.7

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

TO

CHESTER'S
LOVE'S MARTYR,

ETC.

- I. The Introduction to follow List of the Fifty Subscribers.
- II. The Notes and Illustrations to follow page 195.

A. B. G.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

•• The References are to the Pagination at the bottom, not at the top.

Title-page (1601), p. 1. On this see our Introduction. Therein the significance of these words, "Loves Martyr"—"Rosalins Complaint"—"truth of Loue"—"the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle"—"enterlaced with much varietie and raritie"—"now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caeliano"—"some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers"—"whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the first subject: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle," &c., are elucidated. The Latin motto is from Martial, Epigr. i, lxvi, 9.

„ (1611), p. 7. On this, similarly see as above. "Annals" is a misprint of the original for "Annals."

Epistle-dedicatory, pp. 3, 4. SIR JOHN SALISBURY. See Introduction for full notices of this specially "honored Knight." Page 3, l. 8, "*Posse & nolle, nobile*"—see our Introduction on this motto; l. 14, "*ripe iudging*"=ripe-judging; ll. 16-17, "*his owne child to be fairest although an Æthiopian*"—a proverbial saying found in all languages; cf. Love's L. L., iv, 3, "Ethiops . . . their sweet complexion"; l. 18, "*infant wit*"=first literary production—answering to the title-page "*the first Essay of a new British Poet.*" Page 4, ll. 6-7, "*To the World,*" &c.=this shews that "Imprinted for E. B." does not mean a privately-printed book, but one 'published' for 'learned' and 'vulgar,' if so they were minded to buy.

The Authors request to the Phanix, p. 5. For abundant proofs that by the 'Phoenix' was meant Queen Elizabeth, and by the 'Turtle-doue' the Earl of Essex—see our Introduction; also the same for the further confirmation herein of Shakespere's having favoured Essex. Note—this is the 'Author's request,' not a translation. Line 1, "*beauteous Bird of any*"=the most "beauteous" of "any" one, and of all birds; l. 9, "*passing*"=surpassing; l. 12, "*Endenoured haue to please in praising thee*"—noticeable and noticed in our Introduction.

To the kind Reader, p. 6, l. 1, "*the sacke of Troy*"=Homer; l. 2, "*Pryams murdered Sonnes*"=Homer; *ib.*, "*nor Didoes fall*"=Virgil; ll. 4-5, "*Of Cæsars Victories,*" &c., &c.=Shakespere—"Julius Cæsar" is now generally attributed to 1599-1601; l. 8, "*untun'd stringed*"=untuned-stringed. The motto '*Mea mecum Porto,*' are found in Emblem books under a tortoise.

C C

Page 9, *Heading*, l. 2, "*Metaphorically applied to Dame Nature*"—see Introduction on this; l. 4, "*high Star-chamber*"= in the starry sphere—a sphere above the mundane; l. 6, "*heavie burdend*"= heavy-burdened; st. 2, l. 5, "*Lordlike cowardice*"—on this allusion, see Introduction; l. 6, "*fond*"= foolish; *ib.*, "*nice*"= precise, scrupulous, as in Shakespeare, *frequenter*; st. 4, l. 1, "*Imperator*"= supreme ruler, emperor (so Love's L. L., iii, l. 187)—one of Jupiter's titles was "*Imperator*," and "*firie chair*" is used because he was the prince of light and thunder: cf. p. 16, st. 1, and p. 15, st. 3; l. 4 (p. 10), "*firie chair*"= throne.

„ 10, st. 1, l. 2, "*none-like*," cf. l. 5, "*none such*." Hence not = nun-like, albeit there may possibly have been intended, after the manner of the times and Shakespeare, a quibbling pun and the secondary meaning of 'nun-like' hinted at; l. 4, "*milke-white Dove*"—not = the "turtle-dove," but = the Phoenix; st. 2, l. 1, "*heavenly map*"= a representation in miniature of the heavens; l. 5, "*locks of purest gold*." The 'lock' of Elizabeth's hair preserved at Wilton (within lines by Sir Philip Sidney), remains to attest that her's was of sunbeam-gold, and 'red' only as 'gold' was called "*red monie*" in ancient ballad and story; st. 4, l. 2, "*censure*"= judge; l. 5, "*find*"= find [wherewithal] to cure the wound? "*Tablet*"= table-book—which were often made of ivory.

„ 11, st. 1, l. 2, "*Two Carbuncles*"—from the brilliance, not certainly from the 'red' colour of this gem. "*Shineth as Fire . . . whose shining is not overcome by night . . . and it seemeth as it were a flame*" (Bateman upon B. B., xvi, c. 26; cf. p. 16, st. 4, l. 5). l. 3, "*soueraignise*"= rule as a sovereign; l. 5, "*Sonne*"= sun. Spenser, without *metri gratia*, thus spells the word. See *Shepherd's Calendar*, *frequenter*, and throughout. St. 2, l. 6, "*heavenly Front*"—hyperbolical and explained by l. 5 as the "front of Heaven," the sky. So Shakespeare, "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes," *Henry IV*, act i, sc. 1, l. 14, *et alibi*; st. 3, l. 5, "*Enuie*"—it would seem that 'crystal' was supposed to prevent or "over-come"—envy; st. 4, ll. 1-2. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 451-2.

"Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,

Which to his speech did honey passage yield."

ll. 5-6—universally said of Elizabeth; and st. 1, p. 12, and indeed throughout the portraiture. See Introduction. ll. 5-6 (p. 12), ought to have been put back as in the other stanzas. This has been inadvertently neglected in two or three instances; but is here noted once for all.

„ 12, st. 2, l. 2, "*powers*"=disyllabic form of "pours"; l. 4, "*ratietie*,"

sic; but doubtless a misprint for 'rarietie'=rarity, *metri causa*; st. 3, l. 5, "*loue-babies*"=reflections of himself in her eyes; *ibid.*, "*wanton eyes*." See st. 2, l. 2, "perfect chafititie" and l. 6 of the present stanza, "*doth chaflesise*"=make chaste, with a play perhaps on 'chastize' in its ordinary sense. Hence 'wanton' is used here much as Shakespeare speaks of "wanton boys," *i.e.*, pleasure-loving or gamesome or fondling. See SCHMIDT, *s.v.* So in Spenser, &c., &c. St. 4, ll. 1-2—mingling of ancient and (apparently) modern fable; l. 4, "*glories*" = glories'.

- Page 13, st. 1, ll. 1-2, "*men may reade His*"—men = each man of all men; l. 2, evidently the comma after 'woe' is a misprint for a period(.) Note— all these celebrations from "Head" to "Bellie" and onward (p. 6 to "Feete"), shew that a person and a female was intended by the "Phoenix." The "Arabian Phoenix," or bird so-called, is distinguished from the other (st. 3, ll. 3-4); st. 2, l. 1, see our Introduction for an incident in Elizabeth's life illustrative of this; st. 4, "*yea*"—this is misprinted in the original "*yea*," and perhaps ought to have been so left and noted here. See Postscript to our Introduction for other similar errors, and also certain 'slips' of our own (of no great moment). St. 5, l. 2, "*Gehon*"=Gihon, *Genesis* ii, 13; l. 3, "*prise*"=prized with such honour.
- „ 14, st. 2, ll. 5-6. Punctuate (*meo iudicio*) "why, . . . she . . . Angell"; st. 3, l. 4, "*sweet writ*"=sweet-writ; l. 6, "*corporate Soule*"=soul existing in her conjoint body; st. 4=the "Marigold" that has at night, *i.e.*, after the setting and so absence of the sun, closed the glory of her eye, now at her approach unfolds again as she would at the sun's approach; l. 5, "*Phanix*"=Phoenix; l. 6, "*yeeld*"=yield obeisance, as acknowledging their inferiority.
- „ 15, st. 1, l. 2, "*Arras cloth*"=a rich kind of tapestry, and so named because the best was made at Arras the capital of Artois; l. 3, "*Satires*"=Satyrs; st. 2, l. 1, "*This Phanix I do feare me will decay*," &c. Elizabeth in 1601, when *Love's Martyr* was published, was well nigh the close of her long life and reign; and making as long an interval as one can well suppose between the composition and publication of the poem, she must have been long past possible maternity before these words could have been written. In the Epistle-dedicatory the Author speaks of his "*long expected labour*"; but the "*long*" could scarcely cover more than comparatively a few years. Every one knows, however, that strong-brained as was the great Queen, she sniffed to the last gratefully and graciously whatever incense of flattery of her person courtiers and poets chose to offer her.

See our Introduction for more on this ; st. 4, "*wight*"=white—to agree with its rhyme "outright" (l. 4); l. 5, "*strucke*"=[was] *strucke* ; l. 6, "*Doue*"—again as in page 10, st. 1, l. 4, not the "turtle doue" but = the Phoenix still ; l. 5 (p. 16), "*vastie*"=vast, limitless. So in Shakespeare, *frequenter*.

Page 16, st. 1, l. 1, "*temeritie*"—used as from *timor*=timority, fear ; st. 2, l. 3, "*extallation*"=extollation ; l. 4, either "*deuine-maiesticall*" or comma after "*deuine*" ; l. 5, "*painted picture there*"=portrait of Elizabeth as was her wont in all the splendor of "rich wrought . . . gold" and jewels ; st. 4, l. 5, "*Eyes wanting fire*"=wanting the fire of living eyes. Or does he mean that they flamed or gleamed, but wanted the anger or rage of fire like the carbuncle, as before ?

„ 17, st. 1, ll. 5-6. In plain prose, get Elizabeth to marry—see next stanza, ll. 5-6 ; st. 2, l. 2, "*plained*"=made smooth. So Dr. Henry More (*Chertsey Worthies*' Library edition of his complete Poems, p. 15) :

"Such as this Phyllis would, whenas she *plains*
Their Sunday-cloths, and the washt white with azure stains."
(*Psychozoia*, st. 21.)

l. 3, "*painted shape*"=portrait, as before ; st. 3, l. 3, "*il working*"=ill-working ; l. 4, "*white Brytania*"—so that the 'Phoenix,' beside which that of Arabia was but "fruitlese ayre," was within the "white cliffs" of Britain. Be it noted specially—for the punctuation is bad—that while it is "leauē" (l. 2) and "leauē" (l. 3) as = let alone, seek not there, in l. 4, it is "leauē *me*"=leave to me, in my keeping, or qu., Do you leave ? So that neither in Arabia (named as the seat of the mythical 'phoenix') nor in "white Brytania"=England, was there a fitting 'mate' (husband) for the Phoenix. Cf. st. 3, ll. 5-6 ; st. 4, ll. 1-2, "*There is a country, &c. . . Paphos Ile.*" See our Introduction on this very noticeable *bit* ; meanwhile, I here record, that by "Paphos Ile," I understand Ireland, whither Essex—as we all know—proceeded. The description that follows is idealized in correspondence with the love-imaginative name given to it of "Paphos Ile," a name than which none could have been more happily chosen, being that of the supreme seat of the worship of Venus (*i.e.*, in such a love-story as this of *Love's Martyr*). l. 5, "*Ciparissus groue*"=Cyparissus—the 'grove' of Phocis, not far from Delphi ; l. 6, "*a second Phenix loue*"=Phoenix' love ; st. 5, l. 1, "*champion*"=champaign.

„ 18, st. 1, l. 1, "*bigge-arm'd*"=big-arm'd ; st. 2, l. 5, "*lie*"=lay ; l. 6, "*round*"=dance ; st. 3, l. 3, "*delight some*"—clearly mis-

- print for 'delightsome'; st. 4, l. 4, "*shelues*" = banks; ll. 5-6 = but the country Gallants with Ulysses eares.
- Page 19, st. 1, ll. 1-2 and 4, "*hissing Adders sting, May not come neere this holy plot of ground*" and, "*Nor poisonyspitting Serpent may be found.*" How could Ireland have been more deftly indicated than by the two-fold characteristics of (1) The banishing of all serpents (by St. Patrick), (2) Its proud title of "the Isle of Saints"? st. 2, l. 4, "*Lycorice*" = a plant of the genus *Glycyrrhiza*; *ib.*, "*sweet Arabian spice*" = cinnamon; sts. 3-4, with equal deftness are the Irish residence, and the personal characteristics, and personal appearance, and the services of Essex herein set forth. Who, of all her subjects, could have taken this name of "*Liberall honor*" save Essex? See our Introduction for quotations from Churchyard, Peele, and others, wherein he is exactly thus spoken of. St. 5, l. 3, "*preident*" = precedent, exemplar; l. 4 (p. 20), "*his gentle humour spiled*" — very noticeable in relation to Essex; ll. 5-6 — a word-photograph of Essex.
- „ 20, st. 1, l. 4, "*high hill*" = royal crag-enthroned Windsor; st. 2, l. 2, "*Censure*" = judgment; st. 2, l. 6, "*Ioue ioyne these fires,*" &c. = marry Elizabeth and Essex.
- „ 20, *An Introduction to the Prayer*, st. 1, l. 2, "*Thou elementall sauourer of the Night*" — Is the reference to God's manifestation of Himself, *e.g.*, on Sinai, and within the temple in "clouds and darkness"? Cf. *Deuteronomy*, iv, 11; 2 *Samuel*, xxii, 12; *Psalms*, xcvi, 2; and 1 *Kings*, viii, 10-12; *Leviticus*, xvi, 2; and cognate passages. St. 2 (p. 21), l. 6, "*Turtle-doue*" = Essex — as hereafter will appear.
- „ 21, *A Prayer made, &c.* See Introduction on this "*siluer coloured Doue*" (not the "Turtle-doue"), and the force of "*applied*"; st. 1, l. 4, "*fad*" = serious or solemn: or qu. intenteive?
- „ 22, st. 2, l. 1, "*her*" — shewing it is not the 'Turtle-doue' (described as "he" onward); l. 4, the comma after "*baite*" certainly ought to have been a period (.); st. 4, l. 1, "*lead^β*" = ledst, *i.e.*, past tense; *ib.*, "*red coloured waues*" = red-coloured. The 'Red Sea' is meant — see *Exodus*, xiv, and parallel passages. I remember seeing the 'Red Sea,' off the Desert of Sinai, red as blood, not merely under the purple splendor of the marvellous sunset — a hue common to all sunsets — but from myriad infusoria so far as I could make out. So that "red-coloured waues" is not a mere fancy, much less a blunder — such as Wordsworth's when he speaks of Baalbec rising from bare sands, whereas its site is a glorious fertile plain. l. 5 (p. 23) "*what*" — qu. misprint for 'that' or 'which'?
- „ 23, st. 1, ll. 6-7 = do not let her [Elizabeth] remain a "*Virgin Queen*"

— let her marry — she the “siluer coloured doue” to him the “turtle-doue.”

Page 23, *To those of light beleefe*, st. 1, l. 6, “*abandoning deceit*” = fiction has hitherto been mingled with fact, *e.g.*, in the hyperbolical and so ‘deceptive’ description of Ireland as “Paphos Ile”; st. 3, l. 1, “*gentle Reader*” — another note of publication.

„ 24, *A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature, &c.*, st. 1, l. 6, “*thy breafts beauteous Eie*” = spots eye-like, as of the peacock, pheasant, and (of course) the mythical ‘phoenix’; st. 2, l. 4, “*neuer with*” = never [be] with; st. 3, l. 4, “*relenting*” = sorrowful or sorrowing. Here is touched the popular and indestructible belief that the only genuine love-passion Elizabeth ever had was for Essex. More anon. L. 6 (p. 25), “*for vertue*” = on account of thy, or in admission of thy virtue, &c., sing; l. 7, “*reuerend*” = reuerenced.

„ 25, st. 1, l. 7, “*I do bayte my hooke*” — a throb of penitent confession of her laying ‘baits’ for Essex, drawing him on and ‘hooking’ him, winning his burning love and devotion, yet playing him false; st. 2, l. 5, “*sullen Mirth*” — the very type of Elizabeth’s moody mirth and sadness, bursts of scorn and passion and aching melancholy; st. 3, l. 1, “*vading*.” I may refer here to a note in my edition of Southwell, *s. v.*, for the distinction between ‘vading’ and ‘fading.’ l. 5, “*Sunne-bred*” — speaking as the ‘Phoenix’; *ibid.*, “*exhalt*” = exhale; ll. 6-7 — “*Ennie*” is the uttermost word that the Poet dared use. He makes the Queen hint at the contest between the Queen and the woman, the passionate love and the self-restraint thought to be due to herself. She fain “would loue” and follow it up with marriage; but what, marry a subject? “There was the rub.” Other considerations were also blended, *e.g.*, I fear what my subjects may say to my marrying a subject and what their ‘envy’ may attempt on him. We must remember that the nobles were far more powerful and jealous of one another than in our day, and even Elizabeth might well fear displeasing them by such a step. See st. 4, l. 5, beginning at p. 26, and p. 26, st. 1, ll. 3-6; also p. 27, st. 1, and p. 28, st. 2 and 3. See too “*Ennie*” is changed to “*Malice*” (p. 26) ll. 6-7; st. 4, l. 1, “*Tablitorie*” = the old tablet (*metri gratia*, as “*glorie*” is the rhyming word) given by Minsheu as a necklet, necklace or brooch: “*Monile quod gestantem virtutis admoneat, nam primum ob aliquod egregium factum clari solebat.*” One can’t vouch for the accuracy of this Latin explanation; but it shews the prevalent idea, and it agrees with the use of “*tablitorie*” in the text — a *tablegium* is called mappula, mantle.

- Page 26, st. 1, l. 4, "*fond suspicions cage*"—here and elsewhere there is a glance back on the early perilous years of Elizabeth under her sister Mary; l. 7, "thy"—*sic*, but somewhat obscure; st. 2, l. 7, "*And waste*"=while I waste; st. 3, l. 6, "*yong, fregh, greene*"—no doubt with application to the 'Phoenix,' but underlying this a reference, as already noted, to Elizabeth's beautiful youthhood, when beyond all question she was a magnificent creature; *ibid.*, "*passé*"=pass away, die; l. 7, "*fleed glasse*"=mirror of steel. Note—There is intentional anachronism in order to give scope for just 'praise' of Elizabeth; nor are these touches on her 'yong' maiden days the least precious *bits* for us to-day; st. 4, l. 1, "*Continent*"=container is that which contains anything. So *frequenter* in Shakespeare and contemporaries, and later.
- „ 27, st. 1, l. 5, "*tottred*"=tattered—as in Shakespeare and contemporaries; *ibid.*, "*ragd*"=ragged; st. 2, l. 7, "*the performance bears the greater sway*"=deed better than words, action than threats.
- „ 28, st. 1, l. 3, "*Toades themselves did wound*"—*i.e.*, did wound one another—so letting out by their 'wounds' their unfragrant poison (mythical); l. 4, "*poysoned*," *i.e.*, infected with poison, being a poison-natured thing = poisonous; l. 5, "*sent*"=scent; st. 2, l. 3, "*As he hath had in his dayes secret prying*"—hints at 'secret' influences against Elizabeth in the days of Mary; l. 4, "*calmie*"=calming or qu.—tranquil? l. 7, "*Amarous*"—*sic*=amorous; st. 3, l. 1, "*Villanie*"=Envie—as previously described; l. 4, "*true harted*"=true-hearted; ll. 6-7—another genuine cry out of the woman's heart—let the title of the poem be remembered of *Love's Martyr*, &c. Let it also be remembered, that so early as Peele's "*Eglogue Gratulatorie*. Entitled: To the right honourable, and renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall" (1589), the burden is "*Envy doth aye true honours deeds despise*." See our Introduction.
- „ 29, st. 1, l. 4, "*coyle*"=tumult. Cf. *Tempest*, act i, sc. 2. St. 2, l. 2, "*his Throne*," *i.e.*, of Essex, who really held the 'Throne' of Elizabeth's heart—the 'his' here is subtle and fine; l. 5, "*ore charge*"=o'er charge; st. 3, l. 1, "*peruifh*"=petulant, fretful; l. 7, "*I*"=Aye; st. 4,—query, should the punctuation be 'Light.' 'deplore;'
- „ 30, st. 1, l. 7, "*Balsamum*"=balsam. *Comedy of Errors*, act iv, sc. 1. st. 2, l. 2, "*Anker-hold*" and l. 6, "*plot of Ground*"=the soil that holds your anchor, or fastners of the flukes on the ground; st. 3, l. 3, "*the Rocks my ship did seeke to shiver*"=seeke to shiver my Ship; l. 7, "*dissembling Loue*"—another sting of

conscience — she dissembled the love that was really in her heart ; st. 4, l. 5, "*peruse*" = survey or run over with an observant eye ; l. 6, "*where*" = which ?

Page 31, st. 1, l. 3, "*Mace*" = sceptre, as before ; l. 7, "*Paphos Ile*" = the island of Venus (Love) as before ; st. 2-3 — a passionate description of Elizabeth's 'suspect' and dangerous early years ; st. 3, l. 2, "*shadow*" = over-shadow, eclipse ; st. 4, l. 2, "*In youth*," &c. — peculiarly true of Elizabeth — 'tyred' seems a misprint for 'tryed' ; l. 7, "*feathered head*" = adorned with feathers as young high-stationed maidens were, but of course here as being to 'Phoenix' ; *ib.* "*a crowne*" — explicit enough surely as to the "Phoenix" being Elizabeth, albeit this 'crown' (in 1601) is a heavenly crown, or perchance of marriage. See l. 3, *et seq.* of the stanza.

„ 32, st. 1. The real heart-thoughts of the Queen are here expressed. Be it thoughtfully marked, that this "Ile of Paphos" (l. 3) "this rich Ile" had held the 'Turtle' and that the 'Turtle' is a male — "*his nest*" (l. 7) and so Nature conducts them thither, *i.e.*, to Ireland — as before ; st. 2, l. 5, "*understand*" = learn of his whereabouts ; st. 3, l. 3, "*fond*" = foolish ; l. 4, "*vaste Cell*," *i.e.*, however "vaste," a palace itself becomes a prison-cell where Suspicion and Envy are the keepers — as in Elizabeth's case.

„ 33, st. 1, l. 5, "*unfret*" = musical term with reference to *frets* or cross bars ; l. 7, "*Honor that Isle that is my sure defence*" — here the Queen speaks rather than the 'Phoenix,' and thus throughout the mask (not unintentionally) slips aside and shews not 'bird' (however lustrous and wonderful), but the august face of Elizabeth herself ; st. 2, l. 3, "*high states*" = people of state ; l. 6, "*Pyramides*" — a quadrisyllable as *frequenter* contemporaneously, being long of naturalizing ; l. 7, "*Strond*" = strand, shore ; st. 3, l. 2, "*Greene Springing*" = Green-springing ; l. 4, "*Faire running*" = Faire-running ; l. 5, "*Sweet flowers Dew*" [= dew] distills — example of verb singular after nom. plural (perhaps through the interposition of 'that') and so the previous line ; *ib.*, "*balmy Dew*" — on Hermon I found the abundant dew thus fragrant. The southern-wood and thyme and other richly-scented under-growths, being literally steeped in the dew, so filled the air with perfume as to 'nip' (so-to-say) one's eyes. I have found the same in Greece, and indeed in many places. l. 6, "*Great peopled*" = Great-peopled ; st. 4, l. 3, "*intreate*" = treat, elongated, *i.e.*, speak of ; l. 4, "*Their Founder*" = [And of] their Founder ; l. 6, "*Warres wald*" — this must be intended for 'walled,' albeit the meaning is not

exactly clear. Query—each of the ‘cities’ being ‘walled’ was a ‘Defender’ in time of ‘Warres.’ The singular ‘Defender’ answers to the singular ‘Founder’ where we might have expected the plural. It cannot well have been a misprint for ‘wild,’ *i.e.*, wild warres Defender, “wa” coming in through the “wa” of “warres”; l. 7, “*Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace,*” *i.e.*, the ‘walls’ of the cities celebrated, which, though no longer in their original strength, were still to be seen in part, as is still the case.

Page 34, Margin—“*Northumbers*” = Northumberland; l. 3, “*this large Ile of sweete Britania*”—be it noted once more that the ‘Phoenix’ as = Elizabeth is naturally observant of the ‘cities’ of her own “Large Ile.” There is no meaning in the full enumeration and description of these cities except as they were under the sovereignty of Elizabeth. It is not deemed expedient to annotate here the numerous persons and places celebrated. The historical and county authorities are readily accessible, and thither the student-reader is referred; st. 2, l. 3, “*well planted*” = well-planted; l. 4, “*Called in this age the newly-built Minster, Still kept in notable reparation*”—Stowe, in his *Chronicles*, tells us of the ‘reparation’ of Winchester Cathedral in Elizabeth’s reign, *s.v.*; l. 6, “*famous buildd*” = famous-built; st. 3, l. 5, “*Neotus direction*” = Neotus’; st. 4, “*new got*” = new-got.

„ 35, st. 1, ll. 3-4, “*the whole Romish Legion to sing. And to record,*” &c. —“*sing*” points apparently to ballads of his exploits, albeit there is the objection that it was his defeated enemies whom he made to sing. But our poet is not skilful and o’ times oblivious. Line 4 can scarcely be otherwise explained. Does this use of ‘sing’ reveal the age of our present expression or of an equivalent to it, of ‘singing small,’ as evidence of defeat. There is also “singing in a lower key,” and the like. St. 4, l. 5, “*His*” = its; *ib.*, “*Leyls*” = Leil of st. 3, l. 2. But all this semi-fabulous or wholly fabulous chronicle calleth for no ‘pains’ of elucidation; l. 7, “*large Brytania*” = “*large Ile,*” p. 34, st. 1, l. 3. So also p. 36, st. 3, l. 3, “*large Britanicus*” —doubtless an early phrase for “Great Britain”—for he evidently supposed that Scotland was, at that time, a tributary of England, and the last name he avoids. See p. 36, st. 3, l. 3. His use of the word (Scottish) “sect” agrees; for a “sect” is a part cut off. But “sect” in text is applied to the people, not to the country.

„ 36, st. 4, ll. 6-7 = the city doth only remain under the newer name of Edinburgh, *i.e.*, Edinburgh.

„ 37, st. 1, l. 4, “*stay’d*” = out stay’d; st. 2, On this significant stanza, see

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our Introduction; st. 3, l. 2, "*the Princes*" = James VI; l. 3, "*graces*"—singular verb, instead of the previous plural one, "*beautifie*," *metri causa*; l. 4, "*Emperising*." This type of verb is frequent contemporaneously. The meaning is—imperial towers so magnificent as to be worthy of an emperor, or such as will, of themselves, imperialize either the statues adorning it, or the persons inhabiting. l. 5, "*Times controlling houres*," cf. p. 33, st. 4, l. 7, "*Times controlling Mface*"—"Controlling seems a favorite word. See again here, st. 4, l. 4, "*controlling neighbours*."

Page 38, st. 1, l. 1, "*Pagon*"—*metri causa*, i.e., "*yrón*" in l. 3; st. 2, l. 5, "*after time*" = after-time; l. 6, "*deare begotten*" = deare-begotten. What an odd jumble of mythology and history we have here! St. 3, l. 2, "*this worlds great wonder*" = the great wonder of this world; l. 6, "*Regiment*" = government; st. 4, l. 5, "*lightned*" = gave light to; l. 7, "*That to her weake Sexe yielded Hector's name*"—qu. = that the stronger sex had to yield or vail Hectors name to hers?

„ 39, st. 2, l. 2, "*bountie*"—deriving it from *bonitas*, one sense of which is goodness or honesty; l. 3, "*vncomprehensible*" = [The character of her deed] not to be duly estimated. The word is used as justification of her act in killing a 'guest.' l. 7, "*Sifar*" = Sisera; st. 3, l. 1, a comma after Hebrew would have shewn 'worthie' to be an adjective here.

„ 40, st. 1, l. 4, "*indubitate*"—we should say 'indubitable,' i.e., not to be questioned; l. 7, "*vsurped*" = usurping—the common interchange of such words is explained by considering that the ed form is not passive, and that as a past or perfect it gives the idea of continuance in, or being in the state of usurpation; l. 8, "*condefcend*" = submit; l. 9, "*re obtain'd*" = re-obtained; st. 2, l. 2, "*Queene*," &c.—one wonders how this was scanned by the author; l. 5, "*forfaken*" = God-forsaken; st. 3, l. 1—punctuate "*Naples, true-borne*"; st. 4, l. 2, "*Progenie*" = birth (by descent) or pedigree—similarly used in 1 *Henry VI*, iii, 3, l. 61; *Coriol*, i, 8, l. 12—not offspring as now; l. 5, "*Which Truth can never burne*," &c.—Truth is not here the burner or person who would burn their fames, but a truth which can never burn, &c.; l. 7 (p. 41) "*memorie*" = memorial.

„ 41, st. 2, l. 7, "*States*" = people of state; "*brooke*" = bear but *rithmi gratia*.

Here followeth the Birth, Life, &c.

„ 43, l. 3, "*no such mā euer to be living*" = to have lived; l. 6, "*more beholding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian*," &c. See our Introduction on this and other books, &c., referred to. l. 8, "*who*"—refers not to countrymen, but to the previous

substantives; l. 13, "*Gallie*" = Gallie; l. 19, "*renowned*" = renowned. Nearer its French source *renommé* than our spelling. l. 25, "*turned from French prose into English meter*" — see our Introduction, as before; st., l. 4, "*Memorie*" = memorials, as before.

- Page 44, *The strange Birth, &c.*, st. 1, l. 5, "*high minded*" = high-minded; st. 2, l. 2, "*wiltie*" = wise; l. 4, "*allies*" — not as now used, but = the verb "ally," *i.e.*, the feudatory princes of next stanza; st. 3, l. 2, "*hot bred*" = hot-bred; st. 4, l. 1, "*passing*" = surpassing; l. 3, "*supprine*" = suppress, *causa metri*; l. 5 (p. 45), "*unequall*" = unequalled — probably a printer's error.
- „ 45, st. 2, l. 2, "*fond*" = foolish; l. 3, "*not penetrable*" = not [being] able to penetrate; l. 4, "*could not insift*" — licentiously for could not keep [it] in, &c., *i.e.*, how it sped with her; l. 5, "*Bet*" is our misprint for 'But'; st. 3, l. 2, "*darke duffie mantle*" — so the analogous phrase in Shakespeare "Night's black mantle," not only in *Romeo and Juliet*, but also in 3 *Henry VI*, act iv, sc. 2; l. 4, "*inuade*" = cause to invade or make invade any one; ll. 5-6 — the inverted commas may or may not indicate a quotation; for the practice was loose. They seem to have been used to direct attention to what the writer would hold as a noticeable saying or golden sentence, much as we use *italics*.
- „ 46, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma after "*Muficke*," certainly; l. 2, "*found*" = sounding, *i.e.*, striking or touching; l. 5, "*imelodious*" — better than our unmelodious; st. 2, l. 4, "*blacke gloom'd*" = black-gloom'd; st. 5, l. 2, "*secret folly*" = done in secret; but it was the king's folly, not her's; besides, she had told her husband. See p. 45, st. 2, l. 5, "*Bet straight*," &c.
- „ 47, st. 1, l. 3, "*vitails*" = victuals; st. 2, l. 2, "*out*" = giving egress; st. 4, l. 4, "*his warres loud Alarums overcame*," &c. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 700; *Taming of a Shrew*, i, 1. No doubt a phrase of the day, an 'alarum' being, from its nature, peculiarly loud.
- „ 48, st. 1, l. 2, "*discafe*" = uneasiness, trouble; st. 2, l. 4, "*Moderator*" = mediator? In Presbyterian Church-order, the president or chairman, ruler or guider of the Session of a Congregation, of a Presbytery, of a Synod, of a General Assembly, is still called the 'Moderator'; see "Synod" at p. 9, st. 1, l. 3. It was also used in same way in English Universities later. Cf. Cleveland's *Vindicie*, 1677, p. 214. l. 5, "*vnscene*" = experience, such as never in other has been 'seen'; st. 3, l. 3, "*thwarted*" = crossed — an odd adaptive use of the word; l. 5, "*baseneffe*" = lowliness, humility; l. 5, "*Alas*" = interjection merely, not meaning as now, something to be lamented; st. 5, l. 1, "*heft*" = behest.

- Page 49, st. 1, l. 2, "*amaine*" = suddenly or forcefully; st. 2, l. 2, "*uncompre'nded*" = uncomprehended; l. 3, "*embracements met*" = [he] met.
- „ 50, st. 1, l. 4, punctuate rather "intent." (period); l. 5, "done." (period); for "That . . . done" is the king's reply; st. 2, l. 6, "*posseffe her Husbands sweetnesse*," i.e., the 'sweetnesse' she gives to her husband—as frequently in Shakespeare; st. 3, l. 5, "*discafed*" = uneasy, troubled, as before; st. 4, l. 4, period, not comma, after 'ieft'; but in our author the comma serves for every other punctuation-mark; l. 6, "*'sweet'st got*" = sweet'st-got.
- „ 51, st. 1, l. 1—rather subtile lust-directed; l. 2, "*new found*" = new-found; l. 6, "*Caister*" [= Caŷter] *Swannes*. Cf. p. 43, l. 7 [Greekes]; l. 6, verb singular to plural nominative again; st. 2, l. 5, "*unrecalled time*" = time past, time already spent, i.e., as other—ed forms—time that is in a state not to be recalled; st. 3, l. 4, "*craokt*" = croaked—it may have been accidental, but "*craokt*" is the more imitative word; st. 4, l. 1, "*lawne-like Hand*" = white as 'lawne'—taken with next line, it seems like a poor remembrance of *Venus and Adonis*, l. 590, and *Lucrece*, ll. 258–9; l. 2, "*dissembling Husband*" = passing himself off as her husband; cf. p. 30, st. 3, l. 7, for the word. = [She] Being, &c.
- „ 52, st. 1, l. 1, "*late betrayed*" = late-betrayed; l. 4, "*amaine*"—from Saxon *a* and *meegn* = to do a thing forcibly or with one main object, and therefore also quickly, suddenly. Here it means much or plentifully. St. 2, l. 2 = the injuries done to her life 'unspotted' hitherto in intent. Cf. p. 53, st. 1, l. 4. St. 3, l. 3, "*where*" = whereas, since; st. 4, l. 2, "*lustie stomacke youthfull*" = lustie-stomacke youthfull.
- „ 53, st. 1, l. 3 = to anſwer [as to] . . . st. 2, l. 6, "*late did bleffe*" = late in the day; st. 3, l. 4, "*well-dispoed*" = well-disposed; st. 4, l. 2, "*passing true*" = surpassing true; or it may be "passing-true" in the sense of Goldsmith's humble Vicar, "passing rich on forty pounds a year."
- „ 54, st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after "child," and also after "Posterne" (l. 5); st. 3, l. 2, "*rich bearing Burthen*" = rich, bearing-Burthen.
- „ 55, st. 4, l. 2—punctuate comma after "Saxons."
- „ 56, st. 4, l. 1, "*Regiment*" = government, rule, as before. Every one remembers John Knox's "Monstrous Regiment of Women": st. 4, somewhat jumbled.
- „ 57, *The Coronation of King Arthur*, &c., st. 1, l. 3, "*high states*" = people of high state, as before: st. 3, l. 4, "*him*" = himself, as frequently at that time; l. 6 (p. 58) "*dignified*" = crowned.
- „ 58, st. 1, l. 5, "*Being the Metropolitall in nobilitie*"—hexameter?; st. 2,

- l. 3—a syllable wanting and apparently before “Kings”—qu. [‘stoute’] “Kings”: st. 3, ll. 4, 5—such that Envy is unable to tear the nobility or trueness of their hearts from their breasts; st. 4, l. 5 (p. 59), “*neare*”=ne’er.
- Page 59, *The Epistle*, &c. Be it noted that we have here and onward blank verse: l. 11, “*or’ proud*”=over-proud.
- „ 60, l. 7, “*Emperie*”=empire, and so p. 61, l. 5, and p. 64, l. 13; l. 8—punctuate comma after “that”; l. 21, “*re demaund*”=redemaund; l. 29, “*arbitrement*”=arbitrament.
- „ 61, *Cador the Duke*, &c. l. 1, “*Renowned*”=renowned, as before. See p. 43, l. 19: *ibid.* “*Britaine*”=Briton, *i.e.* Arthur: or qu. = Britons, *i.e.* Britaine[s] to rhyme with ‘veines’; l. 6—bad comma after ‘continuell’—perhaps I ought to have in this instance deleted it and noted the fact here: qu.—“*long-continuell*”=long-continued?; l. 13, “*But buried in obliuions loathsome caue*”—cf. “Envy in her loathsome cave,” 2 *Henry VI.*, iii, 2; l. 15, “*pale-fac’d cowardise*”—cf. “pale-faced coward,” *Venus and Adonis*, l. 569.
- „ 62, l. 1, “*our armour from our backes*”—cf. “armour on our back,” 2 *Henry VI.*, v, 2; l. 8, “*dull edg’d*”=dull-edged.
- „ 63, l. 6, “*braves*”=bravadoes; l. 13, “*garboiles*”=Garbouille, *Fr.*, tumults: l. 15—“*this*”—put comma after “this”; or qu.—misprint for ‘his’?; l. 2 (from bottom), “*Sometimes*”=aforetimes (not ‘aforetime’) it being notorious that there were several subjections of Britain after Julius Cæsar.
- „ 64, l. 8, “*Market place*”=Market-place; l. 12, “*inthronis’d*”=enthroned. See *Nares*, *s.v.*, for interesting examples; l. 15, “*their*”=the Roman; and so l. 17.
- „ 65, *The Answer*, &c., l. 1, “*experiment*”=experience; l. 4, “*post expedition*”=post-expedition; l. 5, “*voyage*”=journey (not necessarily as now by sea); l. 8, “*Victoria*”=victory; l. 13, “*Which*” [read] . . . with; l. 12, parenthetical; l. 17, “*for so*” and see p. 66, ll. 14, 15, 17; p. 73, st. 3, l. 4; p. 74, st. 2, l. 2, and st. 3, l. 3; p. 76, l. 2; p. 80, st. 3, l. 2; in Spenser, but rarely in Shakespeare; l. 20, “*Not violating*,” &c.—this line is obscure. Its *intention* is to express, probably, that the so doing violates no laws of arms, or is not a course without justification according to the established laws which regulate the employment of arms in defence of one’s rights; but it fails in giving expression to such a thought. The laws of the duello, *i.e.*, the causes which would justify such an appeal, were in that age rigidly laid down. Query—should we read “Not violating *lawe* and hostile Armes”? This comes a little nearer to the above-given meaning; l. 30, “*true hearted*”=true-hearted.
- „ 66, l. 9, “*gaue the Armes*”—The ‘armes’ that Constantine was supposed

to bear was a representation of the miraculously-appearing cross—a white cross (I think) in an azure field. It is the “Roman empire” Chester refers to; but there may have been a sub-reference, and a Protestant argument that the ‘armes’ of Rome did not come from St. Peter; the first l’ope according to the Roman Catholic myth. *Angufell King*, &c., l. 2, “*ful fraught*”= full-fraught, *i.e.*, freighted well or fully.

- Page 67, l. 6, “*hautie*”= haughty, and cf. p. 68, st. 2, l. 1. “*hautie*”; see also p. 74, st. 1, l. 4, “*hautie courage*”; p. 75, st. 4, l. 2, “*hautie mind*”; p. 81, st. 4, l. 3, “*hautie hearts*”; l. 12, “*but meet*”—a not uncommon form of phrase at the time, and equivalent to our now only colloquial and vulgar “let me *only* meet you, that’s all”; l. 13, “*thrist*”= thirst—so in Spenser, *Fairie Queen*, ii, vi, 17; *ib.* “*sweet revenge*.” Cf. “sweet as my revenge” (*Coriolanus*, v, 3). So too (*Titus Andronicus*), “O sweet Revenge, now do I come” (v, 2), and “sweet revenge grows harsh” (*Othello*, act v, sc. 2); l. 22, “*meacocke*”= tame, or cowardly or milk-sop; so *Taming of Shrew* (ii, 1) “a meacock wretch can make the curtest shrew.” Cf. Euphries M, l. 6; l. 23, “*fond*”= foolish.
- „ 68, st. 1, l. 3, “*Martialist*”= soldier. So William Browne—“A brave heroick, worthy martialist” (*Brit. Past.*, i, 5); st. 2, l. 4, “*new-decayed*”= only lately decaying; st. 3, l. 2, “*loud winded*”= loud-winded; *ib.* “*checke the aire*.” Cf. st. 4, l. 5, “*Cuffing the ayre*”; st. 4, l. 4, “*well read*”= well-read; l. 6, “*gaudineffe*”—The reference is to the well-appointed and fine and, as it were, holiday-appearance of King Arthur’s joyfulness. Cf. p. 79, st. 1, ll. 3-4—there is a sub-reference to ‘joyfulness’ as an attendant meaning; st. 5, l. 4 (p. 69), “*de Or*”= of gold or golden.
- „ 69, st. 1, l. 1, “*assumpted*”= assumed, taken up; l. 5, “*Vert*”= green (in heraldry); st. 3, l. 2, “*bad deseruing*”= bad-deserving; l. 4, “*full refind*”= full-refined; st. 4, l. 3, “*vnpure*”= impure; l. 6, “*by this Signe*”= in baptism, *i.e.*, the sign of the cross as used by Roman Catholics and Church of England in baptism.
- „ 70, st. 1, l. 4, “*Apostatas*”= apostate in its transition-form. It occurs thus in the well-known *Optick Glasse of Humours* (1639), applied to Julian and elsewhere; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate with a comma (,) after ‘Charles’; l. 3, “*early rising*”= early-rising.
- „ 71, st. 3, l. 3, “*three Toades*”—The nickname for a Frenchman to this day or for a Jerseyite is Johnny Crapaud = Johnny (the) toad. The line is parenthetical; for the only “pourtraiture of commendation by honor” belonging to the English Kings were the 3 fleurs de lis or *lilia*, st. 2, l. 6; st. 4, l. 1, “*barbed*”—as in Shakespeare (*Richard II*, act iii, sc. 3) “*barbed steeds to stables*,” and

(*Richard III*, act i, sc. 1) "mounted *barbed* steeds"=barbed by corruption from *barde* or *barred*=armed; st. 4, ll. 5-6, wrong grammar 'their' and 'conqueror.'

- Page 72, st. 1, l. 3, "*Who*" . . . no antecedent to this "Who"—Who (= Time) with their gilded shews in opposition to those whose armour is strongly made (l. 1)—the combined nominative to "are"; st. 2, l. 1, "*Calis*"=Calais; l. 3, "*regiment*"=rule, government; l. 4, "*conuince*"=conquer—so too p. 85, l. 9; l. 5, "*Roane*"=Rouen; st. 3, l. 5, "*Island*"=Iceland—a very mythical conquest of Arthur, if he be meant. Query—is "*Island*" a misprint for "*Ireland*"? Singularly enough the same question has to be put on the use of the word by Raleigh, e.g., "If my fleet go for Ilande, and that your Lordshipp," &c. The Editor annotates, "So in *MS.*" (Edwards' *Raleigh*, vol. ii, p. 121.)
- „ 73, st. 1, l. 6, "*loft*"—perhaps the Author intended "lose"; st. 2, l. 2—a third example of a parenthetical line; l. 3, "*so inestimable*"=[was] so inestimable—understood from l. 1; st. 4, ll. 2 and 4—Lucius and Tiberius of course the same man; st. 5, l. 1, "*retraite*"=retreat; l. 5, "*Who*" (p. 74)—another example of "Who" with an odd antecedent "Who foraged about" meaning they [the British], but the only expressed antecedent is the "British name" and only becomes "Britains" in next stanza.
- „ 74, st. 2, l. 1, "*Mirmedons*," i.e., myrmidons=Primarily a people on the borders of Thessaly who went with Achilles to the Trojan war. Hence it came to designate unscrupulous followers.
- „ 75, st. 4, l. 2, "*Cousin*," i.e., for relationship generally. He was uncle. Such is royal style still.
- „ 76, st. 1, l. 1, "*Haggard*"=a wild hawk, i.e., a hawk un-mannered or un-reclaimed, *agrius*, *unmansuetus*; st. 2, l. 4, "*fond*"=foolish; Mordreds smart, i.e., the smart caused by Mordred. The "who" (l. 5) is "Arthur," as shown by next line, though the ill-chosen word "unnatural" (like the "intemperate" of l. 3) seems to make against this; st. 4, l. 6, "*landing*"=a landing (*ib.*)
- „ 77, st. 1, l. 5, "*withstand*"=stand against him with or withstand him with; st. 4, l. 2, "*mappe of Honor*." Cf. *Richard II*, act v, sc. 1, "Thou map of honor," and so 2 *Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 1. l. 4, "*life Liege*"=life-Liege; st. 5, l. 3, "*scan*"—punctuate with; and, after 'memorie' in next line—'scan' is used, as so often, *rythmi causa*.
- „ 78, st. 1, l. 4, "*auncefrie*"—odd use of the word; l. 6, "*loofe*"=lose; st. 2, l. 2, "*Angusfel*" . . . He was king of Scotland and brought 10,000 horse-men to assist Arthur; l. 5, "*was*"=verb singular after nominative plural ('bones'=body); st. 3, l. 6, "*quaild*"=quelled—so spelled to rhyme with 'sail'd.'

- Page 79, st. 2, l. 3, "*proud-gather'd*": st. 3, l. 2, "*fame-achieving*" = fame-achieving or achieving; l. 4, "*Pridwin*" = Arthur's shield. Drayton has celebrated it (along with his sword) — "With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear." (*Polyolb.* song iv.) Chester calls it his 'sword' (erroneously.) st. 3, l. 5, "*vnſecne immortalite*" — mere "words, words, words," *rythmi causa*; st. 4, l. 3, "*loſed*" = loosed; l. 4, "*amas'd*" — frequently used contemporaneously for 'amated' or disheartened or disturbed — also in the sense of our own 'maze,' signifying to be in a maze, or as one in a maze — the latter in the text.
- „ 80, st. 1, l. 3, "*deſeru's*" — perhaps 'deſeru'd' was intended by the Author; st. 2, l. 5, "*gaue*" — again, and like the use of 'funerall' in line before, *rythmi causa*; st. 3, l. 3, "*Bardth*" — *sic*; *ibid.*, "*diuiſion*" = Welsh (divided into) verse, or music. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii, sc. 5, "The lark makes sweet diuision"; l. 5, "*foreſaid*" = fore-said; st. 4, l. 6, "*inſcripted*" = inscribed, as 'assumpted' before (p. 69, st. 1, l. 1.)
- „ 81, st. 1, l. 2, "*vitall*" = actes when vitall; st. 2, l. 6, "*enter*" = inter; st. 3, l. 4, "*out cries*" = out-cries; l. 6, "*controule*" = haue power over, *metri causa*; st. 4, l. 3 = high-proud or high-proud-hautie.
- „ 82, st. 1, l. 4, "*Memorie*" = memorial, as before; l. 6, put hyphen (-) thus certainly — "*well-ſet . . . bigge-lim'd*"; st. 3, ll. 5-6 — a typical instance of Chester's extremely unskilful use of language sometimes. Line 4 and ll. 3-4 must be accounted parenthetical, and then we obtain this — But that [one] was greater than the rest; had it been 'lesser' [.] Britain would have been blessed, *i.e.*, Arthur had not died.
- „ 83. *Iohannis Leylandij*, &c. l. 12, the "*que*" has got somehow disjoined from "*Ætherij*." The comma after 'petit' is an error of the original.
- „ 84, l. 5, "*Vertues ſole intent*" — curious translation of or rather substitute for "*virtutis alumnus*."
- „ 85, *The true Pedigree*, &c. The 'curious reader' of ll. 3-4 must refer to the Chronicles. The matter does not seem worth an Editor's labour. l. 1, "*borne*" = boren in pronunciation, *i.e.*, dissyllabic — also [fair] is needed before "*Igrene*"; l. 4, "*end*" = close or conclude, *r.g.*; l. 7, "*ſometimes*" = sometime, as before: l. 9, cf. with l. 10, where "*Melianus*" is trisyllabic; "*conuince*" = conquer, as before (p. 72, st. 2, l. 4); l. 16 — qu. — did he intend this to be scanned as an hexameter or pentameter line? Probably as the latter; l. 17, "*ſoueraigne*" — frequent verb form with Chester, and later.

THE POEM-PROPER RESUMED.

- „ 86, st. 1, l. 1, "*Troynouant*" = new Troy — the mythic name of 'Lon-

don'; l. 5, "*rais'd*"—qu. 'raise'? st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after 'when'; *ibid.*, "*more nearer*"—reduplicated comparative; l. 3, "*famous builded*"=famous-built; l. 7, "*neare*"=ne'er; *ibid.*, "*tam'd*"—a quaint etymology for 'Thames' certes; st. 3, l. 2, "*rais'd*"=praised; l. 3, "*Councel chamber*"=Counsel-chamber; l. 4, "*Experiment*"=experience. *Here Nature, &c.*

Page 87, l. 2—What's Cupid but a boy? (of Poem continued)—ought doubtless to have had 'Phoenix' in the margin.

„ 88, st. 2, l. 2, "*farre remoted*"=farre-remoted, *i.e.*, removed; Poem continued—st. 2, l. 3, "*sweete smoothd*"=sweete-smoothd; l. 4, "*Loue*"=Loue's, the 's' being in "*selfe*"; st. 3, l. 3, "*shallow witted*"=shallow-witted; l. 4, "*force materiall*"=a forced phrase for the gew-gaws and wanton toys of which Nature had said Loue [in shallow-minds] was fond; st. 4, l. 2, "*parted*"=departed; *ibid.* l. 3 (p. 89), "*this Wagon*"—printer's error for 'his Waggon' the 'th' being caught from previous 'with'. Chester has here lapsed; they are in Phœbus' chariot—see p. 17, st. 3. But now Nature says that Phœbus has 'parted' from their sight and mounted in[to] the sky with his Waggon, thus giving passage to the 'gloomie night'; l. 7, "*bottomé plaines*"=bottomé-plaines.

„ 89, st. 1, l. 3, "*taste*"=feel. So Chapman (Odys. xxi), "He now began to *taste* the bow." St. 2, "*Looke,*" &c. Here again, 'Nature' should be in the margin; l. 2, "*meadow plots*"=meadow-plats; l. 3, "*amaine*"=forcefully; l. 4, "*found*"=in a quasi-nautical sense, *r.c.*; st. 3, l. 4, "*extenuate*"=extend—a curious use of the word, *rythmi causa*; ll. 6 7, "*Of plants,*" &c.=the glories of, &c. (l. 3)—ll. 4-5, as so frequent in Chester are of a parenthetical character.

„ 90, st. 1, l. 1, "*Mandrake*"—I found it still believed in, as here, on and in the villages at the foot of, Carmel in Palestine. It abounds near Nazareth; st. 2, l. 1, "*Yellow Crowbels*"—said to be peculiar to Wilts (Aubrey)=Crowbells—Tent lily, asphodil, daffodil,—Narcissus Pseudonacissus. So Prior; but in text we have Daphedill immediately following; l. 2, "*Good Harry*"—in full, Good-King-Harry, *i.e.*, Allgood, English Mercury, goose-foot, Chenopodium Bonus Henricus L.; *ibid.*, "*herbe Robert*"=stork-bill, *i.e.*, Geranium Robertianum L.—its derivation is differently accounted for; *ibid.*, "*white Cotula*"=Mayweed, foetid, and otherwise, Matricaria Chamomilla, L. and Pyrethium Parthenium, L.; l. 3, "*Adders graffe*"—according to Gerarde *cynosorchis*; probably = adder's tongue—for this is called in old MSS. *nedderis gres* (grass) as well as *nedderis tonge*, *Serpentaria*, *Ophioglossum vulgatum*, L.; *ibid.*,

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"*Aphodill*" = asphodil, *i.e.*, a species of daffodil; l. 4, "*Agnus Castus*" = the chaste tree; *ibid.*, "*Acalia*" = acacia, an American Robinia — Rob. Pseudocacia; l. 5, "*Blacke Arke-Angell*" = the dead, deaf or blind nettle — colours white, red and yellow, not 'black' *Lamium alb, purpur.* L. and Galeobdolon Cr. — the name was also applied to the umbelliferous plant *Angelica, archangelica* L.; *ibid.*, "*Coloquintida*" — still well known = colocynth; l. 6, "*Sinkefoile*" = Cinquefoil = five-leaved grass, *Potentilla*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Boies Mercurie*" qu. — Child's or Childing Mercury, of which Parkinson gives a drawing and calls it *Phyllum manficum* and *feminificum*; l. 7, "*Goosefoot*" — *Chenopodium* L. See l. 2, under "Good Harry"; *ibid.*, "*Goldsnap*" — qu. golden cudweed? or a form of 'gold-knappe' = gold or butter-cup = King or Gilt cup, *ranunculus*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Gratia Dei*" = *Gratiola*, Hedge Hyssop, *Scutellaria minor*, L.; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mosse of the Sea*" = sea-moss, coralline; *ibid.*, "*Succorie*" — still so called = wild endive, *Cichorium Intybus*; l. 2, "*Weatwind*" = Withwind, *convolvulus arvensis*, L.; l. 3, "*Muskmealons*" — or 'musk-millon,' a species of sweet melon in opposition to the water-melon; *ibid.*, "*Moustaile*" = little stone-crop = a species of the house-leek — said by Prior to be *Myosurus minimus*; *ibid.*, "*Mercurie*" = as before, st. 2, l. 7, but the French M. seems to be called the 'Mercury' *Mercur. annua*, L.; l. 4, "*Arkangell*" — as before, st. 2, l. 5; l. 5, "*Souldiers perrow*" — qu. soldiers' yarrow, millefoil, *achillæa millefolium*, L. ? *ibid.*, "*Southernewood*" = Southern wormwood, *Artemisia Abrotanum*, L. — I found this covering acres on the gentler slopes of Sinai; l. 6, "*Stone hearts tongue*" — *Abrotanum*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Blessed thistle*" = sacred — the emblem of Scotland, *i.e.*, *Carduus benedictus*; *ibid.*, "*Sea Trifoly*" — can find none with epithet 'Sea'; l. 7, "*Ladies cushion*" = Thrift? Sea Gilliflower, Cushion Pink, *Armeria Vulgaris*, W.; *ibid.*, "*Spaines Pellitorie*" — called in Latin *Pyrethrum*, L., "by reason of his hot and fiery taste," Gerard, *Anacyclus Pyrethrum*, De Candole; st. 4, l. 1, "*where as*" = whereat; l. 3, "*aches*" — disyllabic as in Shakespeare; l. 7. "*Agnus Castus*" — as before, st. 2, l. 4 — a fitting request by the 'Virgin-queen.'

Page 91, st. 1, l. 4, "*that bends*" = the hot inflamed spirite 'that bends' to Luxury is 'allaid' by *Agnus Castus*; st. 2, l. 1, "*Burn me*" — this way of speaking, not uncommon in Shakespeare, was also not uncommon in the colloquial speech of the time and later, and even now is not; *ibid.*, "*straw*" = strow; l. 2, "*Whereas*" = whereat, as before; l. 5, "*auaunt*" = begone — note again that as descriptive of Paphos Ile =

Ireland—all this is peculiarly appropriate ; st. 3, l. 1, "*Clary or Cleare-eie*" = Oc. Christi, God's eye, Seebright, from M. Lat. sclarea, *Salvia sclarea*, L. ; l. 2, "*Calues snout*" = Lion's Snap, Snap-dragon, *Antirrhinum Majus*, L., but in old works given to ragged robin, *Lychnis flos cuculi*, L. ; *ibid.*, "*Cukoe flowers*" = wilde water cresses, *cardamine* (Gerarde) ; *ibid.*, "*Cuckoes meate*" = C. Bread or Gowks Meat — blossoms at the season that the cuckoo is heard — *Oxalis acetosella*, L. Wood sorrell ; l. 3, "*Calathian Violets*" = Autumn bells, Sing flower, *Gentiana Pneumonanthe*, L. ; *ibid.*, "*Dewberrie*" = *Rubus chamæmorus* ; l. 4, "*Leopards foote*" — can't find ; l. 5, "*Indian Sunne*" — *ibid.* ; l. 6, "*Valerian*" = capon's tail and ('improperly,' Parkinson) Setwal, *Valeriana Officinalis*, L. ; *ibid.*, "*Withie wind*" = A.S. Wib, about, same as bindweed, *Convolvulus arvensis*, L., also 'Weedwind,' p. 90, st. 2 ; l. 7, "*Woodbind*" — given by Parkinson as the honeysuckle : but it must have been also used for a different plant. Cf. *Mids. N. D.*, iv, 1. Prior says it may be the bitter sweet, *Solanum Dulcamara* ; also he gives it to the *Lonicera Periclymenum*, L. The 'honey-suckle' was not ague-curing. It is simply impossible that Shakespeare meant that the honeysuckle enwreathed the honeysuckle and called it by two different names. There is, however, no reason why the 'withwind' or 'bind-weed' (*i.e.*, *convolvulus*) should not have been called in Warwickshire or elsewhere the woodbine, the derivation being not a 'bine' found in woods, but a 'bine' that clings to a tree or other shrub ; st. 4, l. 1, "*Coliander*" = *Coriander C. Sativum*, L. ; l. 2, "*Galingal*" = aromatic root of the rush *cyperus longus*, L. ; *ibid.*, "*Goldcups*" = meadow *ranunculus* = butter cups ; *ibid.*, "*Buprestis*" — *Buprestis Theophrasti* referred by Parkinson to the hares-eares, genus *Bupleurum*, L. ; l. 3, "*small honesties*" = Pinckes (pinks) in Parkinson ; *ibid.*, "*Eye-bright*" = Ocul. Christi, *q.v.* ; *ibid.*, "*Coculus Panter*" — can find nothing but *Coculus Indus* or *Indi* ; l. 4, "*Double tongue*" = the plant horse-tongue ; *ibid.*, "*Moly*" = Homer's plant—called by Parkinson Hungarian or Saracen's Garlic ; *ibid.*, "*Anthyllis*" = sea chickweed and sea ground pine according to Parkinson ; but it seems to be a name of *Dioscorides*, on which no definite conclusion could be come to : p. 281 and at p. 569, he speaks of the ground pine as called by some *Anthyllis* ; l. 5, "*Clauer*" = clover, also called *Mellilot* ; *ibid.*, "*Æthiopis*" = an *Æthiopian* plant which Parkinson first classed among the Mulleins (the *Verbascas*, L.) but afterwards put with the Clarys (the *Salvias*, L.) ; l. 6, "*Flora-more*" = fleur d' amour, Fr., from a mistaken etymology of

Amaranthus, Am. tricolor, L.; *ibid.*, "*Euphorbium*" = see on st. 3, l. 1; *ibid.*, "*Efula*" = some of the Tithimales or Spurges (Euphorbia) (Parkinson, *s.v.*); l. 7, "*Cassia fistula*" = an Indian plant producing a pulp still used medicinally. It has preserved its name to this day.

Page 92, st. 1, "*By the way*" — note this now familiar phrase; l. 2, "*Moly*" — as before; l. 5, "*laden*" = ladened; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mugwort*" — said by Prior to be a form of Mothwort, also called Mothenwort *Artemisia Vulgaris*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Sena*" = senna, the well known drug; *ibid.*, "*Tithimales*" = "Herbe à laict, Spurge, Tithimal, Milkweed (Milkwort, Parkinson), Wolves Milk." Cotgrave; l. 2, "*Oke of Ierusalem*" = (leaf supposed to resemble oak leaf) — Oak of Cappadocia *Chenopodium Ambrosioides*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lyryconfaucie or Liriconfancy*" = corruption of *lilium convallium*, or lily of the valley, *Convallaria majalis*, L.; l. 3, "*Larkes spur*" — so known at present, L. heel — toe or claw, Knights spurs *Delphinium*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Larkes claw*" — I find no such word, but Prior gives it as a synonym for Lark's spur, and Chester is no authority; l. 4, "*Garden Nigella*" = a Fennel flower, *Nigella damascena*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Mill*" — I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Pionie*" = peony; l. 5, "*Sentorie*" — centaury; l. 6, "*Sowbread*" — its tuber eaten by swine, *Cyclamen europæum*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Goates oregan*," or goat's organ, or goat's marjoram; l. 7, "*Pelemcum*" — I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Osmond the Waterman*" = Osmund Fern, *Os. royal*, St. Christopher's Herb = *Osmunda regalis*, L.; st. 4, l. 1 — punctuate, after "*Mugwort*" — see before, p. 92, st. 3, l. 1.

„ 93, st. 2, l. 3, "*Melampus*," l. 4, "*Proetus*" — see Myth. Dict., *s.v.*, the first mortal endued with prophetic powers and medical skill undertook to cure Proetus' daughters, king of Argos, and got two-thirds of kingdom and married one daughter (one account); st. 3, l. 1, "*Centrie*" — see p. 92, st. 1, l. 5; l. 6, "*aches*" — disyllabic, as before noted.

„ 94, st. 1, l. 7, "*hath*" — another of the author's curious change of tenses; st. 2, l. 1, "*Osmond balepate*" — I know not unless is = Osm. the Waterman, that being "singular for wounds, bruises and the like" — see p. 92, st. 3, l. 7; *ibid.*, "*Plebane*" — I can't find — might be error for Fleabane = *Inula Pulicaria*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Oculus Christi*" = Wild clary, God's eye, See-bright, *Salvia Sclarea*, L.; l. 2, "*Salomons feale*" = Solomon's, *i.e.*, Ladder to heaven, *Convallaria Polygonatum*, L., root stock cut across, being marked like two triangles reversed; *ibid.*, "*Sampire*" = samphire — every one knows Shakespeare's reference to it — "one that gathers samphire" (*Lear*, act iv, sc. 6); *Fr. St.*

Pierre, and so Sampire from its growing on sea cliffs; l. 3, "*Sage of Ierusalem*" = cowslips of Jerusalem, Lingwort, Bugloss cowslip, spotted Comfrey, *Pulmonaria officinalis*, L.; l. 4, "*Great Pilosella*" = Mouseear, *Hieracium Pilosella*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Seng Greene*" — see note under 'Water Seng Greene,' p. 96, st. 4, l. 2; *ibid.*, "*Alexander*" = horse-parsley, *Smyrnium Olus atrum*, L.; l. 5, "*Knights Milfoile*" — qu., the hooded Milfoil, Bladder-wort; *Utricularia vulgaris*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Maf-ticke*" = Masticke, gum from *Pistacia Lentiscus*, from Scio; *ibid.*, "*Stocke gillofer*" = Our present 'stock,' *Matthiola incana*, L.; l. 6, "*herbe twopence*" = moneywort from its pairs of round leaves, *Lysimachia Nummularia*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Hermodactill*" = roots sold as medicine in Parkinson's time, but the plant unknown — '*Redflower Pimpernell*' *Anagallis arvensis*, L.; st. 4, l. 1, "*imperious*" — punctuate with, after; l. 2, "*crie dijdaining*" = crie-disdaining; l. 6, "*lower*" = lowered; l. 7, "*neare*" = ne'er.

Page 95, st. 1, l. 6, "*Hard hearted*" = hard-hearted; st. 2, l. 2, "*morne excellling*" = morne-excelling; st. 1-2 — profoundly suggestive of the radiant, impulsive, passionate Essex. See our Introduction; st. 3, l. 5, "*refine*" — odd yet noticeable use of 'refine'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carrets*" — see p. 96, st. 1; *ibid.*, "*Cherulle*" = *Chærophylum sylvestre*, L., *χαίρεφυλλον*, *χαίρω*, I rejoice, *φυλλον*, leaf; *ibid.*, l. 2, "*Red Patiens*" = Patience or Monks rhubarb, dock, *Rumex Patientia*, L.; "*Purflane*" — see p. 96, st. 3; *ibid.*, "*Gingidium*" — Parkinson calls it strange chevrill, and says that all the varieties come from Syria, except one from Spain; l. 3, "*Oxe eie*" = the great daisy, from Lat. *buphthalmus*, *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*, L.; "*Penygraffes*" — The sheep-killing p-g. is = penny-rot, the white-rot — marsh pennywort, *Hydrocotyle vulgaris*, L. Cotgrave gives, "*Herbe qui tue les brebis*, Moneywort, herb two-penny, two-penny grass," and Parkinson the same; but these names seem to have been given rather confusedly to *Hydrocotyle vulg.*, *Pinguicula vulg.*, and *Lysimachia Nummularia*, L.; l. 4, "*Cuckoe pintell*" = *arum maculatum*, L. See wake-robin, p. 96; *ibid.*, "*Ladies seale*" = *Sigill. S. Mariæ* = *Bryonia nigra*. Prior, following some of our old herbalists, says that it and Solomon's seal are the same, i.e., *Convallaria Polygonatum*, L.; but Parkinson differs and makes the S. S. Mariæ, black bryony, *Tamus communis*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Saga pinum*" = *Sagapenum*, a gum like *Galbanum* from Media; l. 5, "*Theophrastus violet*" = (old names) white violet or wallflower; *ibid.*, "*Vincetoxicum*" — Parkinson calls it *Gentianella minor verna*; l. 6, "*Saint Peters wort*" = cowslip, from resembling a bunch of keys, *Primula veris*, L.; *ibid.*,

"*Venus haire*" = Maiden hair fern, *Adiantum*, L.; l. 6, "*Squilla*" = squills. I saw huge shrub-like plants of it in Palestine. Page 96, st. 1, l. 6, "*Sad dreaming*" = Sad-dreaming; l. 7, "*honie working*" = honie-working; l. 5, "*But*" — They would sell, &c., rather than not view or experience thy sweete, &c.; st. 2, l. 2, "*rauisht*" = ravished infernal Pluto; st. 3, l. 1, "*Purflane*" — *Portulaca oleracea*, L., as before, p. 95, st. 3, l. 2; st. 4, l. 1, "*Rocket*" — corruption of diminutive of *eruca*, *Eruca sativa* Lam.; *ibid.*, "*Iack by the hedge*" = more properly 'Jakes,' from its offensive garlicky smell, Sauce alone, *Alliaria officinalis*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Loue in idleness*" = [small] pansy: *Viola Tricolor*, L.; l. 2, "*Knights water Sengreene*" — Sengreene is the houseleek, *sin* (Sax.) ever, also aigreen, Jupiter's eye, Bullock's eye, Jupiter's beard, *Sempervivum Tectorum*, L. Parkinson speaks of an Egyptian water plant looking like a houseleek which was called *Stratiotes*, and this or the *Stratiotes Aizoides* he calls in his Index *Water Sengreen*; l. 3, "*Paris Naueus*" — query, Herb Paris or Truelove, its four leaves resembling a truelove knot — but 'Navews' are rapes, turnips, and sometimes it would seem radishes; *ibid.*, "*Tornefol*" = (sun-flower?) Wartwort, *Euphorbia helioscopia*, L.; l. 4, "*Starre thistle*" — so called from its spiny involucre, *Centaurea Solstitialis*, L.; l. 5, "*Scia*" — I can't find this; l. 6, "*Wake-robbins*" = Cuckoo-Pint, Wake-Pintle, *Arum maculatum*, L., one among several repetitions, shewing that Chester repeated without knowledge: cf. 'Cuckoe Pintle,' p. 95, st. 1, l. 4, *et alibi*; *ibid.*, "*Hartichoke*" = artichoke.

„ 97, st. 1, l. 1, "*Hyacinthus*." See *Apollod.*, i, 3, § 3, for the ancient myth. l. 5, "*sprinkled*" — a trisyllable here; l. 7, "*red white mingled*" = red-white mingled, or red-white-mingled; *ib.*, "*Gilli-flower*" = carnation. But Shakespeare distinguished between the carnation and gilliflower, *e.g.*

"The fairest flowers of the season,
Are our Carnations and streaked Gillyflowers"

Winter's Tale, iv, 3.

which is kindred with Spenser's distinction between 'Carnations' ('Coronations' as he rightly spells — from *coronæ* = garlands) and Sops-in-wine, which, nevertheless, are only two of the numerous names of this one beautiful plant. I met with it wild on the plain of Esdraelon, at the foot of the mountains of Gilboa in Palestine — white, streaked with pale red. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. ii, sc. 2, for an exquisite descriptive bit. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson — to whom, as throughout, I am extremely indebted for most painstaking researches on

Chester's flowers, &c.—thus writes me hereon: "The carnation and gilliflower seem to have been different species (or at least varieties) of the same genus. Parkinson (Paradisus Ter., p. 314) says, 'Most of our later writers call them by one general name, *Caryophyllum sativum* and *flos Caryophylleus*, adding thereunto *maximus*, when wee mean carnations, and *maior* when we would express gilliflowers, which name is taken from cloves, in that the sent of the ordinary red gilliflower (*quasi* July flower) especially doth resemble them.' I give this to clear up the difficulty that has always existed as to Shakespeare's and Spenser's lines. Even now I find a distinction made between carnations and pinks and gilliflowers, and I am much inclined from this to believe in the derivation from *carnis* and not from *coronæ*—the 'popular carnation' being, as I understand it, of a red colour with the barest mingling of a reddish white." St. 2—this and other contextual stanzas are to be read between the lines. 'Nature' is pleading with the 'Phoenix' (Elizabeth) for the 'Turtle dove' (Essex). St. 3, l. 2, "*silver coloured Lillie*" = silver-coloured. Cf. p. 21, heading of 'A Prayer'—'*a silver coloured Dove*'; l. 6, "*Alas*" = the exclamation of woe by Apollo for the mortally wounded Hyacinthus or the letter Υ of $\Upsilon\acute{\alpha}\kappa\upsilon\tau\omicron\varsigma$; st. 4, l. 1, "*shift*" = trick; l. 4, "*Treauants*" = truants; l. 5, "*deepe reade*" = deepe-reade.

Page 98, st. 1, l. 1, "*Rocket*"—see on p. 96, st. 4, l. 1; l. 2, "*in your Maisters brow*" = frowns indicative of displeasure? l. 7, "*That what is seene without comes not within*," i.e., I suppose, the 'wheels' are there but no 'blood' drawn or pain caused; st. 2, l. 4, "*Artichocks*"—see p. 96, st. 4, l. 6; *ib.*, '*who*'—note this for which; l. 5, "*Sod*" = sodden or steeped; st. 3, ll. 1 & 3, put hyphen in 'Sommer-time and Winter-time'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Sow-bread*"—see p. 99, sts. 1–3, and note p. 92, st. 3, l. 6—*Cyclamen Europæum*, L.; *ib.*, "*Starwort*"—qu. stonecrop? or as we have had stonecrop, qu. error for Stab-wort, *Oxalis acet.*, L., or Star-wort, *Aster Tripolium*, L.? *ib.* "*Starre of Hierusalem*"—qu. Star of Bethlehem? Prior makes the Star of Bethlehem to be *Ornithogalum umbellatum*, L., and the Star of Jerusalem or girasole, *Tragopogon porrifolium*; but Parkinson in his Index makes them the same, and gives as synonyms Goats-beard, Go-to-bed-at-noon, Joseph's flower, also a *Tragopogon* (*pratense*), L.; l. 2, "*Vervaine*" = vervain or ver-vine—anciently used in sacred rites and ceremonies—also called holy herb, pigeon's grass, Juno's tears, &c., *Verbena officinalis*, L.; *ib.*, "*Tansie*"—a yellow ill-savoured wild plant, still so-named—*Tanacetum vulgare*; Fr., tansie—

'tansy' from Athanasia Gr. from a misinterpretation of Lucian (*Dial. of Gods*, iv) ; l. 3, "Go to bed at noone"—see 'Starre Hierusalem,' l. 1 ; *ib.*, "Titimalein"—see note on p. 92, st. 2, l. 1 ; l. 4, "Hundred headed thistle"—I imagine the reference is to the abundant 'thistle-down' that bears the seed in a 'hundred' directions ; *ib.*, "Iuie"—see p. 98, st. 4. Shakespeare says—

"The female Ivy so
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm."

Midsummer Night's Dream, act. iv, sc. 1.

One rarely or never sees it round the (traditional) 'vine.' Pliny tells us (*s.v.*) that the yellow berries of ivy drunk secure one from drunkenness, and Cato and Varro that there is such antipathy between the ivy and wine that if wine and water be put into an ivy cup, the water remains but the wine soaks through. Hence the appropriation of both to Bacchus might have arisen from the ivy being thought a preservative from all but the good effects of the grape. Milton sings of "the ivy never sear." l. 5, "Storks bill"—an herb still so named ; *ib.*, "Stone-crop"—the *Sedum acre* of Linnæus ; *ib.*, "Canary"—canary-seed—so known still ; l. 6, "Dwarfie gentian"—see p. 100, st. 3 ; *ib.*, "Snakeweed"—adder's wort or bistort, *Polygonum Bistorta* ; *ib.*, "Savory." This plant gets its name from the Latin *Satureia* through the Italian *Savoreggia*. *Winter's Tale*, act. iv, sc. 3 (Ellacombe). l. 8, "Bell rags"—a kind of water-cress ? *ib.*, "prickly Boxe"—either our buck-thorn *rhamnus catharticus*, L., "the buck being a misrendering of Germ. buxdorn = box-thorn *rußakard*" Prior ; or another plant called by Parkinson box-thorn (p. 1009) *Lycium* sive *Pyxacantha*, he having spoken of buck-thorn in the previous chapter ; *ib.*, "Raspis of Couentry"—the 'raspberry.' Gerarde describes it by the name of 'Rubus idæus, the raspis bush, or hind-berry. He has this notice of it:—"The raspis is planted in gardens: it groweth not wilde that I know of, except in a field by a village in Lancashire, called Harwood, not far from Blackburn" (p. 1273). As resident in Blackburn I may state that the 'raspberry' abounds in the woods all around us. See Nares's *s.v.* for a full note.

Page 99, st. 1, l. 5, "Vnlesse too much," &c., *i.e.*, unless they wish abortion or miscarriage ; st. 2, l. 5, "When Mother Lullabie with ioy should sing" = Mother sing *Lullabie* with ioy ; l. 6, "Yet wanton scaping Maides," &c. Cf. st. 1, l. 5, and relative note ; also the next stanza here. St. 4, l. 4, "the maiden Ciffus" = *κισσος* ivy. There seems at p. 100, st. 1, ll. 1-5, a reminiscence of the story of Ariadne and Dionysus.

Page 100, st. 1, l. 3, "*insuared*" = drawn thither; but by stress of rhyme, and so too in l. 5. St. 3, l. 2, "*hot shining*" = hot-shining; l. 5, "*not shunne*" = not [otherwise]; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carduus benedictus* *Blessed thistle*. So Shakespeare—

Margaret. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a Thistle.

Beatrice. Benedictus! Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

Margaret. Moral! No by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain Holy Thistle."

(*Much Ado About Nothing*, ac. iii, sc. 4.)

The 'Holy Thistle' or 'Blessed Thistle' was long held to be a heal-all. See Steevens' Shakespeare *in loco*; l. 2, "*Neswort*," see p. 101, st. 1 — Parkinson calls it White Hellebore. Prior, under sneeze-wort, says = *Achillaea Ptarmica*; *ibid.*, "*Peniroyall*" — (so called still) Latin *pulegium regium* and L. *Mentha pulegium* — supposed to destroy fleas — also called pudding grass, because used in 'stuffings'; *ibid.*, "*Astrolochia*" — cannot find anywhere; l. 3, "*Yellow Wolfs-bane*" = aconite — usually blue, but one kind has pale yellow flowers; *ibid.*, "*Bramble*." See a most interesting note on this familiar plant (or shrub) in Ellacombe's *Plant-Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare* (1878), s.v. l. 4, "*Our Ladies Bedstraw*" = the plant *Galium*; *ib.*, "*Brooklime*" = water-pimpernell, *Vormica Beccabringa*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lunaria*" — see p. 101, st. 4; l. 5, "*Cinque foile*" = five-leaved grass, but Prior makes them different — *Typha latifolia* and *Phleum pratense* L.; *ib.*, "*Cats taile*" = the plant horse-tail? *Potentilla*, L.; *ib.*, "*Cresse Sciatice*" — so-called (I suppose) as good for alleviating sciatic and rheumatic pains — a kind of candytuft, *Ichoris amara*, L.; l. 6, "*Hollihockes*" = holly-hock — still well-known and admired; *ib.*, "*Moufeare*" = Latin, *myosotis*, *Hieracium Pilosella*, L. — appearance of chickweed, but the flower larger and the fruit ox-horn shape, open at the top and full of small round seeds. There is a mouse ear chickweed and a mouse ear scorpion grass, but they are both different. Holland's Pliny, however, gives as a synonym for mouse ear (*Myosotis*) chickweed. Prior gives mouse ear chickweed, *stellaria media*; *ib.*, "*Pety Morrell*" = garden night-shade, i.e., *solanum nigra*; l. 7, "*Sage*" — see p. 101, sts. 2-3; *ib.*, "*Scorpiades*" = scorpion-grass or caterpillers, though the word ought to be *Scorpioides*. It is the mouse ear scorpion grass, now called forget-me-not — *Myosotis palustus*, L., from its spike, says Prior, resembling a scorpion's

ff

tail, it was supposed by the doctrine of signatures to be good against a scorpion's bite; *ib.*, "*garden forrell*"—the wild 'wood' sorrell cultivated—a sallet.

Page 101, st. 1, l. 3, "*fod*"=sodden or steeped. Cf. p. 98, st. 2, l. 5; st. 2, l. 3, "*Aetius*"=probably Aetius of Amida, a physician and writer on medicine? He refers to Egyptian medicine in his B. *ἱερὰ καὶ ἐκκαλόμενα*; st. 4, l. 4, "*horslocke*"=a horse's fetter to prevent anything but a gentle pace and straying—*qu.*—get twisted among the leaves and stems and so un-locked?

„ 102, st. 1, l. 1, "*Standergras*"—having double tubers, it was thought on the doctrine of signatures to have aphrodisiac powers, Prior, *Orchis mascula*, L. This and '*Hares ballockes*' and '*great Orchis*' are different names for one plant, as shown by description and name, and by the text '*provoketh*' and '*procureth*,' l. 2, and '*It*,' ll. 3 and 5, *et seq.*; ll. 6-7=only to be used fresh or newly pulled; st. 3, l. 1, "*Rosemarie*"—See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note on this once wonderfully popular plant; *ib.*, "*iustifie*"=uphold or state or make just; l. 6, "*Conserues reflores*"—plural nominative to verb singular; st. 4, l. 1, "*Dwale or Nightshade*"—the latter explains the former name. The '*Dwale-Bluth*' of young Oliver Madox-Brown has revived the older name unforgetably; l. 4, "*coile*"=disturbance, tumult; l. 6, "*Almaine*"=Germany; l. 7, "*nought*"=naught, naughty, bad.

As this ends our Author's rapid naming and description of plants and flowers, I must semi-apologize for my attempt to give each its scientific name. I have ventured to do so (through Dr. Nicholson's ready aid) *first* from the tendency people then had to give the same name to different flowers, *second* that the then Botanists placed different species of different genera under one generic name. I would now introduce here a hitherto unprinted poem from a *MS.* in the Chetham Library, Manchester, wherein the most popular flowers are daintily introduced, as follows:

MUSA AMATORIA.

1. In sunny fumers heatinge
Cloffe in an arbour sittinge
Under a mirtle shade;
For my kinde loue the fairest
Wth flowers of the rarest,
A Pofie thus I made.
2. The first of maidens fancie
Wth purple coloured pansy,
The goold that shutt at night;

- And then I platt a maidens blufh,
A Tulupp and Narciffus,
Wth Campions red and white.
3. The violett and the Eglantine,
Wth Cowslips sweet and fops in wine,
Sweete marjoram and ox eye ;
The flowers of muske millions,
Come blowe me downe, sweet Williams,
Wall-flowers and favorye.
4. The cheifest flowers for pofes,
Are pinks, gilliflowers and rofes ;
I pluckt them in their prime.
The Larkheele and the Lillie,
The fragrant Daffa-dillie,
Wth Lauender and tyme.
5. The cheifest flowers for taftinge,
The flower euerlaftinge
I puld it from the baye ;
The blew and coloured collobine,
The Dafie and the woodbine,
And next, the flower of Maye.
6. Thefe flowers beinge culled
And from their branches pulled
They yield a fragrant fent ;
And I oberud their places
And had them in bride-Laces,
And to my Loue I went.
7. Where I perceiud her fportinge
With other maides refortinge,
Nigh by a riuer ftode;
When ſhe had well perufed
My poſie not refuſed
Upon her arme ſhe tyed.
8. With modeſt kind behauior
She thankes me for my fauor,
And weares it for my fake;
And with ten thouſand kiſſes
The reſt remayne in wiſhes
Her Loveinge leaue ſhe takes. Finis.
(8010 Chetham Library, 8055 Farmer's Catal.)

Page 103, st. 1, l. 1, "*Oke of Ieruſalem*" or of *Cappadocia*, *Chenopodium*
Ambrosioides, L. — leaf ſuppoſed to reſemble that of the oak ;

St. 2, l. 2, "*Times increase*." So Shakespeare 'earth's increase' (*Tempest*, act. iv, sc. 1 (Song) and 2 *Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 2) and 'womb's increase' (*Coriol*, act i, sc. 1); l. 5, "*their*" = there, as *frequenter* contemporaneously; l. 6, "*feweete spread*" = sweete-spread; st. 3, l. 6, "*nominate*" = name, *r.g.*; st. 4, l. 3, "*loftie bearing*" = loftie-bearing; l. 5, "*Chriffs-thorne*" = Spina Christi—I found it in enormous growth near Jericho; l. 6, "*Tamariske*" = tamaris, Fr. and Sp.: tamarisco, It.: tamariscus, Latin—wood and fruit medicinal; st. 5, l. 1, "*niost chafft tree, that Chastnesse doth betoken*"—no opportunity is 'let slip' of pleasing the 'Virgin-queen,' as she rejoiced to be called, by such references; l. 2, "*Hollyholme*" = a holm holly; l. 3, "*Corke*"—Gerarde and Parkinson describe this tree, though it was not planted in England until the latter part of the seventeenth century; *ib.*, "*Gooseberrie*." It may be noted that Dr. Prior has shewn that this word is a corruption of 'Cross-berry,' and so has nothing to do with the 'goose'; l. 3 (page 104) "*shooken*" = shaken, *r.g.*; l. 4, "*Philbert*" = filbert; *ib.*, "*Barberie*" or Berberry = the pipperidge-bush—a prickly shrub, bearing a long red tart 'berry'; l. 5, "*Mafticke*"—lentisk tree—I saw it plentiful in Cyprus and Scio = gum from it.

Page 104, st. 1, l. 1, "*Judas tree*"—resembles the apricot—grows in hedges of Italy and Spain, but in England it was the *elder* of Shakespeare; st. 2, l. 1, "*Ash-tree*." See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Maple*"—a fine naturalized English tree, with odd-shaped winged seeds that when I was a boy used to be called 'cocks and hens'; *ib.*, "*Sycamore*"—*Acer pseudoplatanus*, L., of the maple genus; l. 2, "*Pomegranate*" = the kernelled apple (*pomum granatum*)—delicious in Palestine as I proved at Shunem, &c.; *ib.*, "*Apricoakes*." See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note (*s.v.*) hereon; *ib.*, "*Junipere*"—Latin, *juniperus*—the well known tree or shrub. It grows very large in the Sinaitic peninsula; l. 3, "*Turpentine*"—resinous clear gum from the pine, juniper, &c.; *ib.*, "*deplere*" = weep or pour out; *ib.*, "*Peare-tree*"—poire, French: pyrum, Latin—innumerable varieties; *ib.*, "*Medlar*"—*mespilum*, Latin—like the laurel; l. 5, "*Oreng*." See Ellacombe for a matterful note, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Lemmon*"; *Ibid.*, l. 6, "*Nutmeg*"—see Gerarde, *s.v.*, but it was not introduced into England for two centuries later; *ib.*, "*Plum-tree*." See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mirtle*"—"Holy Writ," and the classical myths have immortalized it. See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; l. 2, "*gods*"—misprint for 'goddess'; l. 3, "*Merfin*." Is this mythological story of Mersin a classical one? Or is it coined by Chester? I do not remember it, nor can I find it. Moreover, the 'myrtle' was

sacred to Aphrodite or Venus (Murcia or Murtea), and not to Athené or Pallas. I incline also to think it Chester's because he has made rather a mess of the name, *μυραυρη* being a myrtle branch, and *μυρος* the myrtle tree" (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me). l. 4, the colon (:) certainly ought to have been deleted here; st. 4, l. 3, "*gouvernement*" = of set rule.

Page 105, st. 1, l. 1, "*fore passed*" = fore-passed; l. 5, "*vanquisher*," i.e., the vanquished — a probable misprint; st. 3, l. 1, "*greene remaining*" = greene-remaining; *ib.*, "*Bay*." See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note, *s.v.*; ll. 5-6. See note on p. 97, st. 2; st. 5 (p. 106), l. 3, "*to his hearts delight*" = for the delight of his own heart.

„ 106, st. 1, l. 1, "*opinion*" = good repute in knowledge; ll. 5-6 = Apollo as god of the sun. Cf. the preceding context; st. 2, l. 1, "*Mose-tree*" — see on ll. 5-6; l. 4, "*Herborists*" = "one skilled in herbs" (Ash., *s.v.*) It occurs in its more correct form of Herbarist in Philemon Holland's *Pliny*, either in this sense, or as one who gathers herbs for medical purposes. ll. 5-6, unintelligible to the editor. It can't possibly mean that near or in Niniveh or the 'Aleph' (= first or foremost—as being the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet) citie some merchant-ship trading from 'Venetia' found this 'Mose-tree' there. The next stanza only deepens the obscurity; st. 4, l. 4, "*Tellus glorie*"—Tellus' glorie; l. 5 (p. 107), put hyphen in "*white siluer'd*" and "*rich resembling*."

„ 107, st. 3, l. 1, "*Pravone*" — a small crustaceous fish, like a shrimp, but larger; *ib.*, "*Pickerell*" = young pike; l. 3, "*Puffin*" = a kind of sea water-fowl then called 'feathered fish' (Rider, *s.v.*, 1640); *ib.*, "*Sole*" — the well-known flat marine fish, of the genus *Pleuronectes*, *P. solea* of Linnæus — so called probably from its keeping on or near the bottom ('sole') of the sea; *ib.*, "*Sommer louing*" = Sommer-louing; st. 4, l. 3, "*brimme*" = edge.

„ 108, st. 1, l. 1, "*Ray*" — a genus of cartilaginous plagiostomous fishes, e.g., sting ray, spotted torpedo, thornback, skate, &c.; *ib.*, "*Sea-calfe*" — the common seal, a species of phoca — phoca vitulina of Linnæus; *ib.*, "*Porpoise*" — from porco, a hog and pesce — a fish (Italian), hence called hog-fish and sea-hog — in zoology cetaceous mammals of the genus *Delphinus* of Linnæus; l. 3, "*Sea-horse*" — the morse, a species of *Trichechus* or walrus, the *T. rosmarus*; *ib.*, "*Sea-hound*." Cotgrave gives, 'Hound fish' = Fr., *sorrat*, Ash, 'name of a fish.' Rider gives, 'Hound fish' = *Galerus*; and under '*Galerum*,' a Dogge-fish, also a Sea-Calfe. *ib.*, "*Plaice*" = flat fish of the 'sole' species; l. 4, "*Spitchcoke*" — was not as now, an eel broiled, &c., but 'a great

eel,' *Anguilla decumana* (Rider, and so Kersey)—possibly the conger. So 'stocke-fish' was not a salted fish as now, but was used as the name of the live fish (Rider). *Ib.*, "*Pilcher*"=pilchard; l. 6, "*Aches*"—disyllabic as usual; st. 2, l. 1, "*Spitfish*"=sea-pike. Cf. for further description Cotgrave, *s.v.*, *Spet. Ib.*, "*Spurling*"=sparling or sperling? l. 2, "*Thornebacke*"—a kind of 'ray,' as before; l. 3, "*Twine*"—Rider has "A fish called a *twin* before it be a year old. *Pelamys*—and *pelamys* is a thunny or tunny. *Ib.*, "*Scallop*"—a fish in hollow and pectinated shell; l. 4, "*pretie Wrinkle*"=a welke; st. 3, l. 1, "*Cuttle*"=cuttle-fish; *ib.*, "*Stocke-fish*"—already named *supra* (st. 1, l. 4); l. 4, "*Ruffe*"—a small fish, a species of *Perca*, *Perch*, *cernua*, native of England; *ib.*, "*Piper*"=pipe-fish—or Horn-back, or Horn or Gorn-fish—of the genus *Syngnathus*, so called from the length and slenderness of its body, which in its thickest part is only equal to a swan's quill; l. 5, "*Barbell*"—of the genus *Cyprinus*, of the order of Abdominals; st. 4, l. 5, "*Stubborne necked*"=stubborne-necked; st. 5, l. 3—remove comma (,) certainly after "*vn-scene*."

Page 109, st. 1, l. 1, "*Amatist*"=amethyst—see p. 110, st. 2; *ib.*, "*Abestone*"=asbestos? but see *infra*; l. 2, "*Turches*"=turquoise; l. 3, "*Adamant*"—see p. 109, st. 4; l. 3, "*Dionise*"=Dionisias—Batman (xvi, 35) calls it Dionysio, a stone, black or brown, having red spots. See Batman, as *supra*, and Isidore for more on it. *Ib.*, "*Calcedon*"=calcedony; l. 4, "*Elutropia*"—qu. heliotrope? l. 5, "*Asterites*"—a gem shining within like a star, mentioned by Isidore; l. 6, "*Argirites*"—a silver-like gem mentioned also by Isidore; l. 4, "*Berill*"—see p. 110, st. 5; l. 5, "*Saphire*"—see p. 114, st. 2-3; l. 6, "*Iacinth*"—see p. 113, st. 2; st. 2, l. 1, "*Smaragd*"—see p. 114, st. 4; *ib.*, "*Alabaster*"—so spelled contemporaneously, and onward. So too the Poet—Spenser's friend—had his name spelled; *ib.*, "*Crusopasse*"=chrysoprase; l. 3, "*sparkling Diamond*"—see p. 111, st. 2-3. The most exquisite thing I ever have met with on the diamond was in a most unlikely place, viz., in James Arbuckle's poem of "Snuff." He describes the tapered, pink-nailed finger of Beauty, whereon "The diamond *spills* its drop of light." l. 4, "*Margarite*"=pearl; *ib.*, "*bright-ey'd Chryfall*." This recalls Sir John Davies' splendid description of the sea, looking up with his 'great crystal eye' to the moon; l. 5, "*Ligurius*"=a species of carbuncle or the lynx stone, or jacinth, or amber; *ib.*, "*Onix*"=onyx; *ib.*, "*Gagates*"—see p. 112, st. 4—Minsheu and Cotgrave give it=agate, but Rider and Lovell as 'jeat' or agath stone, and so Pliny, xxxvi,

19; l. 6, "*Abfifto*"—Batman gives Abeston for Asbestus, but Absciso from Isidore as a precious stone, "black heave and streaked with redde veines," &c.; *ib.*, "*Amatiles*"—see p. 110, st. 4; *ib.*, "*Achates*"—see p. 110, st. 3; st. 3, l. 5, "*Lipparia*"=Liparium or rock alum; l. 6, "*Enidros*"—see p. 112, st. 3. This gem, enhydros=*ἐνυδρος*, is now unknown. Pliny 37, 11, 73; Solin. 37, 67; st. 4, l. 1, "*Adamant*"=lode-stone.

- Page 110, st. 1, l. 1, "*liuely*"=living. Cf. "lively oracles" (Acts vii, 38), "lively hope" (1 Peter i, 3), "lively stones" (1 Peter ii, 5); st. 2, l. 1, "*purple coloured*"=purple-coloured; *ib.*, "*Amatiff*"=amethyst—see p. 109, st. 1, l. 1; st. 4, l. 5, "*fiers light*"=in the fire, *r.g.*
- „ 111, st. 1, l. 5, "*the housfe*"=life; st. 2-3. Cf. note p. 109, st. 2, l. 3, and note the feminine there as here; st. 4, l. 6, "*whereas*"=whereat.
- „ 112, st. 1, l. 1, "*Achites*"—qu.=cf. description p. 112, st. 1, l. 1, and p. 110, st. 3, l. 1. Minshew gives as=Gagates; but Lovell, making Gagates or Agath one of the sulphurs=a black stony earth full of bitumen, gives Achates among the stones or jewels most precious, as like the jasper. Doubtless Chester meant the 'agate.' l. 6, "*ref*"=ease from pain; st. 2, l. 4, "*her humours is relcasing*"—*sic*, and so another example of verb singular following a nominative plural; l. 6, "*forfake his meate*"=lose his appetite; st. 3, l. 1, "*Enidros*"—see p. 109, st. 3, l. 6; after st. 3, "*Perpetui*," &c., from Marbodæi Carmen de Gen. § 47: Franzias, Lips. 1791—Chester slightly different; st. 4, l. 1, "*Gagates*"—see p. 109, st. 2, l. 5; l. 2, "*whereas*"=whereat, as before; st. 5 (p. 113), l. 3, "*some men neuer thinke*"=will not believe.
- „ 113, st. 1, l. 1, "*Iacynth.*" Cf. Batman upon Barthol. B xvi, c. 57. Our Poet has drawn on one or other; l. 3, "*cle*"—the original's misprint for 'clere' or 'cleare' through length of the line; l. 6, "*the m*"—not misprint for 'them' but for 'to the m[inde]'—as revealed by the rhyme and scansion; st. 4, l. 1, "*Meade ston*"—see Batman upon Barthol. B xvi, c. 67 Medo—whence this is fetched; l. 4, "*Mingled*," &c., *i.e.*, mingled with the milk of a woman having a male infant (not a female one).
- „ 114, st. 1, l. 1, "*Orites*"—see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c. 74; st. 2, l. 1, "*Skie colour'd*"=Skie-colour'd; *ib.*, "*Saphire*"—see Batman, as before, B xvi, c. 87; l. 2, "*iudging*"=judicial, well-judging; st. 3, ll. 5-6. Whence this 'consecration' of the sapphire to Apollo? Batman, lxvi, c. 87, gives the story of the spider and says he has oft seen it proved. St. 4, l. 1, read—'fresh-greene-colour'd' or 'fresh grene-colour'd'; *ib.*, "*Smaragd*"—see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c. 88.

- Page 115, st. 1, l. 1, "*valiant Caesar*," viz., Nero; l. 2, *ἄνακτορ*, sic, but = *ἄνακτορ*, doubtless written contractedly by Chester *ἄνακτορ*, r.g. See Batman, xvi. 88, from Isidore; l. 4, "*wards*" = acts of guard or guarding, fences; st. 2, l. 5, "*kepes*" = disyllabic; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turches*" = turquois. Mentioned in Batman, but no virtues given it nor in Pliny. I gathered a handful myself in the ancient turquois mines of the Sinaitic peninsula.
- , 116, st. 1, l. 3, "*Bugle*" = Bugill or Buffell, Latin, Bubalus, i.e., the buffalo; l. 4, "*Onocentaure*" — a mythical animal compounded of ass (*ovos*) and man, as the hippocentaur was of horse and man. Even Batman has his doubts of its existence; l. 5, "*Dromidary*," i.e., standing for itself and the 'camel'; but see st. 3; l. 6, "*Bore*" = boar, see p. 115, st. 1; *ib.* "*Dragon*" = mythical serpent; st. 2, l. 1, "*strong neck'd*" = strong-neck'd; l. 4, "*Goatbucke*" = he-goat? Batman speaks of the he-goat as 'goat-bucke' (B xvij, c. 89); but in his index gives 'of the goat bucke' c. 101, where he treats of the hircocervus or tragelephus, but never calls it goat-bucke, contrariwise in explaining tragelephus calls tragos a goat-bucke. From p. 119 (st. 1, l. 1) it is quite clear that Chester intended the he-goat; l. 5, "*Camelopard*" — a fabulous Æthiopian beast, *not* the animal now so named; l. 6, "*Deare*" = deer; st. 3, ll. 3-4 — a common and classical belief (e.g., *Juvenal*, xii, 3, 4) — he knowing himself to be hunted for them as being greatly esteemed in various diseases. It was similarly said of the 'hunted' elephant that he clashed and broke his tusks, knowing that was why he was hunted (Batman, xvij, 44); Richard Barnfield (Poems, p. 28, st. xliii — my edition for the Roxburghe Club), and Hump. Gifford (*Posie* 1580) — my edition) have the same myth; ll. 5-6, "*Stellio, Camelion, Vnicorne*." Either Chester has borrowed from Batman (or Bartholomew Glantville from whom he translated) or both have taken from a common source. Batman mentions under 'camelion' the 'stellio, a lizard' said by some to be one with the 'camelion.' Philemon Holland's Pliny, calls it the star-lizard stellion, and Holyoke's Rider, gives 'stellio' a beast like a lizzard having spots on his neck, like stars. "*Vnicorne*," &c. Sir Thomas Browne, *s.v.*, will interest and amuse with his quaint lore and as quaint credulity and incredulity (Works by Wilkin, 4 vols., 8vo., 1835.) The old Preachers abound in illustrations fetched from the 'unicorn' whereby to exalt our Lord; st. 4, "*Beare*." See Batman, B. xviii, c. 112, where he quotes Avicenna for this. The virtue of bear's grease dates from Batman's days (1582) at least.

- Page 117, Latin line — from Isidore; *lib.* xii, cap, ii, but 'Sic' for 'Hic,' and 'cum' for 'quem'; st. 1, "*Bore*" = boar; l. 2, "*Tufhes*" = tusks — still in use for the tusks of boar and elephant, and in the nursery for infant's teeth — see also p. 118, st. 3, l. 1; l. 5, "*Marioram and Organie*" = marjoram and penny-royal — see Ellacombe, as before; st. 2, "*Bugle*" — see p. 116, st. 1, l. 3, and relative note; l. 6, "*thy*" — *sic* = they; st. 3, "*Camell*," st. 3-4. No one who has travelled on camel-back across a desert will refuse praise to the camel's long patience and liquid ever-onward-looking eye. Times over I have seen the camel go without water for more than the 'four days' here named. He has faults of temper and otherwise, and it is a kind of martyrdom to use him at all for one's self; yet with every deduction he is an admirable and extraordinary creature; st. 5, l. 1, "*Dragon*," &c. The mythical 'dragon' was supposed to love the elephant's blood (Batman); (p. 118), ll. 5-6 — the slayer is timely slain, says Batman.
- „ 118, st. 1, l. 1, "*bunch-backt*" — hunch-backed, or with protuberance; st. 2, "*Dogge*" — Baroness Coutts has raised a monument (combining a 'fountain') to a little Scotch terrier that broke its heart over its dead master, scraping its way down to the coffin-lid and there dying. It is one of the sights of Edinburgh; st. 3, l. 6, "*sau'd his life*" = his life sav'd; st. 4, l. 1, "*feme*" = skilled, knowing.
- „ 119, st. 1, l. 1, "*Gote-bucke*" = he-goat, as before; st. 2, l. 1, "*quicke*" = lively; l. 3, "*incontinent*" = instantly; l. 6, "*by kind*" = of his nature; l. 4, "*Ligarius*" — rather Ligurius. See Batman, as before, B xvi, 60 and B xviii, c. 69, and Pliny Lyncurium viii, 38. Cf. p. 111.
- „ 120, st. 4, l. 1, "*Onocentaur*." See relative note, p. 116, st. 1, l. 4; st. 5, l. 1, "*Stellio*." See *ib.*, p. 116, st. 3, ll. 5-6.
- „ 121, st. 1, ll. 5-6 — the 'Ile' being Ireland, as before; read l. 6, with hyphen, 'sweete-smelling'; st. 2, l. 2, "*moorish plot*" = one of the bogs for which Ireland was and is celebrated, and in which still, spite of St. Patrick, frogs if not serpents are found. Be it noted this held only of "a little corner" (l. 1); l. 6, "*poisonous ayre*" = two disyllables; st. 3, l. 2, "*Rinatrix*." See page 123, st. 3; l. 3, *ib.*, "*Aspis*." See page 122, st. 1.
- „ 122, st. 1, l. 3, "*neare*" = ne'er; st. 2, "*This is*," &c. Chester would later read his friend Shakespeare's great celebration of it; st. 3, "*Lizard*" = anything prettier or more amusing than the swift-darting lizards of the desert (of Sinai) can scarcely be imagined. Their agility is very remarkable. Closely examined their jewel-like colouring is exquisite. In the loneliness of some of the Wadys it was a kind of living companionship

to have these interesting little creatures beside one. Some were very very large and hideous — as large as a good-sized kitten ; st. 4, l. 1, "*Ant or Emote is a labouring thing.*" Sir John Lubbock imagines that he has disproved the 'wisdom' of the 'ant' by his sets of experiments and by observations. A greater delusion I can scarcely conceive. Why, the very dis-regard of the 'ants' for the near roads provided and the humanly-contrived plans for ingress and egress, and removal of difficulties, goes to confirm the little creature's quick 'wisdom.' If it could speak, it might retort on the great-eyed human monster stooping over and 'planning' for it, and say, 'I will take my own way—I will manage for myself—I don't know what of evil may be under all these nice arrangements.' Personally I have made scores of observations on the 'ant' both at home and in foreign countries, especially in the East ; and all confirm its 'wisdom'—as in the text ; l. 2, "*publike weale,*" i.e., commonwealth ; st. 5, l. 5 (p. 123) "*ciuill*"=living a common ordered and subordinate life, like ants and men.

Page 123, st. 4, l. 5, "*cald of some the flattering worme*" Batman (B xviii, c. 98) says, "This maner scorpion commeth of *Scorte* that is sweet, and of *pogo*, *is*, that is to feine ; for before [stinging] he feineth pleasaunce."

„ 124, st. 2, l. 4, "*Oliues*"=ol-i-ues—a trisyllable to rhyme with 'trees'—note 'some' verb singular (ll. 2-4), and in l. 7 with verb plural ; st. 4, l. 1, "*Caddes*"=cadesse, i.e., jackdaw (Wright, s.v.)—from its place among birds cannot be the caddes, or caddis, or cadworme (Ash, Kersey, and Bailey) ; st. 5, l. 3, put hyphen thus, "*big-neck'd*" ; l. 5 (p. 125) "*Griffon*"=mythical bird ; l. 6, "*Puttocke*"=greale, i.e., kite.

„ 125, st. 1, l. 4, "*Hercin*"—"Hircania is a province in *Asia* . . . it is sharpe of woodes . . . There breedeth birdes that are called *Hircanie* ; their feathers shine by night, and such birdes are founde in Germany, as Isidore sayeth" (Batman, B xv, c. 74). I presume = the Hercinian forest, Germany ; *ib.*, put hyphen, "*swift-winged*" ; l. 5, "*Caladrius*." See next stanza—Batman (B xii, c. 22) speaks of Kaladrius in the same terms, and says it "hath no parte of blackneffe." If the man is to die he turns his face from him. His only authority is "as the Philosopher faith" ; st. 2, l. 2, "*prosperitie*"—qu. propertie or propensitie ? line is unscannable ; st. 3, "*Crane*"—curious old-fashioned lore, found everywhere.

„ 126, st. 1, l. 1, "*The Winters enuious blast she neuer tasteth.*" Michael Bruce in that Ode to the Cuckoo, which John Logan so treacherously sought to rob him of, has very daintily put this :—

" Sweet bird ! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

(my edition, p. 124, 1865).

- l. 4, "for to"—so also st. 5, l. 2—rare in Shakespeare.
Page 126, st. 2, l. 3, "*Croffe*" = ill-fate or luck; st. 4, l. 4, "*runne*" = ranne, *r.g.*
,, 127, st. 1, l. 1, "*Griffon*"—fabulous bird, as before; st. 2, l. 2, "*Hircinie*"—see on p. 125, st. 1, l. 4.
,, 128, st. 1, l. 1, "*Memnodides*"—the original's misprint for 'Memnonides'; st. 2, l. 3, "*Hunts-up*." Mr. J. Payne Collier has printed a curious song, from which it appears that 'hunts vp' was known as early as 28 Henry VIII. Cf. Barnfield in his "Affectionate Shepherd":

"And euery Morne by dawning of the day,
When *Phæbus* riseth with a blushing face,
Siluanus Chappel-Clarks shall chaunt a Lay,
And play thee hunts-up in thy resting place."

(My edition of his complete Poems for the
Roxburghe Club, p. 12, st. xix.)

- l. 3, "*doth delight her*," *i.e.*, his mate—for it is the male which alone sings. This Chester knew and so likens the male-bird to a 'Brideroome' (l. 5); ll. 5-6—unskilful verse; but the meaning is that Greeks and Romans trained the 'nightingale'; st. 4, l. 2, "*Stefichorus*" = the Greek poet of Himera in Sicily. For the fable see Christod. Ecphr. ap. Jacobs, *Anth. Græc.* i, p. 42; Pliny, H. N., x, 29; ll. 5-6, the well-known legend; st. 5, l. 1, "*daftard Owle*"—much too strong a word for this timid but not at all 'cowardly' bird.
,, 129. Latin couplet—from Ovid, Met. v, 549, 550. l. 7, "*slugghish*"—because he 'sleeps' all day, possibly; st. 2, l. 1, "*ill bedooming*" = ill-bedooming, *i.e.*, adjudging or pre-judging ill or evil; Cf. 3 *Henry VI*, v, 6, "cried, aboding luckless time"; st. 3, l. 5, "*They haue bene known to giue great Emperors wine*"—some now forgotten anecdote of trained parrots; st. 4, ll. 5-6. The old Puritans are never weary of pointing 'a moral' from the 'base blacke Feete' of the peacock, swan, &c., &c., in contrast with their plumage; and so too the elder Poets; st. 5 (p. 130), l. 4, "*In Indie spies a Peacocks*," &c., one of the many myths about this bird.
,, 130, st. 1, "*The Pellican*"—this myth is met with in all the Fathers, &c. The pressure of the huge bill on its crop or pouch wherein is store of food, doubtless originated it. This mention of the 'Pellican' calls for special note of the curious and remarkable turn given to the fable, in that the 'Turtle dove' dies first, and

then the Phoenix. Also, be it observed, that the 'Turtle dove' — "cheerfully did die," &c., while the Phoenix "with a pale heavy countenance grieved for to see him first possesse the place." Only as of Essex and Elizabeth is this appropriate or explicable. I take the opportunity here to supplement preceding notes on the same lines as all this. 'Applied' (p. 9) appears to mean that 'The Complaint of Rosalin' is put into the mouth of Dame Nature; for Dame Nature's Complaint is a complaint in behalf of Rosalin or the Phoenix, or in other words Rosalin's own 'Complaint.' Again, at p. 21, the explanation is that like Raleigh he had spoken before of Elizabeth as 'the silver-coloured dove' as he calls her in st. 4 (and in 5, 6, 7). But as he is now speaking of her as the 'Phoenix' in his 'Love's Martyr,' he applies it (really to the same person) to her as to the 'Phoenix'. This is surely reduplicated proof that the 'silver-coloured Dove' (= sacred, holy) and the 'Phoenix' are one, and that both are Elizabeth. Note finally here, that in the 'Prayer' she is 'the' and 'thy' silver-coloured dove, but in the title 'a,' because he would avoid the very obvious absurdity that she was both *the* silver-coloured dove and *the* phoenix. She could be the 'Phoenix' and 'a' silver-coloured dove, *i.e.*, the 'Phoenix' with the properties of such a dove, though not the bird the dove itself; st. 2, "*vnfatiate Sparrow.*" Dean Donne has quaintly celebrated the 'vnfatiate' amorousness of this bird in his *Metempsychosis*; l. 4, "*animadversion*" = perception. In this sense Glanville also uses it, and, spite of the Dictionary-makers, it is correct; ll. 5-6, "*A flight of Sparrowes,*" — the old myth and superstition; st. 3, l. 1, read rather, 'The artificiall-nest-composing'; l. 6, "*His*" — caught doubtless from previous line, should be 'He'; *ib.*, "*Calcedonies*" — is this a mistake of a gem for a flower ('herb')? st. 4, l. 1, "*Cecinna*" = Cæcina; *ib.*, "*Volateran*" = Cæcina of Volaterræ — Etruscan remains still extant preserve this once great family-name. Qu. — Has Chester confounded Cæcina and L. Cinna? l. 3, "*Sent letters,*" &c. Carrier-pigeons have been long so used and still are (*e.g.*, in the recent Germano-Franco war), but it is doubtful if the 'swallow' ever has been similarly trained).

Page 131, st. 1, l. 1, "*sweete recording*" = sweete-recording, *i.e.*, sweet-singing. Cf. *Two Gent. of Ver.*, act v, sc. 3. One is utterly at a loss to account for the everywhere-found notion of the swan's 'singing,' especially on the approach of death. As for the 'footed verse,' l. 3, it is of course mere credulity. Latin couplet — from Isidore, *Hisp. Episcop. Origines*, lib. xii, cap. vii, in *Gothofredi Auctores Linguae Latinae* 1622, who quotes it from an old

Poet Cæmilius. Chester inadvertently prints 'Hoc' for 'Hanc' and 'undis' for 'undas.' st. 2, l. 5, "*moult*" = moult; l. 6, put hyphen, "*hart-pining*"; st. 3, l. 1, "*the carefull* [= full-of-care] *bird the Turtle Dove*," be it noted, is designated by 'Phoenix' in preceding stanza "*drooping soule*," and again in st. 4, l. 5; ll. 3-4, "*And thus he wanders seeking of his loue*." This goes right to the mark for Essex.

Page 132, st. 1, l. 1, "*looks me in the face*." Another touch in Elizabeth for Essex; l. 4, "*gate*" = gait; l. 4, "*he eyes us more and more*" — as in l. 1; l. 5, "*O shall I welcome him*." The oft-put question of the woman against the queen and of the queen against the woman in Essex's case. The context has no sense unless you bring to it the story of Elizabeth's love-passion — the passion, if not the love in its deepest and tenderest sense — for Essex, from her first sight of him in his young bloom onward; st. 3, l. 4, "*halfe pin'd*" = halfe-pin'd; st. 4 — The placing of 'Turtle' in the margin seems at first a mistake; but the 'Turtle' is addressing itself (*i.e.*, himself) in gazing on the 'eye-dazling Sunne' of the 'Phoenix's' 'excelling beauty.' This was the *mode*, to the last, of speaking of and to Elizabeth. See our Introduction for quotation from Coke. With all her brain-force, Elizabeth had not courage to refuse the idle flattery of her 'beauty,' or to recognise that she really was growing old and haggard. I know not that the following very striking *bit* in Nichols *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, from an *Harleian MS.* (contemporary) 6207, has been noticed — "Afterward, in the melancholy of her sickness, she desired to see a true looking glass, which in twenty years she had not sene, but of such a one as was made of purpose to deceiue her sight: which glasse being brought her, she fell presently into exclayming against [those] which had so much commended her; and took it so offensively, that some which before had flattered her, dourst not come into her sight" (vol ii, pp. 25-30 — end of the volume). Surely anything more tragical than the *italicised* words is inconceivable; l. 5, "*rariety*" = rarity. Cf. former note on this; l. 6, "*For wit*," &c., the bird is forgotten and the queen-woman remembered.

„ 133, st. 1, l. 1, "*Tur.*" seems wrongly placed here, being intended for the left margin in the words 'Haile map of sorrow' (see p. 124, st. 1, ll. 5-6); whilst 'Phoenix' in the right margin begins 'Welcome,' &c. st. 2, l. 4, "*pre/sumptions soule offence*." Essex, on his departure for Portugal and elsewhere later, was again and again brought to his knees for his 'presumption' and kindred impulsive faults, as facts and letters superabundantly prove. See Devereux' *Lives*, &c. Meanwhile it is all-important

to note that the 'wooing' is dated by circumstances in Essex's early time — not later when he had married and when Elizabeth was old; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turtle*" = mate; l. 2, "*her want*" = her loss; l. 3, "*the soule that's fled*," &c. How natural all this was in the mouth of Essex on the death of his noble young brother who fell so miserably at Rouen. See Devereux, as before. st. 4, l. 3, "*for to*," as before, common contemporaneously, rare in Shakespeare: see p. 132, l. 4: p. 133, l. 12; st. 4, l. 4, "*advance*" = lift up 'our fiery altar.' So Shakespeare, "the fringed curtains of thine eye advance" (*Tempest*, act i, sc. 2); l. 6, "*Solamen*," &c. The origin of this has long been sought for in vain. It is in most collections of Common-places; and was enquired about in *Notes and Queries*, iv, x, but not traced back to its source; st. 5, Elizabeth actually thus comforted Essex for his brother when he 'came over' at the queen's imperious summons. See Devereux, as before.

- Page 134, st. 2, punctuate l. 4 with semi-colon or period after 'labour,' and again, period after 'paine'; but except in misleading cases I shall not note the singular punctuation of the original. My part is to reproduce it. St. 3, punctuate period or semi-colon after 'leave' (l. 1); l. 6, "*fond*" = foolish, as *frequenter*.
- „ 135, st. 1, l. 4, "*empering*" — verb-form, as before; st. 3, l. 1, "*shalt not be no more*" — a double negative for emphasis; st. 3, Elizabeth's autograph letters fully warrant more than this; st. 4, l. 2, "*thy seruant*" — Essex's constant asseveration in his letters to Elizabeth; st. 5, Historically, it is a common-place that Elizabeth exercised a mother's watchfulness over Essex.
- „ 136, st. 1, l. 4, "*spight incarnate*" = Impurity (as in preceding stanza); l. 5, "*whight*" = white; st. 2, l. 6, put hyphen, 'earth-parching.' st. 3, l. 1, "*doome*" = sentence or judgment; l. 5, "*licorice*" — the sugar-cane perchance meant; l. 6, "*Sweete Iuniper*" — not the happiest adjective applied to 'Iuniper'; *ib.*, "*shaw*" = shew; st. 4, l. 3, "*nominate*" = name, as before; l. 4, "*wot*" = wit or know.
- „ 137, st. 3, l. 4, "*liuely*" = living; st. 4, l. 4, "*secretly*" — should be 'secretly.'
- „ 138, st. 4, l. 2, "*Dido mones*" — see 'To the Reader.' This reminds me to note on l. 4 of 'To the Reader' that Lucan was probably in Chester's mind on 'Cæsars victories.'
- „ 139, st. 1, l. 4, put hyphen, "*faire-fac'd*"; st. 3, l. 6, "*true story*." On all this symbolism veiling a real martyrdom, and so fulfilling the title, *Love's Martyr* — see our Introduction. *Pellican*: l. 5, "*He*" — note a man throughout.
- „ 140, l. 6 (from bottom), put hyphen, "*lous-wandring*."

Page 141, l. 7, "*fond*" = foolish; ll. 15-16, &c., *i.e.*, suggesting how Elizabeth sacrificed her 'true desire' to State-craft or expediency.

Conclusion. l. 1, put hyphen, "*true-meaning*"; l. 9, "*paine*" = painstaking.

- „ 142, *Cantoes Alphabet-wife*, &c., l. 2, the second 'will' no doubt a printer's mistake; l. 4, put comma after '*fauvour*'; l. 6, put hyphen, "*lame-leg'd*"; ll. 9-18. See Introduction on these suggestive lines. James I. is evidently intended. He was the friend of all Essex's friends.

••• In the 'Cantoes Alphabet-wife' that follow, we must not look for ordinary construction or much sense. The self-imposed fetters hinder both.

- „ 143, st. 1, l. 7, "*dares not giue to any*." There lay the secret. It recurs and recurs. In l. 6, 'Blotted by things vnseene' = secretly spoken of by some of no fame. Most clearly Elizabeth here again. St. 2, l. 1, "*Chastnesse*" = virginity; *ib.*, "*the bed of Glorie*" = thoughts of the 'Queen' marrying a subject; st. 4, l. 1, "*Enuie is banisht*." See Introduction on the 'Enuie' that beset Essex as recognized by other poets as well as Chester; l. 4, "*things*" = thing is.
- „ 144, st. 1, l. 3—verb singular to plural nominative; l. 7, "*Fetched from the ancient records of a Queene*." Query—marrying a subject? St. 2, l. 5, "*map of beauty*"—Cf. p. 77, st. 4, l. 2, and relative note; st. 4, reflection of Elizabeth's would and would not.
- „ 145, st. 1, l. 3, read 'greene-spred'; l. 5, "*when*" = whence; l. 7, "*dorter*" = dortour, *i.e.*, sleeping-place—here bed-room—audacious enough *certainly*; but Essex knew to whom he was speaking, and Chester knew both. St. 2, l. 1, "*Advotrix*" = advocate (feminine); st. 3, l. 1, "*nice Chastity*" = virginity, as before; l. 5, "*time is ouer spent*"—a perilous reminder to Elizabeth; l. 6, "*a kind of feare*"—admirable selection of words, revealing yet concealing; st. 4, l. 1, put hyphen, "*fresh-bloom'd*"; l. 2, "*Rose*"—fitting symbol of England's Queen ('Rosalin') in this faint anticipation of Herrick's delicious 'Gather the rosebuds while ye may.'
- „ 146, st. 1, l. 7, read, 'all-disgrace'; st. 3, l. 3, "*Quit*" = requite or quite; st. 4, l. 2, "*Ract*" = racked or rakt.
- „ 147, st. 2, l. 2, "*womanish*"—not a mere 'Phoenix' bird; l. 7, put hyphen, "*new-fram'd*"; st. 4, l. 4 (p. 148), "*vale*" = veil.
- „ 148, st. 1, l. 1, "*Xantha*" = Xanthe, one of the daughters of Oceanus; l. 3, 'more-milder'—double comparative; l. 5, "*discafe*" = disturb, make ill-at-ease; st. 2, l. 4, "*selfe-will*"—again the mark is hit. Read with hyphens, 'selfe-will-anguish.'

Cantos Verbally written.

. The headings of these stanzas seem to be posies out of rings. Cf. *As You Like It*, act iii, sc. 2. Be it kept in mind that Chester is not speaking in his own person, but is interpreting the 'truth of love' between Elizabeth and Essex.

- Page 149. 1. l. 4, "*Dies*"—used as causal; l. 6, "*woe*"=woo; 2. l. 5, punctuate ';' for comma; 3. l. 3, "*containing*"=contained.
- „ 150. 4. st. 2, l. 2, put hyphen, "*true-fworne*"; l. 6, "*Not in thy flowring youth*"—repeat 'do not smother' (in thought), and read [do] Not in thy flowring youth [smother]—else you turn a compliment into a jeer; 5. l. 1 (motto) 'u,' misprint for 'n'; l. 8, "*Knowne*"—to be read as 'knownen.'
- „ 151. 5. l. 4, "*fulfill*"=fill full *r.g.*; 6. motto, "*idolatrie*"—verb-form, *frequenter* in Chester; l. 3, put hyphen, "*Heart-comfortable*"—qu. comfortable? l. 7, "*surphet*"=surfeit; 7. st. 2, l. 3, "*rarietie*"=rarity, as before.
- „ 152. 8. l. 1, "*What*"=whatever, and put hyphen, "*thunder-formes*"; l. 4, "*inexorable*"=unchangeable; l. 6, 'dayes,' disyllabic unless 'the' have been omitted, at [the] or [at] midnight; 9. l. 6, put hyphen, "*true-fworne*," as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*Of holy loue, Loue's Temple to aspire*"=the Church and marriage therein; st. 3, l. 4, delete comma after 'desire.'
- „ 153. Motto. This third repetition of this couplet shews skillful flattery of the kind that most pleased Elizabeth; 11. 2, punctuate ';' after will; l. 7, "*denayes*"=denials.
- „ 154. Motto, l. 2, "*empiring*"=over-queenly, stately—see st. 2, l. 3; l. 4, read 'happie-bleft'; l. 9—metre faulty—some word left out.
- „ 155. 14. l. 2, "*disgrasue*"=disgracing; l. 4, "*our*"—misprint for 'or'; 15. l. 1, "*For*"=through; l. 5, punctuate ';' after 'pride.'
- „ 156. 18. l. 4, put hyphen, "*night-waking*"; l. 5, read "*Hart-fore*"; 19. l. 1, "*O tongue*," &c., viz., by talking of her 'bright brow *wrinkled* with disdaine'—the wrinkles, not the 'disdaine,' being the ground of offence; l. 8—qu. 'Dear [I give] that to thee [to whom] I offered wrong.'
- „ 157. 21. l. 6, "*the*"=thee; 22. l. 3, "*aduotrix*"—see p. 145, st. 2, l. 1; 23. ll. 5-6—certainly at most a comma for ';' in l. 5, or, 'hower I may,' &c.
- „ 158. 25. l. 2, "*selfe-will*"=self-will or foolishnesse sprung of self-will—a constant word between Elizabeth and Essex in their Letters; 26. l. 3, put hyphen, "*haruest-labores*"; l. 4, put ';' after 'seene,' and delete comma in next line; l. 6, "*Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade*"—another perilous reminder, but just the bold kind of speech fitting from Essex to Elizabeth—as witness their letters. See Devereux, as before.

- Page 159. 27. Motto, and l. 8, "*Nar*" = near; 28. l. 5, "*Cause*" = [Thou are] cause, and ';' for comma and comma after 'best,' l. 6; 29. st. 2, l. 1, "*Affections*" — qu. 'Affection' — cf. l. 2, 'her'; l. 3, "*foule bondage*" = slavery of 'selfe-will.'
- „ 160. 29. l. 1 — put (.) after 'courtesie' — required by change of person in next line ('Thou'); 31. l. 6, put hyphen, "*dwelling-place*."
- „ 161. 32. l. 6, "*Niobes cup*" = of tears; l. 7, "*My dutie yet remembred*" — Essex's ever-recurring phrase in letters to Elizabeth; 34. This should have been numbered '33' in order, it will be noticed. From this the numbering ceases without explanation. l. 3, "*Not one*" = No one; l. 4, punctuate ';' after cruelty; *Thoughts*, &c., l. 2, "*faining*" = fanning — but with a double sense; l. 3 (p. 162), "*fond*" = foolish, as before; l. 4, "*further*" = cast further or off.
- „ 162, st. 1, l. 4, "*Selfe-will*" — the thing in Elizabeth that needed overcoming; ll. 6-7 suggestive of Essex's consciousness of his royal Mistress's favour (to say the least); l. 6, "*tels*" — qu. 'tel' ? st. 3 — the very things wherein Elizabeth was pre-eminently praised, and the very strain followed by all who essayed to recount her virtues and greatness.
- „ 163, l. 1, "*curelesse smart*" — so Shakespeare, 'cureless ruin' (*Merchant of Venice*, act iv, sc. 1); st. 1 — a reflection again of Elizabeth's capricious favour and as capricious angers and withdrawals; st. 2, l. 3, "*nominate*" = name, as before, qu. — punctuate ';' ? st. 3, l. 2, put hyphen, "*sharpe-conceited*"; *ib.*, "*nere*" = e'er — double negative otherwise; l. 4, "*ignoble*" — courage of the author: specially note "*imperiall crowne*" — again no sense unless to Elizabeth or of Elizabeth; st. 4, Motto. Essex's letters to Elizabeth are full of the word and thing 'friendship.' See Devereux, as before. l. 2, "*Ebone*" = ebony or black?
- „ 164, l. 2, "*regreet*" = salute; st. 3, l. 5, "*I*" = aye; l. 6, read "*true-approved*."
- „ 165, st. 1, l. 1, "*Seene in all learned arts is my beloved*" — true as simple matter-of-fact of Elizabeth, who was of rare and unquestionable accomplishments as well as of natural intellectual capacity after the type of her prodigious father, 'King Hal.' 'Seene' = skilled, as in *Taming of the Shrew*, "It's a schoolmaster well *seen* in music" (act i, sc. ii); l. 4, "*Eye for eye*" — the first 'Eye' so spelt on account of the marginal 'eie,' is really the old 'I' = yea, *i.e.*, she not only moves the stony savage, but her eye indeed tempts chastity itself; ll. 5-6 — this is a very frequent contemporary tribute to Elizabeth. I have been surprised at the universality of belief in her poetical gifts; and I have a suspicion that much of her verse has perished; st. 2, l. 1, "*secke*" — used as sometimes in that age without an objective

h h

= try to find and does not — query semicolon (;) after 'seeke' and colon (:) after 'thee'; st. 3, l. 4, "*amazing*" = confused wonderment, as elsewhere; *ib.*, punctuate comma (,) after 'not' and nothing after 'amazing,' or at most a comma (,); l. 5, "*To*" — infinitive form used as in that age. We should write 'Do or [continue] to'; st. 4, motto—reflection of Essex's suspense and mingled hope and despair, expectation and weariness, as expressed in his poems and letters to Elizabeth; ll. 5-6 — In this rather oddly-constructed sentence, the subject to 'In all things gracious' is his unnamed Mistress, *i.e.*, Elizabeth. For throughout these 'Cantoës,' as in *Lou's Martyr*, Chester is interpreting *his* conception—based on close personal knowledge—of the 'feeling' between Elizabeth and Essex. All the known facts make it simply impossible that he could have been speaking for himself. Besides, in "The author's request to the Phoenix" he avows his purpose. There his pleading is —

"Accept MY home-writ praises of THY LOUE
And kind acceptance of THY TURTLE-DOUE (p. 5).

l. 5, "*gracious*" — he means [thou art] gracious.

Page 166, st. 1, l. 2, "*fairest faire*" — not objective after 'maintained,' but = O fairest faire; l. 5, "*Turtle-Doue*" = mate of himself the Turtle Doue. See note on st. 1, ll. 5-6, *supra*; st. 2, l. 1, "*Great Mistris*" — clearly applicable (and in those times most especially) to Elizabeth, and to no subject; st. 3, l. 4, "*Loue*" — being emphatic is counted as one foot, 'Loue | that eaf | eth minds | opprest | with neede |'; l. 6 = only to be relieved by thee that [always] yeeld'st relief. Again words only at that time to be applied to Elizabeth; st. 4, l. 5, "*yea so they say*" — is supposed to be her answer, and therefore her "*owne confession*"; st. 5, l. 2, "*for to*" — as before. See also p. 168, st. 4, l. 2; l. 4 (p. 167) — Of whom in the Court of Elizabeth could this be said but of Elizabeth? ll. 5-6 — not intelligible to me; but qu. — faith-denying?

,, 167, st. 1, l. 4, "*thee most admirable*" = O most admirable [one]; st. 2, l. 3, "*Me sometimes*," &c. — this line is made rather mysterious by the necessity of finding a rhyme to "*afraid*" = yet sometimes terrifying me that I am nevertheless given up to him, '*unless*,' &c.; st. 3, l. 1, "*Remorce triumphantly*" = (as frequently at that time) pitifulness, albeit here tacitly implying penitence for past delays and cruelty. So in Shakespeare and in Parry, quoted in our Introduction. st. 4, l. 4 (p. 168, l. 1), "*not named*" = not [to be] named, unnameable.

,, 168, st. 2, l. 1, "*Thine ever unremou'd and still kept word*" — most notice-

able as between Elizabeth and Essex. It seems to me more than ordinarily remarkable that Chester does throughout with such triumphant audacity give expression to the popular belief of Elizabeth's real sentiment toward Essex. The way in which he works into his pleadings personal traits seems to me declarative of dramatic ability of no mean type. I have no idea that Elizabeth herself ever made revelation of her 'love' for Essex to Chester. One can only guess whether Essex exchanged confidence with him. But *certainly* from first to last our Poet shows perfect skill in his giving shape and colouring to what was in the air concerning the 'Phoenix' and her 'Turtle-dove.' These 'Cantos,' with Posies for ground-work that perchance were known in society as circulating in the Court, equally with *Love's Martyr*, bring Chester before us as consecrating all his gifts and knowledge and sympathy to celebrating this story, '*shadowing the truth of Love*' between Elizabeth and Essex when the latter burst upon her in her still susceptible and passionate mid-age in all the brilliance and fascination of his young prime. I would also here notice what follows in the title-page (of 1601) "*in the constant fate of the Phoenix and Turtle,*" i.e., 'fate to be constant' to each other. Chester evidently believed that the 'love' awakened in Elizabeth for Essex lived on uneradicated even by his marriage and her advancing age. Save Sidney's and Stella's 'love' so tragically re-discovered when it was 'too late,' I know nothing more truly a 'Love martyrdom' than that of Elizabeth and Essex. The great Queen's closing melancholy and bursts of weeping with the name of Essex on her lips, and slow-drawn-out dying, reveal Chester's prescience of insight.

- Page 169, st. 1, l. 1, "*from*"—qu.—error for 'for.' The latter yields sense, the former scarcely; l. 6, "*By thy faire,*" &c. — again only applicable to Elizabeth in her Court. See Churchyard's Poems given in our Introduction; motto, l. 3, "*I*"=aye; st. 2, l. 3, "*he*," as in the margin and as required by the sense should be "*she*."
- „ 170, st. 2, l. 6, "*mountaine top of will aspires*"=ambition. In the Song (in *italics*) it is to be noted that the 2nd and 4th lines of each stanza (the alternate lines) are answers to the question or remark in 1st and 3rd. In st. 1, l. 2, the first 'loue' should be 'Loue' and have comma (,) after it.
- „ 171, st. 2, l. 4, "*I*"=aye; st. 3, l. 4, "*awaies*"=alwaies; st. 4, l. 1, read 'foules Life'=his Mistress; l. 2, delete comma (,) after "*villaine*"; st. 4, l. 8 (p. 172, l. 2), "*deare*" delete comma (,) —it is—'deare' shall, or 'deare' is the nominative to 'shall'
- „ 172, st. 1, l. 4, read 'wind-oppressing.' I may as well note here that

there are so many compounded words in Chester not marked by hyphen, that I could only call attention to the more important ; others the reader will fill in or not at his discretion ; st. 2, l. 8, "by my"—qu.—"by thy"—true Bird as I = true Bird as I [am]—see ll. 1-3, for these interpretations ; st. 3, l. 1, "Till that leane fleshles cripple, pale-fac'd Death"—so in *Old Fortunatus* "There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."

- Page 173, l. 3, read 'spring[s], i.e., whence springs all these my 'passions'; punctuate in l. 6, ; after 'sonne'; "*Most deuine*," &c., l. 6, "I" = aye ; l. 8, put hyphen, "*neuer-ceasing*." The want, &c., l. 2, "*want*"—verb—its nominative 'day and night.'
- „ 174, st. 3, l. 1, "*my affection*" = [by the object of] my affection ; st. 3, l. 2, punctuate ' ; ' after 'disgrace.'
- „ 175, st. 2, l. 1, "*Where two harts*," &c. — a final impassioned appeal to Elizabeth to let 'Loue' be 'Soueraigne'—quite in accord with the style she was addressed to the end, as though she never could be other than 'young,' and with possibilities or impossibilities of result at her command ; l. 5, "*dignified*" = given dignity.
- „ 177, Title-page—The Latin motto is from Horace, Od. iv, 8, 28. In the original is a rude wood-cut of an anchor.
- „ 179, l. 6, "*Bromius*"—one of the varying names of Bacchus ; l. 9, "*Ingles his cheek*" = treats his cheek as one does one's ingle or delight, or loved youth playfully pinches or strokes it ; l. 12, "*sustend*" = our present 'sustend' ; l. 14, "*honorable friend*," viz., Sir John Salisburie, as on title-page ; l. 15, "*illustrate*"—used as = illustrious or giving lustre, and by Ben Jonson on p. 182, last st. but one ; l. 19, "*profuse*" = pour forth. In olden days each did not as now drink the health from his own glass, but a large bowl being filled, it was passed to each successively, thus going the 'round.' (l. 21)
- „ 180, Heading—Sir Iohn Salisburie. See our Introduction on this 'worthily honor'd Knight' ; l. 4, "*exhaust*" = drawn out ; l. 14, "*Responsible*" = answering. These 'Vatum Chorus' pieces are in good sooth poor enough. They have touches like Chapman at his worst.
- „ 181, l. 5, "*But one sick Phoebe*"—an unmistakeable allusion to Elizabeth as 'sick'—such indeed as it was impossible to apply to any other at the time ; *ibid.*, "*fever-shaking Light*," "The influence of the moon on disease was so prevalent an opinion that this may have meant = 'causing fever-shaking' ; but it might also refer to the shaking glimmering light of the moon likened to the shivering in a fever. Possibly both meanings were intended to be understood by the reader." So Dr. Brinsley Nicholson to me ; but qu.—is not the latter half of the line an

ep-exegesis of the former, *i.e.*, 'one sicke *Phæbe*' = 'Light fever-shaking' by its sickness the nation? Men spoke even recently of England as in a 'feverish state of excitement and suspense' during the illness of the Prince of Wales. Note likewise that Shakespeare in his 'Phoenix and Turtle' introduces the 'feuer' — p. 182, st. 2, 'Augour of the *feuers end*.' Notice also that the '*vrne*' of 'The Burning' (l. 7) reappears in 'Threnos,' st. 3, l. 1, 'To this *vrne*'—see on ll. 15-16; l. 6, "*the world one Phanix*"—once more who would have then dared to sing of any save Elizabeth as the 'one Phoenix' of 'the world'? ll. 15-16, —these are purposely enigmatical—the words, "*Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-liue vrne*," evidently point at the fact that the Phoenix or Elizabeth was really living, although as 'Love's Martyr,' dead. The last line is obscure; l. 17, "*Ignoto*."—This was Raleigh's signature; but it is also contemporaneously found attached to pieces certainly not his. Everything forbids our regarding these Lines as by him.

Page 182, st. 1, l. 1, "*bird of lowdeft lay*"—Because the 'Phoenix' is the bird associated with the 'Turtle' in *Love's Martyr*, and throughout, it has been assumed, by apparently all the commentators on Shakespeare, that it is intended here. Surely this is a gross mistake, inasmuch as (1) It is the 'Phoenix's' death ('shadowing' Elizabeth) that the poem celebrates; and it were absurd to imagine it could be called on to 'sing' its own death. See 'Threnos' and st. 6 of this poem. (2) Nowhere—even supposing the 'Phoenix' possible—is this legendary bird represented as gifted with 'song.' I think it was left intentionally indefinite. I would suggest the 'Nightingale'; others may think of another. l. 2, "*On the sole Arabian tree*." Malone has excellently adduced a parallel passage in *The Tempest*:

"Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is *one tree*, the phoenix' throne: one phoenix
At this hour reigning there" (act iii, sc. 3, p. 23).

He remarks: "This singular coincidence, likewise, serves to authenticate the present poem" (Variorum Shakespeare, vol. xx, p. 421, edition 1821). By the 'sole Arabian tree' the Palm is meant. In Greek *phoinix*, and meaning both phoenix and palm-tree (Dr. Cobham Brewer's *Dictionary*, *s.v.*) l. 3, "*trumpet*." Steevens addresses King John—

"Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath
And *sullen presage* of your own decay" (i, 1).

Variorum Shakespeare, as before; l. 4, "*chaste wings obey*"
I have, myself, often watched the lifting and tremulous motion

of the 'singing' Nightingale's wings, and *chaste* was the exquisitely chosen word to describe the nightingale, in reminiscence of the classical story; st. 2. l. 1, "*striking harbinger*" = shriek or scritch-owl; l. 2, "*precurrer*" = fore-runner — scarcely 'procurer.' Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

" Now the wasted brands do glow,
While the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud;
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud " (act v, sc. 2).

Steevens, as before; l. 3, "*Augour*" = augur, fore-teller; *ib.*, "*fever's end*" = death (by fever); l. 4, "*To this troupe come thou not neere.*" Steevens, as before, recalls another *bit* in *Midsummer Night's Dream* — "Ye spotted snakes, &c. . . come not near our fairy queen." St. 3, l. 3 — punctuate "*feather'd King*" — "So in Gray's Ode on the Progresses of Poetry :

— "*thy magick lulls the feather'd King*
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing"
(Steevens, as before).

St. 4, l. 2, "*defunctive Musicks can*" — "That understands funeral musick. To *can*, in Saxon, signifies to *know*" (Malone, as before). But query — Is it here used from the Latin '*cano*'? (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me.) St. 5, punctuate and read —

" And thou treble-dated Crow, —
That thy fable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giu'st and tak'st;
Mong'st our mourners shalt thou goe."

Steevens, as before, on l. 1, 'treble dated Crow' aptly quotes *Lucretius* [5, 1053]:

— "*cornicum ut secla vetusta.*
Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit
Cornix."

l. 2, "*that thy fable gender mak'st*," &c. It is a 'Vulgar Error' still, that the 'Crow' can change its 'gender' at will. My friend Mr. E. W. Gosse puts it — 'thou Crow that makest [change in] thy sable gender, with the mere exhalation and inhalation of thy breath' (letter to me). l. 3, "*With the breath*," &c. — query, Is there a sub-reference to the (mythical) belief that the crow re-clothes its aged parents with feathers and feeds them? As being 'sable' it is well fitted to be a 'mourner.' It is so introduced in our child-hood favorite of the 'Death and Burial of Cock Robin.' Cf. Batman upon Barth., B 12, C 9.

Sir Thomas Browne has a note on 'White Crows' (=the aged). St. 6, This, as *supra*, makes it impossible that the 'bird of lowdest lay' could be the 'phoenix'; st. 7, ll. 1-2. Query—punctuate comma (,) after 'loured,' and delete comma (,) after 'twaine'? It is to be remembered that the compositor of *Love's Martyr* was especially fond of a comma at the end of a verse line. We have an exactly similar instance in p. 183, st. 1, as *infra*.

Page 183, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma for (;); l. 2, punctuate comma after 'Distance' and delete it after 'scene,' as *supra*; l. 4, "But in them it were a wonder"—Except—another Elizabeth sign; for only of the 'Queene' as placing no 'distance and no space' betwixt herself and 'this Turtle,' could it have been said 'it were a wonder'; *ib.*, punctuate comma after 'them'; st. 2, l. 2, "his right," &c.—It is merely a variant mode of expressing seeing love-babies (or one's self imaged) in the other's eyes. This gives the true sense to the 'mine' of l. 4; st. 3, l. 1, "Property was thus appall'd," &c.= great proprietors, or the nobility. I imagine there is an enigmatical hitting at the jealousy of Essex among the nobility of England, in the possibility of marriage between him and Elizabeth. Malone, *in loco*, muddles the matter (*meo judicio*); l. 2—qu.—delete comma after 'together,' and put comma after 'themselves'—making the whole from 'saw' to 'themselves' one clause; l. 4, "simple," &c.= were so well compounded into a simple, *i.e.*, into one. Punctuate comma for period; st. 5—as in *Love's Martyr*, I detect here, and throughout, Shakespeare's feeling, that Elizabeth's and Essex's relations meant infinitely more than 'friendship'; st. 6, l. 1, "Whereupon," &c. 'This funeral song.' So in Kendal's poems, 1577:

"Of verses, *threnes* and epitaphs,
Full fraught with tears of *teene*."

A book entitled David's *Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards, it was reprinted under the title of David's *Tears*; the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer (Malone, as before).

„ 184—*Thenos*—st. 2, l. 3, "refl." Punctuate with comma; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate ; or : for comma.

On the significance of these Poems by Shakespeare, in relation to Elizabeth and Essex, see our Introduction.

„ 185, l. 9, "*Dians tier*"= Dian's tyre; l. 3 (from bottom)—read 'all'[,] and delete comma after 'thoughts' in next line. Perhaps comma should also be deleted after 'Woman' in l. 3 (from bottom).

☛ Note, that though in the heading it is out of the 'ashes' of both, the 'wondrous creature' arises, in the poem (l. 17) he only speaks of what arises from 'the Turtle's ashes'—all this natural, for Essex really was dead, but the 'Phoenix,' or Elizabeth, only allegorically so. And so is it throughout, the real peeps through the 'allegorical,' and the 'allegorical' loses itself in the actual.

ll. 23-4, That whilst my labouring thoughts [do] sing with, &c., of this, &c. [nor] God [nor] Man, nor, &c.

Page 186, l. 2—qu.—delete comma after 'perfume,' the sense being 'Perfume [to] define,' *rithmi causa*; l. 4 = vouchsafe that my Muse may greet; l. 7, "*slightest*," i.e., [the] slightest [of the] perfections that adorn'd, &c. Query—lightest, i.e., most light, the 's' being caught from 'was'; l. 10, "*Perfection had no meane*" = was limitless; l. 12, "*instructed*"—which 'even instructed vertue, clothed ['inuested'] and therefore substantial; l. 17, remove comma after 'Hyperbolically'; st. 4, l. 1, "*meane*" = was limitless or had no equal; st. 5, l. 1, "*deck'd and stained*" = decked and adorned, or were lively coloured as an adornment.

„ 187, st. 1, l. 3, "*Makes*"—verb singular, nominative plural, through intervention of 'that,' as *frequenter*. Punctuate 'Masks [,] fo choicely sheltred'; st. 2, l. 2, "*wanted*"—used as neuter = were or have been wanting; l. 10, "*penny-shoes*," i.e., made-up shoes, as at penny shoes at a fair. Perfectioni Hymnus, l. 3, "*feature*" = making, or thing made; used also in the following verses by Ben Jonson: Cf. p. 193, l. 22, and p. 194, l. 14; and also, some think, by Touchstone to Audrey in the sense of 'the verses he has made.' Punctuate 'excellence, . . . confin'd.' This excellence, [that is] confined within all that is best; l. 7, "*I*" = Aye; l. 10, "*nomination*" = naming; *ib.*, "*straight*" = narrow; l. 12, "*giue*"—may be = 'giues'; delete period and supply comma.

„ 188, l. 1, punctuate comma after "*Suberbes*"; l. 2, "*Has*" = as, with the unlucky 'H'; the signature "*John Marston*" includes Perfectioni Hymni and preceding poems from p. 183; "*Perifleros*," &c., l. 4, "*Sights*" = eyes, or mode of view; l. 8 = 'staid Iudgemēts blow Loues fires, but humorous Passions only blow false fires whose Loues, &c., and quench,' &c.; l. 11, "*contend*"—in Latinate sense = aim at or stretch forward to; l. 18, "*alluded*"—another Latinate word = had reference to, with perhaps a sub-reference to 'favoured'; l. 19, "*Excesse*," &c. It would be a little more intelligible if we read *Excesse[d]*; but all is in Chapman's most forced manner; l. 23, "*Excesse of all things*" = [He that was], &c.; l. 24, "*But*" = except; l. 25,

"change me from" = [her] that is. Specially note the change to 'me,' showing that the Phoenix is not only a living person but a present person. So that albeit *Love's Martyr* necessitated an 'allegorical' death, the 'Phoenix' really was alive while the 'Turtle Dove' was dead. All this has no motif, much less significance, unless Elizabeth were meant. See our Introduction. Last line, "*forme*" seems to be a word in vogue (probably from the philosophy of the day) and = pattern, mould, or ideal thought on which I act. Cf. p. 192, l. 10.

- Page 189, "*Preludium*." As noticed in our Introduction, Gifford — to put it mildly — prints this most corruptly. He deliberately changes all the we's to I's, and our's to my's; l. 6, "*Lel's*" — in Gifford, 'I'l'; st. 5, l. 1, "*Mankind*" = masculine; st. 6, l. 1 — construction is, Light Venus go cramp, &c.; l. 2, "*Tribade*" — one may hope he used this word as = artful only. See Latin Dictionary and Martial; st. 7, l. 2, "*old Boy*," i.e., Let Cupid turn to lie, &c., alluding to the custom exemplified by Moth in *Love's Labour Lost*.
- „ 190, st. 1, l. 1, "*cannot*" — 'shall not' in Gifford; l. 3, "*Petasus*" = broad-leaved hat or cap; st. 3, l. 3 — note the words 'deep eares'; last line, "*taste*" = discover.
- „ 191, l. 8, "*shal*" — 'should' in Gifford; l. 20, "*their*" — 'the' in Gifford; l. 3 (from bottom) "*gentile*" — Latinate, whence 'genteel' = one of good or honourable family. In Gifford, 'far more gentle, fine.'
- „ 192, l. 22, "*Luxurie*" = lasciviousness or lust; l. 5 (from bottom), "*our selfe*" — in Gifford 'ourselves.'
- „ 193, l. 1, "*or*," in Gifford 'and'; l. 22, "*Feature*" = making. So in 'The Phoenix Analyfde,' st. 2, l. 3. In connection with this word it is to be noted that Shakespeare uses it curiously in verb form, e.g., "a glass that *feated* them" (*Cymbeline*, act i, sc. 1) = featured; 'Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard' (*Othello*, act i, sc. 3) = defeature or disfeature.
- „ 194, l. 5, "*Man may securely sinne, but safely neuer*." Note the distinction between 'securely' and 'safely'; note the spelling 'Iohnfon' always used by 'rare Ben' prior to 1604. *The Phoenix Analyfde*. St. 2, l. 1, "our *Turtles Angure*" = Robert Chester's angury; l. 3, "*Feature*" = making, as before. Ode *endoviasoruch*, l. 3, "illustrate" — illustrious in Gifford.
- „ 195, l. 4, "*a*," — our unhappily over-looked misprint for 'in.'

A. B. G.

XVII. SIR ROBERT CHESTER.

During two somewhat prolonged visits and sojourns in the principal cities of Italy—Northern, Middle, and Southern—since “Love’s Martyr” was issued, I inquired (cheu!) in vain, in public and private libraries and book-shops and among the *litterati*, for the Poems of Celiano. The utmost I happened on were scanty “Selections” or “Collections” in Florence. Even Professor Villari’s widely-extended and persistent help—failed. The disappearance of the Poems of Celiano is inexplicable. Their non-presence in the great libraries of Italy and of Europe, equally so. For at the time (or before) of “Love’s Martyr,” Celiano was ordinarily in England named with Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto.

It may be worth while to mention that three of the Madrigals by Celiano in the volume referred to by me, were imitated by Lodge (William Longbeard, 1593). But of course this is a small matter compared to the fact that Nashe and Francis Meres speak of Celiano as one of the chief poets of the day.

Various over-looked points seem to show that Chester really had some Italian ground-work, *e.g.*, at page 92, st. 4, he says, ‘Mugwort’ took its name from Artemisia. It took its Italian but not its English name from her. Again, on page 21, ‘A Prayer *applied* to the beauteous Phoenix,’ would naturally mean that in some original it was for “a silver-coloured Dove” (also an allegorical bird, doubtless), and appropriated to his ‘Phoenix’ by Chester. Once more: The whole Dialogue between Nature and the Phoenix has the very slightest relation to the allegory; and some passages look like mis-translations, *e.g.*, p. 106, st. 2, ll. 5–6, which I gave up (where, however, Aleph in Assyria means, probably, Aleppo in Syria). Further: “Seia, that

is Italy, corne doth beare" (p. 96), may in the original have referred not to any herb of that name, but to the Roman goddess of the seed time. My impression is that the Dialogue between Nature and the Phoenix and Rosalin's complaint and the Prayer which follows, are translated; but probably in the original are separate poems. The 'Arthur' episode is plainly—by the title-page and subject—original.

I still indulge the pleasures of hope of securing the the Poems of Celiano. I ask the kind co-operation of fellow Shakespeareans and book-lovers when in Italy. I shall gladly buy. I reserve until such fortunate recovery a re-statement and still further vindication of the interpretation of ELIZABETH and ESSEX being heroine and hero of "Love's Martyr," and so of Shakespeare's "Phoenix and Turtle." The proof already given I hold as absolutely untouched. Mr. Furnivall has not so much as mastered the elementary facts of the problem.

The following notes, corrective and illustrative, embrace everything in the 'Fly-leaf Addition' sent out with the 'Shakespeare Society' issue of my Chester:—

Page 15, ll. 5-6—query, transpose "Lippes, Teeth," and read—

"Head, Haire, Brow, Eyes, Cheeks, Chin, Lippes, Teeth, and all."

Tong, Neck, etc.

„ 19, ll. 2-4—'sweet Arabian spice.' Cf. Shakespeare (*Othello*, act v. sc. 2.)
—— "the Arabian trees

Their medicinal gum."

The 'spice' may be Myrrh, Olibanon, or Storax—the last having the best claim to the epithet 'sweet'; or the phrase may have referred to spices generally, albeit the previous 'Lycorice' seems to point to a special spice. Cancel 'cinnamon,' which was then supposed to come from India and Ethiopia. (Batman upon Bart.)

„ 31, l. 20, for 'tyred' read 'tryed.'

„ 89, ll. 2 [misprint 1] 3 'tefte'—Shakespeare ridicules the phrase 'teste your legs.' (*Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 1). See also p. 126, l. 1. The word is still used in Devonshire.

„ 109, ll. 2-5 and 112, 2, 1, 'Gagates'=jet, as shown by l. xvi. c. 49 of Batman upon Bart, where the same virtues are attributed to it.

- Page 110, l. 41, '*Achates*,' and 112, l. 1 [where it is misprinted '*Achites*'] as found by North's Pliny (b. 37, c. 10) and by Batman (xvi. 11), in both of which some of the virtues here assigned to it are given as = the agate, though Batman in an addition to c. 9, speaks separately of the '*Agat*' as from the Scottish borders. Perhaps it may explain this that in Cooper's Thesaurus no English equivalent is given under *Achates*, but merely a description of the '*agate*.' It is also said that the '*Achates*' was named in '*Aaron's Vestment*' (Batman); and the only stone of the twelve that is not otherwise appropriated is the '*agate*.' In the Vulgate, too, it is '*Achates*.'
- .. 113, l. 8—read '*cleere*,' and l. 11 '*mind*'—in some copies defectively printed.
- .. 116, ll. 2-5, '*Camelopard*'—this animal was not a "*fabulous Aethiopian*" beast, but our camelopard or giraffe. See Batman and Pliny.
- .. 133 (top line). Perhaps the arrangement of speakers should be :—
Phoenix. Haile map of sorrow;
Turtle. Welcome Cupid's child.
Phoenix. Let me wipe off, &c.
- .. 144, Can. 7, l. 2, for '*graunt*' read '*graunts*.'
- .. 171, l. 17, for '*amaies*' read '*almadies*.'
- .. 188. This quotation from Seneca is from the Preface to the Natural Questions; which is also the source of Daniel's famous lines "Unless above himself."
- .. 192, catch-word '*Became*' incorrect.
- .. 203, l. 13, delete '*is*,' or is a misprint for '*or*.'
- .. 212, on p. 85, read '*before*' for '*begore*.'
- .. 213, on p. 90, read '*Lent*' for '*Tent Lily*' and '*Pseudonarcissus*' for '*Pseudonacissus*.'
- .. 214, l. 3, for '*Psudocacia*' read '*Pseudacacia*.'
- .. 215, l. 10, for '*Sing Flower*' read '*Ling Flower*.'
- .. 216, on p. 92, for '*Mothenwort*' read '*Motherwort*'; l. 16 (of note), '*Mill*' may be '*Millmountani*,' or wild flax, and l. 19, '*Pelemum*' may be '*Pellamountani*,' or wild thyme.
- .. 217, l. 2, for '*Lingwort*' read '*Lungwort*.'
- .. 218, on p. 96, '*Herb Paris*' or Truelove. Dr. Prior tells us it should be '*Herb-Paris*' = herb of a pair (not a capital H; and '*Truelove*' not '*True*'—nothing to do with faithful (Prior's '*Plant Names*').
- .. 219, on p. 98, '*Stanwort*' = '*Standwort*,' i.e., Standerwort.
- .. 221, on p. 100—Is *Astrolochia*, *Aristolochia Clematitis* or Birthwort? for '*Vormica Beccabringa*' read '*Veronica Beccabunga*'; for '*Solanum nigra*' read '*S. Nigrum*'; for '*Caterpillers*' read '*Caterpillars*,' and for '*palustrus*' read '*palustris*.'

Note, &c., p. 128. '*Hunts-vp*.' G. Puttenham (1589) [Arber's rept. p. 32]

says that one Gray grew into estimation with Henry VIII. for writing this song.

Page 232. I query 'Calcedonies.' Probably Chester meant Chelidonies = Chelidonium majus, *i.e.*, the Clelandine or swallow-wort of the old myth. In the Eastern Counties, its yellow acrid juice is still—on the doctrine of signatures—believed to be a remedy for jaundice. With reference to 'Cecina,' that immediately follows the preceding—Pliny, X. 24, tells the story. Chester must have taken it from some second-hand authority, as he has told it quite differently. His making 'Cecina' and 'the Volateran,' two men out of one, looks like mis-translation. A similar blunder may be here corrected. At p. 123 Chester has 'Rinatrix.' This form 'Rinatrix' is quoted by Ducange from the *Vocabularium* of Papias. In Isidore (Orig. xii. 4) the beast is called 'Natrix,' and Lucan (ix. 720), whose words Chester quotes, runs, Et natrix, &c. Whence did Chester derive his mistake?

„ 244, note to p. 188, 'p. 183' should be 'p. 184.' So too in Postscript, p. 84, p. 81 referred to should be 'p. 88.' More vexatious still at p. lxxiv. the Printers have stupidly left uncorrected throughout,—'*Postscript*' for '*Postscript*.'

In Appendix C in quoting from 'Partheniades' as possibly Chester's own, I forgot that it belongs to the author of the 'Arte of English Poesie' (1589), who repeatedly cites from 'Partheniades' as his own. Whether that author was really George Puttenham or not, it is certain that he was born between 1529 and 1535, and therefore was at least 25 years older than Chester.

Finally—I must give a slight though not very pleasant Shakespeare *bit*. In st. 5 of the 'Phoenix and Turtle' I fear the reference is to the belief that the crow (or rather the raven) engendered by the mouth; a belief mentioned characteristically by Martial and discredited by Aristotle and Pliny. See Martial, xiv. 74, and Aristotle, 'De Generat. Anim.' III. 6, and Pliny, 'Hist. Nat.' X. 12. I don't feel disposed to say more than that 'gender' here is = kind, not sex. This sense put on 'gender' needs no defence. Even Dr. Johnson gives it along with two examples from Othello and Hamlet respectively. In its allegorical meaning, the 'crow' making its sable gender with its breath, would be a fit symbol of scandal or slander. I think I have met with it so employed.

By the way it may be added that Ben Jonson in his striking commendatory poem to Holland in 'Pancharis' (1603) entitles it 'Ode ἀλληγορικῇ.' Further—that the last line of his Epos is found in 'England's Parnassus' (1600).

For the following notes on Plants, &c., named in "Love's

Martyr," I am indebted to my good friend the Rev. Henry N. Ellacombe, M.A., Bitton, Bristol. He has omitted all that still bear the same name—or which have been already explained in the Notes and Illustrations; top-pagination quoted.

Page 1, '*Pallas tree*' = myrtle — see p. 96.

- „ 3, st. 3, '*Carnation gelli-flower*,' = *dianthus Caryophyllus*—An interesting instance of one of the many corruptions of the original name.
- „ 18, st. 2, '*Fine apples*'—not the fruit now so named, but fir-cones—'*dryve a wegge mayd of a pynsappyle tre.*' Porkington MSS. in Warton Club Misc.,—and see Catholic Angl., *s.v.*, Pyne and note. The name was transferred to the West India fruit from similarity of shape.
- „ 82, st. 2, '*Yellow Crowbells*'—I think this must be the butter cup, which Lyte calls '*yellow craws*.' '*Adders graffe*'—I should consider Gerard's account to be conclusive against *Ophioglossum*. The authorities are in favour of *Orchis mascula*. '*Acacia*'—Surely not an American Robinia, which was not known till later—It is the classical Acacia. See Holland's Pliny, xiii. 9, xxiv. 12. '*Boyes Mercury*' = *mercurialis annua*—*v.* Britten, *s.v.*, Boy's and girl's mercury. '*Weedwind*'—if this is withy wind it is mentioned twice—See p. 83, s. 3, but I can suggest nothing else. '*Moufétale*'—not a species of houseleek, though according to Turner it is *sedum acre*—but it must be *myosurus*.
- „ 83, st. 3, '*Leopard's foote*'—I suppose that this is a mistake of author or printer for *Leopard's fate*, = L's bane—*Pardalianches*. '*Indian Sunne*'—I wonder if this is the same as Sh's '*Nettle of India*.'
- „ 83, st. 4, '*Forget-me-not*.' Not the plant now so called, but probably the ground-pine (*ajuga chamæpits*). '*Coculus Panter*' = Dewberry—(*rubus cæsius*) so called by Lyte. '*Double tongue*'—I suggest the tway blade *Anthyllus*. Why not the plant now so called—the bright yellow *A. vulneraria*? '*White bulbous violet*' = Summer Snowflake-*Leucojum*, *i.e.*, λευκον ιov.
- „ 84, st. 3, '*Oke of Jerusalem*' = *chenopodium botrys*—Gerard. Larkes spurke and larkes claw are the same plant—and so is '*Lark's heels trim*' of two noble kinsmen. '*Mill*' must be an abbreviation either of millet, milfoil, or melick. '*Peterneum*'—I can only suggest a corruption of Pell-a-mountain, which see in Prior. '*Osmond the Waterman*'—I feel sure '*Waterman*' simply means a water plant, with perhaps a hint at supposed sex. Dragons *v.* Dragaunce in Prompt Parvul.
- „ 86, st. 2, '*Osmond baldpate*' = the oak fern—*Polypodium dryopteris*. See Lyte's Herball, 1578. '*Oculus Xti*,'—no doubt *Salvia Sclarea*—though in the next page he calls it *horminum*. '*Sage*

of *Jerusalem*—what authority for the lungwort? The plant now so called is *Phlomis fruticosa*, an old inhabitant of our Gardens—grown by Gerard.

- „ 87, st. 7, '*Red Patiens*'—called by Spenser 'bitter patience'—Virgil's gnat—qudgolden flower—surely there should be comma here, and it must be the 'goldes'—a cuckoe pintle could not be called golden. '*Theophrastus violet*'—the *lor* of Theophrastus was no doubt the *viola odorata*, but in Chester's time, I think the name was generally given to the *Leucojum*.
- „ 88, st. 4, '*Paris navvus*'—I suspect a comma has slipt out between these two words—which would then be Herb Paris and Turnips—there is no connection whatever between the two. '*Tournefol*'—must be the marigold—*heliotropium*. See Cathol. Anglic.—and other writers. '*Seia*'—must be *Zea*—the maize.
- „ 90, st. 4, '*Stamwort*'—more probably standerwort—*Orchis mascula*. '*Yellow Wolf's Bane*'—commonly called yellow aconite, but it is not an aconite at all—*Eranthis hyemalis*. '*Moufearre*'—*Myosotis*—our forget-me-not.
- „ 96, st. 4, '*Young mans Medlar*'—Compare Mercutio's speech.
 "Now will he sit under a medlar tree."
Rom. and Jul. ii. i. (80).
- „ 98, st. 4, '*Mofe tree*'—what is this? Mulberry, *morus*?
- „ 137, N. 13, The same idea as Theseus' in *M.N.D. i. i. (322)*.
 "Earthlier happy is the rose distilled, &c."
 and Fuller's "Therefore, sifter Bud, grow wise by my folly, and know it is far greater happineffe to lose thy Virginity in a good hand than to wither on the stalk whereon thou growest."
Antheologia. 1655, p. 32.

VERTUE'S
COMMONWEALTH
BY
HENRY CROSSE
(1603.)

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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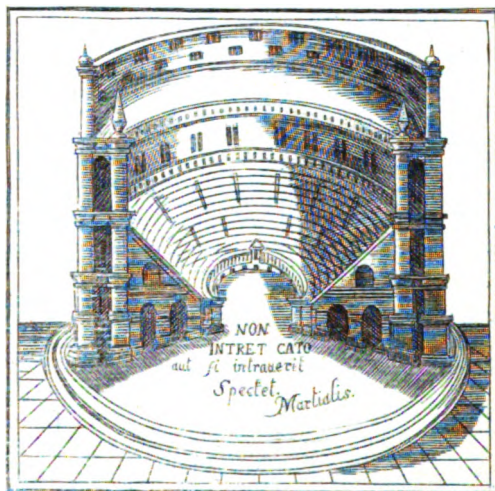
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OR,

Antidote for the Head-ache.



J. W. Elsworth. Sc.

LONDON.

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INTRODUCTION.

OF HENRY CROSSE,—the author of *Vertue's Commonwealth*,—I have absolutely failed to recover anything biographical. Various CROSSES have turned up in the course of my utterly disproportionate researches—one, Thomas Crosse a Verse-writer and Verse-collector contemporary, of whom I should gladly learn more—but nothing whatever on this our Henry Crosse. Nor is there in his book those personal allusions that in not a few cases have guided to information.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, *s.n.*, registers the following: "The Schoole of Pollicie; or the arraignment of State-abuses, directing Magistrates, adorning the Court, and beautifying the whole Commonwealth. London 1605 4to." No copy of this is apparently known. I have a suspicion that should one be recovered it will prove to be a re-issue of *Vertue's Commonwealth*—the exemplar of which in the Bodleian is believed to be *unique*. I cannot suppose that the *Schoole of Pollicie* could be the second book on "Iustice" semi-promised by the author in *Vertue's Commonwealth* (p. 13.) In the Epistle-dedicatory of the present treatise he seems to intimate something worthier, *e.g.*, "If . . . your bounties wil deign to giue free admittance to this homely worke, I shall be prouoked not to end with this my rude beginning, but striue to shewe some greater monument of my loue heereafter." (p. 4.)

That which gives *Vertue's Commonwealth* a claim on revival to-day and rescue from the perils of a solitary exemplar, is its graphic portraiture of "men and manners" of the period, more especially in the latter half under 'Vice' (p. 50 onwards). Like Dante's 'Inferno,' which eclipses his

'Paradiso,' in its own lowly sphere, the 'Vice' is far superior to the 'Vertue.' For while the latter is not without "good words," well-put maxims, apt ethical apophthegms, pungent and memorable sayings and scholarly anecdotes and references, it is (in my judgment) in his sketches illustrative of the 'Vice' of the age that we must find the salt of the book. The portraitures or word-etchings are *bitten in* with considerable skill and evident gusto. You have the 'Spendthrift,' the 'Cornhoarder,' the 'Drunkard,' the 'Upstart,' the 'Idler,' the 'Counterfeit Gentle' (= well-born), the 'Fool Corydon,' the 'Painted Faces' of Fashion—their 'hair as short as their eye-brows,'—'Cold Charitie,' 'hard-hearted Christians,' the 'base Tapster or Oastler'—"who will be as fine as a gentleman"—the alluring 'gay Ladies,' the 'Simple Men' in high-places and their attempts at 'public-speaking,' 'Christmas-keepers,' the final account at the 'celestial Assize,' &c., &c., &c.—roughly dashed off, yet with cunning touches. His exposure of the 'loose pamphlets' and 'love-books' and the over-indulgence of 'Night-Plays,' is a vital contribution to contemporary History. The student-reader will recognize *hits* at Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and others (pp. 102 onward, 112, 113, 117, 118 *et alibi*.) One margin-note, "The Documents of Playes," starts questions in relation to its text (p. 116). He has highest esteem for 'modern Poets' and 'modest Poetrie.'

In Notes and Illustrations—wherein I exclude trite classical names, &c.—certain noticeable words and phrases are recorded.

How it is that *Vertue's Commonwealth* survives in only the Bodleian exemplar it is difficult to explain.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's Vestry, Blackburn,
October 1878.*

V E R T V E S

Common-wealth:

OR

THE HIGH-WAY TO *HONOUR.*

Wherein is discovered, that although by the disguised craft of this age, vice and hypocrisie may be concealed: yet by *Tyme* (the triall of truth) it is most plainly reuealed.

Necessary for age to moue diligence, profitable for youth to shun wantonnesse: and bringing to both at last desired happinesse.

Haud curo inuidiam.

By *Henry Crosse.*

LONDON.

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TO THE RIGHT

Honourable *Robert Lee*, Lord Maior of
the honorable Citie of *London*: And to
the Right worshipfull the Aldermen
his brethren.



Am not ignorant (Right Honorable and right worshipfull Senators) of the custome of this age, which is, that such as write bookes do vse to dedicate thē to some worthy persō or other, vnder whose protection they might passe with more safetie from the byting of the enuious: so that many times a light discourse is grac't with a iudiciall censor: I was therefore imboldned to obserue the same Method, and that chiefly because I know true *Vertue* loueth whatfoeuer is like it selfe be it neuer so little, and accepteth what is zealously offered, though not alwayes deferuingly excellent, whē base deiected minds want wisedome & experience to direct the puritie

A 2

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

ritie of iudgement. And although I haue scattered here and there some iarring notes and harsh consonants, vntunable to a modest eare: yet the vglines of vice made me strue to paint out her *Ianus*-face to the eye of the world. *Alexander* refused not a cup of colde water at the hands of a filly begger, the poore widows myte was more accepted then the abundance of the Scribes and Pharises, for she offered all that she had, they of their superfluitie: so a noble mind doth alwaies patronize a poore gift as willingly, as it is deuoutly dedicated. If in like fort your bounties wil deign to giue free admittance to this homely worke, I shall be prouoked not to end with this my rude beginning, but strue to shewe some greater monument of my loue heereafter. And thus leauing to trouble your wisdoms with tedious circumstance, I rather abreuiate of that I would say, then by speaking too much to breed suspitiō of my simple well meaning. And so I humbly commit your affaires to the good guidance of the Almightye, and my selfe to your fauourable censures.

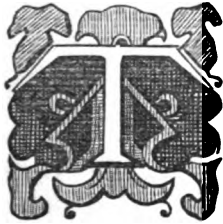
*Your Honors and worships most
dutifull to commaund.*

Henry Crosse.



VERTVES COM-

mon-wealth : or the high-way to honour.



He fame-eternized *Tully*, in his booke of duties setteth downe, that [in] the teaching of any doctrine, which is to be taken in hand in due forme, the exordium must begin with a definitiō, that the life of the subiect whereof the discourse doth run, may the better be vn-

derstood. *Vertue*, is an elected habit, or a setled qualitie, cōsisting in a meane, & that meane standeth in the midst of two extreame, the more, & the lesse, and this that some laudable action, which by no other name can be termed but by the onely title of *Vertue*. Vice is opposite to *Vertue*, a habit of the minde annexed to nature, not striuing with reason, an inconstant desire in the whole life: rebelling against honestie: which two affections, growe vp to a habit by degrees, through vse and exercise, chosen by the rationall partes, and when by custome the will is setled in the course of either, the whole disposition is carried to good or bad.

Vertue, defined.

Vice defined.

The Stoikes, call Vice and *Vertue*, *Animalia*, living creatures, because by them a man is discerned; for in respect of *Vertue*, a man is said to be a man, which is the *Etymologie* of the word: and in respect of *Vice*, to be a

Ex viro, dicitur virtus.

B

beast,

Vertues Common-wealth.

beast, because he wanteth those faculties, and demen-
sions, onely proper to a vertuous and good man.

Vertue, is diuided into two parts, the *Intellectiue*, and
the *Morvall*: the former is begotten and nourished by
good tutors, reading good Bookes, and exercise; from
this floweth wisedome, science, prudence, memorie.
Actus. The latter commeth by custome and vse; for these two
are so forcible, as by it a man may get him a second na-
ture; and this worketh this thing called *Actus*, in the
extreame parts, and is the mother of Liberalitie, Forti-
tude, and of all good manners.

The diuine essence of the soule, beholdeth nothing
with contentment but the perfect *Idea* of *Vertue*, be-
ing so pure and excellent, as she onely aymeth at per-
fect happinesse, if the corruption and disobedience of
the body, did not contaminate & defile her. And there-
fore the Philosophers say, whē she is in the company of
good men she possesseth ioy, but among euill, is euer-
more in heauinesse: for the soule is occupied in hea-
uently contemplation, and delighted to know her Crea-
tor, his omnipotent maiestie and power, the workes of
nature: but being imprisoned followes the bodies in-
clination, and by that meanes is kept backe from the ha-
uē wherevnto it would most willingly arriue. But ac-
cording to a Christian exposition, the verie faculties of
the soule, are so essentially defiled with *Adams* trans-
gressions, that it hath no power to thinke one good
thought, or beget an acceptable motion, before it be re-
generated and borne anew; for Christian *Vertue* stan-
deth in Faith, Hope, and Charitie, not fashioned ac-
cording to Philosophie; but to haue him the Author,
which is both truth and righteousnesse.

The Christi-
an Vertue.

We

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We must not rest then vpon the morrall vertue, and make that the chiefe good, which are but steppes to clyme vp therevnto, as the wise Heathen taught: for all theyr doctrine, was but to fashion the outward man to ciuill obedience, making that the end which are but motiues to the end. For it is not all one, to be a morrall wise man, and a good Christian, a great proficient in humane Sciences, and a great Clarke in diuine misteries: heere is a maine difference: let no man repose himselfe upon such a sandie and shallow foundation, if he will stand sure: but build on Christ the Rocke, the bright starre of the immortall maiestie; on him to cast Anchor; purifie the inward parts, and digge vp that dunghill of filthinesse, deriued from originall corruption. Mans happinesse standeth not in pleasures, honour, nor in the goods of Fortune: but onely in those holy Vertues which proceed from a pure heart. This is the plaine pathway to sanctitie, and immortallitie, Vice sincking downe to hell: the one, with Eagle-winges mounts vp to heauen, the other, clogges the soule with leadē thoughts, benumbing her dexteritie, for so high a flight.

But to prosecute my intent, which is to handle the morrall Vertues, and lay open the parts of humanitie, it wil not be amisse to touch by the way, the foure chiefe and principall Vertues, called cardinall Vertues, as *Prudence, Iustice, Fortitude, and Temperance*, which are distinguished one from the other by their feuerall properties, all conioyne in one, and make a vnion: For though *Vertue* be subsisting in one single being, yet because of diuers workes, she is deuidable, and albeit many sprigges growe out of these foure braunches, yet is shee called

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Vertue

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Vertue in the singular number.

Prudence.

Prudence, is a certaine brightnesse shining in the minde, by which the light of truth is descried, foreseeing what is fit to be done: a true affection, labouring by reason to finde out the quallitie, and to iudge what is iust, fit, honest, profitable, equall, and good, not onely aduisedly looking to the first motiue cause: but also to the consequent and finall endes: by this the present felicitie, and infelicite of this life, is sweetly tempered, and all things ordered in comelineffe.

Whosoever rashly setteth vpon his businesse without her, rusheth vpon the rockes of error, and by his owne headie opinion commeth soone to ruine: because it is impossible to effect any thing well, vnlesse he be guided by her light, neither can hee be able to discern good from euill, things profitable from things preiudiciall: but as a blinde man doth venterously trauaile without a guide, and at euery step readie to stumble: so hee that is ignorant in plotting his affaires, wadeth in darkenesse, wherein euery storme of triall doth ouerturne his pollicie.

A prudent man, is so cautelous and vigilant, as wel in the consideration of fore-passed daungers, as in preiudicating perills to come, that he meeteth with euerie mischiefe, and is not ouertaken, with *non putauit*, had I wist: for hauing set his rest on a firme ground, doth not doubt but expect, not repēt in the end, but reioice in the whole action: so that she regardeth things past, present, and to come, and bendeth her force to that part that is needfull, to defend the weakenesse of reason, and when she hath drawne out the plot, which honestie doth require, committeth it to *Sapience*, which as a hand-maide,
is

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is readie to execute that in the outward worke, which before was determined. The main difference betweene these two, is, the former is a generall comprehending and knowledge of things; the other an experience of that in action. For as by reasoning, reading, and conuering with wise men, a man may vnderstand much: yet without practise all is nothing. Before a Physitian doth minister to his Patient, he searcheth into the nature of the disease, and acquaints himselfe with the state of the body, which hauing once found out, it is to no end if he apply not himselfe in outward meanes, to benefite the sicke person with his potion: So if there be but a defused knowledge of things, and as it were such a collection, as by it the vnderstanding is bettered, and no outward demonstration, it is as treasure hid in the earth and serues for no vse: for there be markes to knowe a prudent man by, if hee be vniustly vexed, troubled, or in pouertie, sicknesse, and tossed too and fro in miserie: if he reioyce in these afflictions, and patiently beare the crosse, the same is a prudent man, and his suffering maketh it a meane to him: but when a man is chastised either in body or goods, and will not suffer without grieve and muttering, the same is a vitious and imprudent man. To be briefe, she is the right disposer of all things, an enemy to ignorance, the key of knowledge, which openeth the rich treasure of diuine and humane things; doing nothing but that which is right, iust, and praise-worthy.

*Scire tuum
nihil est: nisi
te scire, hoc
sciat alter.*

Ennius.

*Notes of a
wise man.*

Iustice, is a vertue that giueth to eueryman his owne, the first and principall part whereof is, and euer was, to doo God that honour which is due to his diuine maiestie, consisting in feare, loue, & reuerence; for as Iustice

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will

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will equally render to euery man his owne, & bring differing things to an equalitie, by considering the difference betweene them: so much more and most of all, it is most iust, to loue God, of whom wee haue all that we haue, and being perished by originall corruption, were eftsoones recovered, by the sufferings of his son: this part of Iustice, ought to be imbraced with other affectiō than the Heathen, who wandering in the darknes of ignorance know not God as he is. A iust man coueteth not that that is an others, but rather neglecteth his owne for the good of the Common-wealth, nor with a greedie humor, doth incroach vpon his neighbors possession. Without Iustice, no estate can subsist for all vertues are comprehended vnder the name of Iustice, of which a man is said to be a good man, for all the other vertues cannot make a man good, if Iustice be absent. *Tully* calleth her the Lady & Queen of all other vertues; by her is the societie of man preferued: the most excellent blessing that euer God gaue to man was, to be gouerned by Iustice, which bridleth the hot fury of the wicked, comforteth the innocent, & equally decideth between *Meum*, & *Tuū*. And he that is exercised herein, his mind is lifted vp to the apprehension of greater wisdom. For howsoeuer the world is troubled with hurly burly, yet the quietnesse of his minde is no whit distracted, but resting in securitie smileth at the worlds turbulent state. Finally it is a bloud in the vain, giuing life to the whole body, the head of all vertues: for of her selfe she may do many things, but without her the rest can doo nothing rightly.

Fortitude.

Fortitude is a greatnesse of mind, which without furious or rash resolution, feareth not to hazard it selfe in
the

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the greateſt perils, and with eager purſuite to hunt after honourable actions, thirſting after glory, not reſpecting the tedious difficultie of the paſſages therevnto, to encounter with dangers, wade through the myſtie clouds of darknes, & willingly endure all bitterneſſes of fortune, for the ſafeguard of the country: ſuch were *Scipiones*, *Fabij*, *Alcibiades*, *Hannibal*, &c. who by their valour & great prowes, reached to the top of honour. Neither is true Fortitude meaſured by the compaſſe of a great body, nor by dooing great enterpriſes, in reſpect of the huge ſtature, but by a fierce and couragious ſpirit, ſtriving in a good cauſe: the cauſe is all, it is not the torment that maketh a Martyr, but the cauſe for which he ſuffereth. So that to ſpeake properly, Fortitude is that which is granted vpon good cauſe, & poſſible to be atchieued: ſuch true valour was in *David*, who could not abide to heare the name of God blaſphemed by ſuch a monſter as *Goliah*, & therefore knowing God would aide his enterpriſe, he relyed not vpon his owne ſtrength, but caſt off all vaine glory; for when matters are rightly attempted, many ſtraunge aduentures proceed, euen as it were by myracle: a iuſt & honeſt cauſe maketh a man bolde, hardie, and venterous, to ſtrive againſt one of greater force; as King *Alexander*, being of ſmall body, fought hand to hand with *Porrus*, which was a more mightie man: it is not then any great perſon or huge Colloſſe, that can triumph ouer a good cauſe.

The cauſe
maketh a
Martyr.

The Romaine *Scipio* was wont to ſay, no man ought to leuie war, or fight with his enimie without iuſt cauſe offered: but if hee were prouoked by an uniuſt intruſion, it booteth not to tarry til they come, but intercept thē in coming, for ſuch cauſe giueth encouragement to ſet vpon them freely.

As

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The Spanish
brauadoes.

As when our common enemies in 88. with their Spanish braues meant to haue inuaded our Territories, and came armed with instruments of tirannie to insult ouer our natiō, and to bring our necks into a Spanish yoake, it pleased God to abate their pride, and turne their cruelties into their owne bosomes. Heere was cause to make a coward valiant, and the fearefull forward to fight, because he was compelled to take vp weapons for his owne safetie; and he that will not defend himselfe, is not worthy to liue in peace, especially when his wife, children, father, mother, brothers, sisters, yea the whole Countrey is in daunger to be torne and rent in peeces by sauage and mercilesse tyrants. When it is for a common defence, is not he a wretch that will sit still and see his mothers throate cut? What if he dye in the conflict? were he not better to dye honourably like a Martyr and souldier of Christ, then liue to see the ruine and defolation of his whole Countrey? wherefore no man ought to stagger or faint at a good cause, but bee the more imboldened, because it giueth good encouragement. We may call to mind, and we cannot remember it too often, the ouerthrowe they then had, not simply in respect of our owne prowesse, but by the assistance of a higher power, we being but a poore handfull to their great multitude; they came like *Briarius*, threatning the heauens, and casting mountains at *Iupiter*; yet theyr glorious tytle of inuincible was confounded, to theyr shame, and our glory: this we may thinke vpon with reuerence, but ascribe the honour of the victorie to him by whose meanes it was wrought. If warre be leuiued without cause, or if one man shall be so foole-hardie to attempt things impossible, and presume on his strength
to

God gaue the
victorie.

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to affaile a great many, beyond hope to vanquish, it is no maruaile, if the successe fall out against his desire, for *Ne Hercules contra duos*. For *Hercules* himselfe held it oddes to deale with two: but when for the common good of the Countrey (as I said before) any man shall vndertake some hard aduenture to free it of some imminent perill (if sent by imperiall commaund) though he loose his life in the action, yet for that hee is indued with true Fortitude, doth winne immortalitie: as the three Romans called *Decij*, who for the safegard of their Countrey auowed to dye, and with resolute and vndaunted courages, pierced the host of their enemies, and though they lost their liues, yet by their stout example gaue such audacitie and courage to the rest of the Romaines by prouoking them forward, as they easily obtained the victorie, which was thought to be vnconquerable. I might speake the like of *Codrus*, *Marcarius*, *Curtius*, *Marcus*, and *Regulus*, which dyed most willingly for their Countrey. I might recite here also a Catalogue of those valorous English Knights, that haue honourably yeelded vp their liues on the field of *Mars*, for their Prince and Countrey: but that I intend not now to make an Apologie of this *Vertue*, but referre it to a Treatise of Iustice, which I suppose shall succeed this worke, especially vpon the improuement of this, God giuing mee time and quietnesse of minde to performe that.

This manlineffe is a Vertue that fighteth in defence of equitie and iust dealing: but we neuer finde that any man got true praise and honour by rash furie; for nothing is honest that is voyd of Iustice. He that is hastie to surprise a man, & soone moued to impatiencie with-

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Vertues Common-wealth.

out iust cause doth rather merit the name of leaud boldnesse, then manly courage, because this Vertue standeth in honest deeds, and not in vaine glory, and being truly carried, serueth as a hammer to beate downe those Vices, that oppose themselues to the beautie of *Vertue*; which chiefly doth appeare, when preferment doth lift a man aloft, by imbracing humilitie, and ouercomming pride, which soone creepes vpon the aduanced: or if tossed in aduersitie he be vigorous and beare an inuincible courage, to combat against the passion of the minde, which is ready basely to decline: for whatsoever falleth out crookedly, is turned to the better part: she inableth to vndergoe damage, to beare iniurie, to be patient, and not to stirre, but for a common good, or his priuate defence, when a violent intrusion is made vnto his person.

True valour
standeth not
in vaine quarrelling.

Many hide themselues vnder the wings of this *Vertue*, that neuer seeke to apprehend her aright, and would seeme valorous and magnanimous, when they are but white-liuere cowards and miscreants: as many of these brawlers and swashbucklers, whose hot blood once stirred, cannot be cooled without reuenge and field-meetings, which for euery light cause they vndertake, and so violently swaid with fury, that they rush forward into all desperation, without reuerence of the lawes of God, the law of nature, loue, charitie, & which is aboue all care of their owne saluation, do arrogant to themselves glory, by defacing and spoyling the Image of their Creator. The sonnes of *Cain* thus maistred with wrathful furie, murder and dismember their bretheren, and as catiues and slaues bend the will to such inhumane crueltie, and so become branded to euerlasting destruction

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destruction. Now if all *Vertue* doth consist in obeying God, keeping his lawes, maistring wicked anger, and holding concord, how can that be praised which is against such a blessed assembly of vertues? or how thinke they, that that offence can be remitted, which is abhorred, detested, & so expressly prohibited in the sixt Commaundement? men ought to liue in Christian amitie, and leaue all reuenge to him, who faith, Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it. The poore Cinick, when one had hit him on the eare, I thought (quoth he) I had left one place vncovered.

Socrates being tolde one spake many railing and euil words of him, was no whit moued thereat: and being asked why he would beare so great indignitie, answered; if he spake truth, I haue no cause to be grieved, being iustly blamed; if false, I haue lesse cause to be angry, because that which hee spake pertained not to mee. O that men would learne patience! and not so often fight and murder one an other, for verball and idle quarells: for now if one amongst a hundred be patient, quiet, will carrie coales, and meekely suffer rebuke, he is noted of cowardize, and deuoyd of manly parts.

The patience
of y^e Heathens
memorable.

Now lastly followeth Temperance, as a sad and sober Matron, a prouident guide and wise Nurse, awaiting that voluptuousnesse haue no preheminence in the soule of man: the most glorious Vertue in any kinde of estate, she ordereth the affections with continencie, an enemy to lust, and a mediocritie in the pleasures of the body, whose office is to couet nothing that may bee repented of afterwarde, nor to exceede

Temperance.

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the

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This little
microcosmie
is vpheld by
Temperance.

the boundes of modestie, but to keepe desire vnder the yooke of reason. Of the lyneaments of her perfection, the whole world doth subsist and abide, euen from the lowest to the highest, without whom our lusts would ouerthrowe our vnderstanding, and the body rebell against all good order, and the habit of reason wholly suppressed: for shee tempereth and keepeth in frame the whole body of man, without whose aide many enemies would creepe in, and infect our best parts, and vtterly ruinate and cast downe the bulwarke of reason, and walles of vnderstanding: but hee that doth sacrifice his endeouours to so diuine an essence, swimmeth safe betweene two Riuers deuoyd of daunger. Extreames are euer hurtfull; for if a man eate too much or too little, doth it not hurt the body? so is it of too immoderate labour, or too much idlenesse, of too much boldnesse, and too much cowardnesse: these extremities are vicious and euill, but the meane doth temper them both.

No man is wise, happy, or any thing worth, if Temperance square not out the course of his life. And herein the benefite of olde age is to bee honoured, for that it hath this preheminance ouer youth, time hath weakened theyr affections, abated their courage, and stayed the intemperate blastes of vnbrideled libertie, and by long experience haue gottē a more large portiō then they, whose affections being strong and discretion weake, set themselues against this *Vertue*, [and] eclipse her brightnesse with the fogges of ignorance. And for this cause haue wise men so ioyfully embraced olde age, which *Tully* so highly applaudes in his booke *De Senectute*.

This

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This is guided by *Prudence*, which doth gouerne the life of man with such reason, as shee is euer carefull for the welfare of the body, by curbing those passions of the mind, which are vehement and vnruely: by her the mind is made capable of honest actions, and beautifull demeanours, and like a prouident gouernesse, ruleth ouer concupiscence & flouds of lusts, which would else surround the puritie of the minde. A potion to purge the soule, an Antidote against pride, and a valiant tryumph over flaming desires, not like *Aetna*, too hotte, or *Caucassus* too colde: but is content betweene both, and reioyceth in it.

If the bodie be not dieted with moderation, it will proue a stubborne seruant to the soule, vnfruitfull, fit for nothing but thorny cogitations, the greatest enemies to the spirituall powers that can be; for the flesh pampered in delicates, or kept short of her naturall needments, is effeminated, corrupted, and weakened, and many diseases be gotten, which are all staid by a meane and temperate dyet and the boyling lusts of the bodie asswaged.

Thus farre of these *Vertues*: more might be added, if I meant to intreat of them at large: but this brieue recapitulation, may serue as an introduction, to our following discourse. *Omnis virtus, vna virtus absoluta*, All *Plat.* Vertues, are but one simple *Vertue*, being chained and linked so neer together, as one cannot be sundred from the other, without disparagement of the whole. *Fortitude* is a noble *Vertue*, but if destitute of *Iustice*, shee is hurtfull to the good; if *Temporance* keepe her not vnder she will turne into rage; and if *Prudence* be absent, they all fall into error. There is a mutuall league, *proximitie* and neare acquaintance, which doth conglutinate and

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ioyne them all in one, one muſt haue relation to an other, and follow by degrees; *Pietie*, *Truth*, and *Temperance*, muſt march before *Fortitude*; In a word, *Vertue* is no other but *Vitium fugere*: hating Vice, and loathing euil, and we better knowe her by her contrary, then by her ſelfe, which doth make the imagination geſſe at *Vertue* a farre off: ſo that knowing Vice, is a good grounde of *Vertue*, whereby the inwarde powers are helde in, with vnſpotted ſimplicities, farre more better then ſuch as cunningly ſeeke to knowe what *Vertue* is, then willingly betake themſelues to follow it in their life, ſo that knowledge is not enough alone, vnleſſe it be practiſed by outward action: for it is better to doo wiſely, then wiſely to deuife.

So that is generall, *Vertue* rightly carried, comprehendeth whatſoeuer is conducing and leading to a good and holy life, and hee that once hath taſted the ſweetneſſe of one, is drawne with much deſire to another; one good thing begetteth another, and taking once a deep impreſſion, his eſtate is thereby preferred incorruptible without chaunge: whereas if a man taketh holde on externall goods, and leane to the mutabilitie of Fortune, doth often ſtumble vpon many dangerous Rockes, and fall into wretchedneſſe, when *Vertue* will firmly vpholde a man in the miſt of all calamities.

Horatius.

Vilius argentum eſt auro, virtutibus aurum.

Siluer is cheaper then Gold, and Gold of leſſe price then *Vertue*. She is of great moment and moſt ineſtimable value, although a carnall and groſſe minde, cannot equally deeme the price of ſo rare a Jewell; for where ignorance doth couer the minde, ſhe is reiect-
ted

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ted and held of bafe esteeme: as a fimple peafant
trampleth many wholfome hearbes vnderfoote, which
a skilfull herbalift would carefully gather vp, & extract
fome rare quinteffence out of theyr hidden fecrets.
Wilt thou build thy fafetie vpon a fure foundation?
then here is the rocke that no tempeft can fhake; here is
a fhelter to defend thee from perils, a fagegard to pre-
ferue the puritie of the foule, from beeing polluted by
the concupifcence of the body, and though neuer fo
many stormes of aduerfitie and fhewers of perfecution,
beate vpon thee (being in this world as in a wilderneffe
of woes) yet throwding thy felfe vnder the Cannapie
of *Vertue*, thou ioyeft in the middeft of all sorrow, and
though the whole world be of an vprore, yet what is
that to thee? thou art no whit moued thereat, for *Ani-
mo cœleftia tangis*, thy affections are mounted vp to
heauen, & thy mind aduanced aboue all earthly weak-
neffe.

It is not onely hard, but very difficill to finde out,
which of the Vertues are moft predominant, that the
victory may be imputed to her, becaufe they are all knit
in one fingle vnion, for the good of the foule. For as one
linke of a chaine draweth an other, and an other after,
til it come to the laft, the Antecedent the Relatiue: fo
one Vertue is an Adamant that draweth an other Ver-
tue vnto it.

And though ſhee take vp her lodging in a crooked
and deformed body (as ſhe is euer readie to dwel where
ſhee findeth the heart yeeldable to honeſtie) yet pene-
trating with inward defire, and bringing the ſtragling
powers of the minde to a vniformitie, doth make vp the
want of nature, with a fupply of grace, cauſing him
ſhine

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shine like Chrifall; for when the life is laudably lead, there appeareth fo great a glory, that it is not onely admirable to the eyes of man, by reason of formall carriage in humanitie: but alfo high pleasing to God, by the intellectuall goodneffe: *Vertue*, is the fpurre of Honour. It is not the aboundance of wealth and great dignitie, that maketh a man truly noble: but the poffeffion of *Vertue*, which is true honour and auncient riches, and it is not gotten by loytering Idlenesse; but with industrie and much labour, for *Ardua virtutis via est*, Tis labours force that carrieth a man to *Vertue*: a hard entrance, a continuall perfeuerance, because he muft encounter againft his paffions, and ftop the floods of intemperance: for fuch high and admirable things cannot be had without effectuall indeuour, and by how much the more ftraighter the paffage is therevnto; by fo much the more carefull muft hee be, leaft it flip away through arrogance or vaine-glory: for in *Vertue*, pride begins to fwell, or fome Vice or other to creep in, which if not beate back at the firft, wil hazard the whole frame of *Vertue*; or beeing maiftred by fome ouer-weening thought, or fingularly carried away with felfe-loue, a paffion of the minde difquieting reafon, doth wholly eitraunge himfelfe from her Beatitude: loofing thofe complements which formerly he was poffeff of.

Maior nobilitas.

The reward of *Vertue*, is true generofitie, and where it is ioyned with great poffeffions, and hath long continued in the houfe of a Gentleman, without corruption of bloud, that nobilitie is moft to be honoured, for as much as long continuance hath giuen it the badge of glorie. *Plato*, diuideth Nobilitie foure waies, the firft faith he, are thofe that rife from good and iuft parents;
the

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the second those whose parents were Princes, or great men; the third famouzed for martiall exploits; the fourth which excell in any kinde of learning, and for *Quadrista-ria nobilitas.* *Vertues* sake onely are seated in the place of honour; there latter are *verè nobiles*, truly noble, made noble by *Vera nobilitas.* *Vertue*. Yet if one shall stand vpon his riches, parentage, office, place, dignitie, and by these onely suppose to win the place of true honour, he climeth a rotten ladder: for what is all this worlds pompe, or titulary preferments, if not atchieued by *Vertue*? or what doth great birth auaille if hee debase it by his ill life? or a vertuous memorie of his auncestors, if hee follow not their example? are they not like smoake and vapours, which vanish with the Sunne? can a man without offence brag of the *Vertues* of his auncients, if his owne life be vitious? For hath he not broken off the succession of *Vertue* by wilfull detraction? wherefore what worldly glory foeuer is otherwise had, is filched, and her chastitie at no hand will bee defiled with such bastardly plants. Prayses and commendations waite euer on *Vertue*. And therefore *Tully* in his *Tuscul*: questions, defineth honour to be a vnion of praises of good men, which iudge of *Vertue* without partialitie, and not by the opinion of the multitude, which looke more to a veluet Iacket, the outward brauerie, then to the minde how it is qualified: so that the noblenesse of man is his vertue, and they ought to be called noble & honorable, which are most honest and vertuous.

If I should enter into the wonderful account which the Heathen made of *Vertue*, I might shewe how *Numa Pompilius*, was taken from the plough, and chofen the second King of the Romanes: what was the cause think yee?

D

yee? but his Vertue and wifedome, for which they thought him worthy of so high a calling; this they reckened true nobilitie: likewise *Quintius*, a poore Husbandman, was made Dictator, which was a great office, and for three moneths had a Regall power, and when he had ended his office, went againe to his olde labour without indignitie to his perfon, or derogating ought from his worthinesse: of this high estimation was *Vertue* among them.

He that is nobly borne, and descended of an auntient house, should beare in his mind the remembrance of his birth, and frame himselfe to imitate his parents in Vertue, as well as hee looketh to possesse their inheritance, and ioyning those two in one, is truly noble: for if his auntients were more noble then he, whose dignitie he enioyeth, his praise is diminished, and becommeth a bye-word and a reproach, among them that haue heard of the former Vertue; or if they were vicious and of euill life, then to auoyd the scandal in himselfe, to abhorre the like, and couet to liue in *Vertue*: so shall he purchase true honour to his riches, and worthily be deemed to enioy the inheritance. And there is great reason to induce him therevnto: for of such a one there is a generall expectation of some notable Vertue; the eyes of all men are bent vpon him as on a Comet or blazing starre, prying narrowly into him how hee liueth, what he doth, to what science he bēdeth his mind, and what good hee doth in the Common-wealth, for which he is borne, and as if his priuate actions should be openly done, no one word or deed of his can escape the common censure. It is the more behouefull, then to apply the mind to laudable actions, & to do good in the place

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place where he is, for so much as he may appropriate to himselfe a good report for well doing, & by that means participate the heartie prayers, and many good wishes of the common people; gaine their loue, and induce thē with more facilitie, by his good example, to trace in the wholesome path that leadeth to the house of honour.

Likewife the vnknowne, the issue of a base stocke obscurely brought vp, if he wil be aduanced to the type of honour, must addiēt himselfe to *Vertue*, which will be so much the more glorious at the last, by how much more obuious his estate was at first. And this I suppose, should be a spurre or goade to push them forward, because they shall not onely bee admired by the praises of the good, which are the badges and fimballes of *Vertue*, but also acquire perpetuall fame and renowme, as the surname thereof. What should I say? *Vertue* is a pearelesse and precious Iewell, so rare and excellent, that it can neither bee sufficiently commended, nor worthily esteemed: all humane things doo faint, faile, sinke downe, and decay, when that onely will abide for euer, an honour for youth, a crowne to age, a comfort in prosperitie, a succour in aduerfitie, delightfull at home, not burthensome abroad, & a pleasant walking-mate to accompany a man wheresoeuer hee goeth. What a diuine glory is heere? that striketh the beholder in admiration, dazeleth his sight, and forceth the very abiect to reuerence him in whom it dooth appeare; for she is so beautifull a Lady, as shee maketh many gaze at her a farre off, that haue no power to come nigh her, but striketh into wonderment at her incomparable maiestie, are metamorphosed, as it were by *Medusa*.

The commo-
ditie of Ver-
tues is vn-
speakeable.

D. 2

And

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And howsoever it is that many are so blockish and fencelesse, that they wander vp and downe like vagabounds and base peasants, and make no account of *Vertue* and honestie : yet are they forced, will they, nill they, to flye to her for succour in time of want, and hide their misdeeds vnder her golden wings. And verily, no pretence or vaine shewe can preuaile against her, but that she will haue the iust victory and triumph ouer those that haue despised her ; and when they are on the toppe of their hatefull enuye, they shall wish her company, and desire to imbrace her, though it bee but with dull affection, which the Poet well noteth, *Virtutem incolumen odimus : sublatam ex oculis querimus inuidi.* When *Vertue* doth offer her selfe, we denie her, but afterward seeke her greedily.

Hor. lib. I.

If thou therefore, whatsoever thou art, doest neglect to follow her in time, thou shalt be taught by experience, when it is too late, what it is to cast off thy profered happinesse, a faithfull teacher, but a seuerer and sharpe corrector : seeke her then while shee may be founde, and bee as readie to entertaine her into seruice, as shee is willing to serue ; possesse thy selfe of her, and shee will Register thy fame in her golden Booke, of neuer dying honour.

Worldly honour is no true happinesse.

It is not the riches of *Cressus*, the tryumphes of *Cæsar*, the conquests of *Alexander* the great, or any worldly pompe, can make a man truly happie, or crowne him with true honour, but onely *Vertue*. For if wee value men by outward prosperitie, wee deceiue our iudgement, and swarue from equitie.

Touching

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Touching wealth, it is like poyson in a golden cuppe, and commonly where it aboundeth most, there *Vertue* is set by least: a laborinth wherein many are lost, not onely subiect to chance and infraet fortune, but also to misgouernment, pride, ambition, and many other vices; for good manners oftentimes is corrupted by ouer-regarding riches, and moderate dispositions turned into greedie desires; graunt it lifts vp a mans estate, to make his delight subiect to his will, indeed hee is somewhat the wealthier, but no whit the honefter, vnlesse as gotten by Iustice, so vsed in Temperance, and distributed in charitie; and if the rich man bee also a good man, let him take heed least they bee a sting to his conscience, and drawe him to sinfull pleasures.

So that the verdict, must passe vpon honestie, and the qualitie of *Vertue*, more precious then the quantitie of mony; for as a rich man couetous, gripple, and earthly-minded, is not to bee respected, so a poore man simple honest, and well qualified, is to be regarded, sith the one is as a craggie flint stone, the other a pretious and princely Diamond; and this was the cause a Prince of *Troy* chose rather to marrie his daughter to a poore man honest then a rich man vicious: For it is better (quoth he) to haue a man without money, then money without a man: for *Vertue* is great riches, when Vice is like a sheepe with a golden fleece; and as the wise schoole maister *Isocrates*, counselled his *Pupill Demon*, to make more account of a poore good man, than of a rich man not so honest.

Pauper enim non est, cui rerum suppetit usus. Hee is *Hora ad*
rich inough that is content with his state. *iccium.*

D 3

We

Vertues Common-wealth.

Vertue abideth to eternitie

We must not measure men, by those things as are subject to the tottering wheele of Fortune, which as Meteors in the aire vanish assoone as they seeme: but for that which is permanent, durable, constant, and firme, which is *Vertue*, onely *Vertue*, and nothing but *Vertue*; and therefore least worldly regard should striue against reason, the immoderate care of this life, must be sprinkled with the water of prouident respect, in considering those inconueniencies that rise out of the roote of abundance: Mans felicitie, is not in riches: they are gotten with paine, and lost with griefe; pleasures ende in sorrowe, vaine-glorie vanisheth; if we thinke it is in witte, that is perfect follie; for a wise man, euer esteemeth an other wiser then himselfe; *Quoad Deum*, touching God, and in this standeth the greatest poynt of wisdom, when a man doth neither exalt himselfe, aboue a stronger iudgement, nor insult ouer those that be weake, but readie to submit his opinion, to a better information: and hath such a slender care of his owne worthinesse, that if he happe to possesse some worldly honour, doth blushingly receiue it, as a thing not deserued: so that we cannot find the perfect good we looke for, but onely and altogether, in the exercise of *Vertue*.

A foolish opinion.

Yet now men hunt after Riches, as though there were no true honour without it, and that to be onely rich, were to be onely happie, and so set their felicitie on a slipperie foundation: but how false this opinion is, doth appeare already. For be it that honour, be not giuen as our auncients did, onely to the vertuous and good, yet shall the vertuous man be praised, be he neuer so poore, euen of his most vtter enemy,
as

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as *Metellus Macidonicus*, praised *Scipio*, for his Vertues and wept for his death, though he were his mortall foe: for no man, be he neuer so enuious, can take that from him which *Vertue* hath merited: but must, and will, maugre his head, applaud and commend him for an honest man, euen behinde his backe, and be forced to admire those good parts that are in him, when an other man being rich, and nothing within, but all without, shall be clawde and flattered before his face, but curfed and bande behinde his backe: and this preheminance it hath, maugre the worldes malignitie, that where this Christian veritie doth shine, shee forceth the gazer to breake out into wonderment, and spread that glorious report which it iustly meriteth: yet there be some so fottish and madde, that though they know themselues but flattered, suppose they be by & by praised, when he neither speaketh it with his heart, but for some carnall reason, and they themselues know it to be false which hee speaketh. Beleeue no man therefore of your owne goodnesse, better then your selfe, if there bee ought in you worthie of it: if you deserue it not, thinke assuredly they doo but mock and deceiue you, and with their tongues seeme to bee with you, when their hearts be against you. This is a sure token, for a man to see into his owne Vertue, first hee sueth not for honour, but honour followeth him; and secondly is not greeued, though he be vnregarded, nor beareth indignation at others happines, and this same thing is it that we call honor: now seeing this worldly honor is of so small price, ^{A true vertuous mā.} it is the part of a base and vile mind, to beleeue glozing and faire words, and grosse ignorance it is indeed, to build honour vpon the brainficke and rude opinion.

Now

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Now what are all the goods of this worlde? but a troublefome carriage & greeuance, becaufe they bring no affured comfort, but doo rather with their waight, plucke downe thofe minds, that be flying towards heauen, and hinder a man in the paffage to glory.

Neuertheleffe, this might fomewhat difmay the weakenesse of man to ftrive for *Vertue*, becaufe commonly it hath no reward in this world, but wandreth vp and downe naked, & forfaken: but this is no difparagement to a good man; for looke what he poffeffeth, be it more or leffe, is fo moderately expended, that it is competent and fufficient, and this is the very fountain, whence all contentment proceedeth, for being well compofed within, regardeth nothing without, but a iuft applaufe for well doing: only couetous, to carry away a good report of his *Vertues*, which as Trophies are hung ouer his Tombe, for eternall monuments. *Virtutis merces, eadem & labor, illa & trophium est.*

Touching fuch as are loaden with this worlds drosse, and moiftened with golden showers, liuing in voluptuous and vaine pleasures, and defile thofe blessings with their lufts, what should we thinke of this? but that the great and rich God, is content to throw and scatter about his goods, among a fort of pedegrant peafants, and infaciabie horfe-leaches, which greedily scrape it vp to fill their Cofers, and feed their lufts: not thinking one day they must reckon of the well employment.

Riches puffe
vp men in
pride.

Riches, not rightly ordered, prouoke many hurtfull and wicked defires: the mother of pride, contempt, disdain, selfe-loue, and the very fire that burneth vp all good motions, if not quenched with moderation; for they puffe vp a man in opinion to be some bodie, when
he

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he is no body, and to thinke himselfe truly honourable, because he is honoured of the vaine world: supposing that to be rich in costly futes, is the onely glory. This makes them spurne at all good aduertisements, and despise Christian admonitions; for how commeth it to passe, that so many great, rich, and mightie men of the world, are some Athists, Papists, Neuters, *Nulla fidians*, Vaine honour. &c. and so colde in charitie? but only this, impatiencie of good counsell, being hard to finde a faithfull man, that will boldly speake without partiallitie: but either is blinded with greatnesse, or driuen to silence for outward respects, to keepe in fauour with smooth words, especially when his state dependes vppon great men: there is then a Filme growes ouer the eye-sight, and such a dimnesse, as he cannot see, no not the Sunne at noone dayes, be it neuer so cleare or splendidious, but be rather as cloudes to hide their shame, or instruments to incite them to more leaudnesse. For if such a one fall into a grosse error, and by his life be a scandall to the good, liuing openly in some vile crime, he shall not want trencher-flies, clawbackes, and Sycophants, that wil crie peace, peace, when he is at warre with his owne conscience, and feede his humour with flattery, be his life neuer so sinfull; such may be fitly called seruingmen, for they neuer serue God, but soothe them vp to serue their owne turne, they pretend much loue and great seruice, when tis nothing but superficial flattery: if these see but a small moate amisse, a wrinkle awry, how terrible they be to mend it! but though the minde be neuer so spotted with vice, the eye cannot pierce it, be it ner so visibible, and indeed if the humour of their mai-ster, take it in ill part, they may chaunce for their intelligence

E

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The malici-
Athift neuer
want[s] flaun-
ders.

telligence to be turnde out of all preferment; O how they wil storme if controwlde in their course! and take it exceedingly ill, as though they had a dispensation to doo what they list without reproofe, because they are great. If Preachers crie out against vice in generall, then is it specially applied, he ment me, he spites me, and so goes about to stop their mouthes, by accusing them of rayling sedition, or flaundring: or if priuately admonished, then are they busie, factious, and stray from their text: yet for all this, a good man will not be abashed to whisper into their eares priuatly, or inueigh against vice publikely, come what will come. *Solon* compareth (not vnfitly) lawes to copwebs, for that great flies can breake through at ease, when the lesser are intangled: in like manner great men soone rush through the walles of lawe, and breake downe Iron Gates; when the weake must abide the extremitie, and haue no other defence but their owne innocencie. Thus doth might deceiue them: but *Auri sacra fames quid non?* what cannot gold bring to passe? it can dim the clearest sight, and raise vp an humble minde to a haughtie courage: is it not strange that a base pedanticall parasite, in hope of a lease, or some small fauour, should clappe his hands at wickednesse? and that a man indued with reason, and hath the vse of his five wittes, should be led by flattery, and made blinde with plausible wordes, not to see his owne faultes, though they be as thicke as the darknesse of *Egipt*, to be felt with the hande and not seene with the eye? for be it he is so obdurate, that he cannot, or will not see them: yet must he needs be noted, pointed at, liue defamed, as a may-game to the worst, and a lamentable spectacle to the best.

I re-

Vertues Common-wealth.

I remember I read once of *Alexander*, if happily I can now repeate it, who on a time vehemently blamed his Steward, for that hauing serued him so long, and bene so conuerlant in his affaires, so familiar with his priuate doings, and laie as it were in his bosome, as if he had bene his second selfe, that in all the time of his seruice could not spie ought amisse, to dimme his glorie: For it is impossible (quoth hee) in so many yeares, and so much opportunitie, that I should neuer offend and blemish my vertue, with some dishonourable action: deferuing either prewarning in the beginning, or reproofe in the ende; and so expelled him his seruice.

A memorable
example of a
Heathen king.

Here is a mirrour of true honour, this noble Prince, cast off his Steward, because he concealde his faultes amongst Christians, that should be inspired with higher wisdom, the contrary is daily practised: the seruant shall be dismissed for telling truth, and honest minds purchase shrewde rebukes; this head-strong opinion is the downe-fall of all good order: for when men-pleasers, and claw-backes, doo leade captiuitie captiue in the fetters of vanitie, a multitude of honest mindes are in daunger to be seduced, to imitate their course of life. For as the Marriners in a shippe, haue theyr eyes earnestly bent vpon the Maister, that sitteth at the helme, and readie at his becke to doo his will; so such men as stand vp in the Common-wealth, and holde the Rudder of direction in theyr handes, are duly watcht, and attentiuely ouerseene, and according to their aime the common fort bend their course.

*Obsequium
amicos, veri-
tas odium pa-
rit.*

Sycophants
are daunge-
rous enemies
to Vertue

O howe riches mocke men with certaintie, when nothing is more mutable and slippery, with perfect

E 2. happinesse,

Vertues Common-wealth.

Examples of
contemners
of money.

happinesse when nothing is more wretched: the nurse of pride, the schoole of abuse, and the guide that leades into many temptations: it is much better rather to shine in *Vertue*, then in riches. And therefore our Sauour Christ in the Gospell, compareth the felicitie of a rich man, to an impossibilitie: saying, that it is as hard for him to climbe to heauen, being loaden with drosse, as for a Cammell to creepe through the eye of a Needle: and this made the Philosophers in their humane wisdom, so much despise worldly honour, and vndergoe pouertie with so great patience. *Annacreon*, hauing a huge masse of money sent him by *Policrates*, could neuer rest till he was rid of it againe: his minde troubled, his sleepe broken, returned it again to him that sent it: saying he neuer liued in so great feare and dread all his life long, as hee had done those two dayes while the mony was in his house. *Phocion*, in like manner, when the king had sent him a great beneuolence, hee asked him that brought it, what moued his maister to send him so much mony, seeing the king did not know him? answered, it was in respect of the great fame he heard of his vertues: If that be the cause (quoth he) carry it backe to him againe, and let him leaue me as I am, and not by increase of wealth to diminish my vertues. *Diogines* refused all, and craued nothing, but the common benefit of the Sunne, which *Alexander* had taken from him, by standing betweene him and it.

Plutarch reporteth, that when *Alexander* vpon a time came into a poore barren Countrey, thinking to haue made some great conquest, found the inhabitants gathering rootes & grasse to eate, neither vsing force to repell and keep him backe, nor any meanes to disswade him

him from his warlike attempt, but as poore snakes, were altogether busied for their bellies. The King considering their pouertie, and vnfruitfulnesse of their countrey, had pittie and compassion on their miserie, and bad them aske what they would, and it should incontinently be graunted. Quoth they (with one consent) giue vs euerlasting life. Why how can I giue that (quoth he) that am but a mortall man? Then why seeke you to win the whole world, as though you were immortall, and should neuer dye? *Zenon, Crates*, infinite were the examples of those that were rauished with the formositie and excellent hue of *Vertue*, that they contemned money, riches, pompe: choosing pouertie for the pure life of perfection, bearing the bitternesse of fortune with an vnconquerable courage. The auntient victorious *Romaines* sought after *Vertue*, and by their noble deedes and heroicall spirits, got the palme of true honour, not sparing body or goods to aduance the Cōmon-wealth; in so much as many of them had not wherewith to endowe theyr daughters, nor which was lesse, to defraye Funerall charges, but what they had out of the commō store, which by their conquests they had so greatly enriched, as *Scipio, Sylla*, and the great *Pompey*: for then *Vertue* was their chiefeſt riches. An example we finde of a noble captaine, who beeing offered a great reward by his Generall for his knighthood and valour done in seruice, with this gratulation thou shalt bee paide in riches for thy valour, and not in honour for *Vertue*; hee refused the one, and tooke the other, counting riches not worthy to bee matched with the dignitie of *Vertue*.

The shadow
of vertue was
more esteem-
ed among
the Heathen,
then the true
body is now
among the
Christians.

The Martyrs in all ages are much to bee admired,

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that

Vertues Common-wealth.

that being indued with true fortitude, did most willingly embrace their deathes, and suffer their bodies to be rent, torne, and cruelly burned by the persecutors, for the profession of a good conscience; and by theyr meeke sufferings, gained perpetuall honour.

And although it falleth out as for the most part it doth, that men indued with rare and singular vertues, are vtterly forgotten, and scarce noted while they liue; yet beeing dead, theyr fame mounts vp to heauen, and is divulged and spread in the earth; for the want of a good thing, is then most precious when it is remooued farthest off. *Cato* was scarce knowne while he liued, but after his death, was of great price; and all those famous Philosophers, Orators, schoole-men, that liued in darknesse, and were so basely esteemed, yet wee see by the memorie of their goodly vertues, they now liue againe by being recommended from one age to an other. And herehence sprung the multiplicite of Heathen goddes, I meane from the notable vertues of singular men: for the foolish antiquitie, honoured men as gods after their deathes, which eyther were of high dignitie while they liued, of great birth, or had done some notable benefite for their Countrey: for honour and reuerence is rehibited for some certaine cause, rising of externall things, framed by *Vertue*; for honour is compounded of honestie. *Hermes*, or *Mercurius*, was of such fame among the Ægyptians, as hee was deified and made a god, calling him the Messenger of *Jupiter*. *Mars*, a great warriour. *Bacchus*, the inuenter of wine. *Esculapius*, a Phisitron. *Pytho*, was so reuerently thought of amongst the Barbarians, for that by his singular wisedome hee had withdrawne the inhabitants from their vices, that they

*Cicero de
nat. deor.*

*Honor ex
virtute ori-
tur.*

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they made of his Cottage a Temple, giuing him, diuine honour. What contumelies and strife was about the bodie of *Homer*, when seuen Cities were at variance to possesse his corpes when he was dead.

Septem urbes certant, de stirpe insignis Homeri :
Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamin, Ios, Argos, Athenæ. *Aulus-bell.*

Diogenes liued beggerly, in contempt, but after his death was honorably interred in a monument of fame: so that the memorie of these sprung from the roote of *Vertue*, and from some notable exployt, which got the peoples loue, who thought the applause of this worlde was no sufficient recompence for theyr vertues.

The flourishing state of the Romaines, Athenians, Lacedemonians, and other dominions, were all vpheld by *Vertue*; for where *Vertue* is established, there Vice is detested: for as light and darknesse, fire and water, cannot be put together but one will confound the others nature: so these two contraries, cannot ioyntly hold possession, but one will vtterly extinct the other; and where *Vertue* is wanting in a generall gouernment, that Common-wealth is wholly ouerthrowne.

Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore,
Oderunt peccare mali, formidine pœne. *Hora.*

The good hate to sinne becaufe of *Vertue*, the bad for lawe; but he is onely good, that of his owne wil, and honest mind, eschueth euil more for cōscience sake, thē for

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for dread of mans punishment: the euill and vicious contrariwise, are with-held by the rigour of Iustice; and for feare of penaltie, the rebellion within is kept from outwardly working: so that nothing but the sword of the magistrate doth stay the hot rage of his furie, when the conscience lyes vast and open to all wicked desires: he is not to bee numbred amongst vertuous and good men. To conclude, where the Common-wealth is guided by godly lawes of Princes, the lampe of *Vertue* shining in the hearts of subiects, laudable sciences imbraced, Iustice without partialitie administred, the good protected, the bad punished, & peace maintained, there is a happie and blessed gouernment, a sweete harmonie of nature, and an earthly Paradize: for he that shall goe about to counite and couple Vice & *Vertue* in one, putteth a man and a beast together: honestie admits no such knot; for the end of good, which ought to be after one sort, must not be mingled with any thing disagreeable in an other sort; for *Vertue* is no longer *Vertue* if mixed with contrarie qualities: we may then safely conclude, that there is no goodlyer possession then *Vertue*, and that it is perfect folly, to couet to be rich, mightie, and creepe vp to worldly honour, and make so small reckening to be stored with *Vertue*, which is so certaine, the tytle so glorious and permanent: wherevpon one calleth it *Dimidium animæ meæ*, which is not vnproperly spoken, for take away vertue from a man, which is the plain path to sanctimony, he must be numbred among those creatures that haue onely essence, and want vnderstanding, sith hee aymeth not at the purpose of his creation.

The audacitie and stout courage of the Heathen
was

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was such, that for morrall vertues would cast themselves into daungers, many times deadly, abandon riches, endure pouertie, abide tortures, desiring rather a poore quiet life to follow *Vertue*, then by a prosperous state to draw the mind into a troublesome stirre: for pouertie, performes that indeed, that all Philosophy goeth about to perswade.

But this dooth much shake the feeble conscience when we behold diuers good men endued with rare vertues, and stored with good parts, notwithstanding oppressed, disscarred, and as it were made the scorne and May-game of the world, finding no place of safetie to rest vpon, and the bad and vicious to sit in *Fortunes* lap. Now whē we mark these vnproportionable accidents, onely with the eye of common reason, ô how it distracteth the minde! accusing through ignorance the iust and diuine prouidence, because he permitteth the good to be punished with miserie, and the bad to swim in prosperitie: but if we bend our wits to find out a deeper reason, we shal see that the good are not afflicted for their hurt, but fatherly chastised for their better triall, the wicked not fauored, but seuerely punished; for God worketh al things for the good of those that are his: yet who can denie, but that the burthen of pouertie is importable, hunger, imprisonment, exile, intollerable persecution, and death insufferable? all which is inough to driue a man to dispaire of his owne happinesse, supposing God had vtterly forsakē him: but the waight hereof is lightned & made easie to them that steadfastly beleeue Gods promises, and cast their care on him, as *Peter* willetth: Cast thy care on him, for hee hath care on thee. Moreouer, though a man be poore, sicke, diseased,

F and

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An honest mā and wayed downe with a clogge of miserie: yet can he
is not poore not say, hee is so bare and naked, as vtterly vnable to
for in aduersitie Vertue help himfelfe or an other: for admit he hath no tempo-
sheweth her rall goods to helpe that way, yet can hee harbour and
chiefest operation. shewe the rights of hospitalitie: if hee hath neither of
both, yet can hee visit the sicke, and cheare vp his mind
with good counsell: if he be poore, sicke, lame, harbor-
lesse, and comfortlesse himfelfe, yet can he helpe with
his prayers, and communicate his loue by his oryson
and deuout supplications: so that euery one hath a
rich fountaine within, which vpon euery occasion may
be powred out, and therefore no man can pleade disa-
bilitie, and want of meanes to relieue.

And what though a man haue some casuall deformitie in his body, or bee vnhappily fallen into a wretched estate? yet so long as his vertue and honestie may bee iustified, hee neede not bee ashamed of bruising the flesh, or feeling penurie, but rather boast and glorie in them, for it cannot bee any shame or dishonour, to carrie about him the visible tokens of such scarres, neither dooth it any whit impaire his credit with the wise and vertuous, nor make him of lesse esteeme with good men, much lesse with God, who putteth no difference between a king and a begger, but onely in obedience to his will: but here is the ignominie, to bee branded with the hotte iron of wicked conuersation; as when a man shall haue his eares cut from his head, or marked in the hand for some villainie, and the spots of vice so pregnant on his body, or going vnder a hard censure, for a bad opinion iustly conceiued: in this case hee hath small cause to glory or boast, but rather blush, be ashamed, and exile himfelfe
from

The simballs
of vanitie.

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from common societie, and strive with humilitie to reforme those rebellious passions, that haue so strongly lead him into such dishonestie.

But where *Vertue* doth rule, the affaires and actions of this life are mannaged with wisedome, and those swelling thoughts kept backe, which as a raging floud carrie away all that is not ground-fast, that any outward grieve is quietly suffered, and patiently endured: for what aduerse fortune soeuer happens, is borne with contentment; in so much as neither pouertie, sickness, crosses, afflictions, or what calamitie soeuer come, cannot moue or distemper a stayed minde: for being inflamed with a constant resolution, doth fit himselfe to beare the troubles of this life, with a valiant and immutable courage.

Stilpo a Greeke Philosopher, when the citie where hee dwelt was burnt to finders, his wife and children consumed in the flame, and all that hee had turned to ashes, himselfe hardly escaping with his life, was asked what he lost in the fire (quoth he) I lost nothing, for *Omnia mea mecum porto*, all that is mine I carrie about me; *mecū porto* meaning his vertues, the onely proper goods of a wise man, which no force of fire can consume, nor the furie of no enemy take away. In like maner an other being told his own son was dead, was no whit moued at y^e message; and being told againe & again he was dead, why quoth he, what of that? I knew I begat a mortall creature, and being mortall, he must needs die: who could beare such great cause of grieve without some shew of sorrow? but such small reckning did the wise Heathē make of worldly losses: for it is the nature of mā to relent, deplore, and be subiect to lamentations, yet their wisedome kept it

F 2

vnder

Vertues Common-wealth.

Riches rightly
vſed, are
great bleſ-
ſings.

vnder the yoke of reaſon: or who in theſe daies would reſuſe ſuch preferment as *Diogenes*? or his load of gold, as *Fabritius*? or caſt his treaſure into the ſea, as *Antippos*? I verily ſuppoſe fewe or none would bee of that minde, neither is it ſo needfully required; Chriſtian ſorrow for worldly loſſes is ſufferable: riches and wealth to a good man are comfortable, by reaſon he hath greater means to do good, for the daunger lyeth in the abuſe, and not ſimply in the uſe: for to a bad man they are indeede the cauſe of more euill, becauſe they miniſter more matter to his wicked and ſinfull deſire.

A man may warme him by a fire, though hee burne not himſelfe in it: ſo a rich man may moderately uſe his riches, though with them hee ſtoppe not vp the gappe to happineſſe: but the deadly hatred they bore to externall things, ſhewed theyr loue to *Vertue*, and the deſire they had to diue into the depth of wiſedome; ô how they ſtroue about the contemplatiue and actiue life! ſome chooſing one, ſome the other, ſtrugling who ſhould come neareſt vnder the wings of *Vertue*, and yet for all this they laboured but in darkneſſe and blinde ignorance, and neuer attained to that true ioy, by which the heart is exalted to immortalitie: for the true and abſolute *Vertue* is the true knowledge of GOD, the way to worſhip him aright, and true comfort in aduerſitie, for nothing can bee good without the ſoueraigne good: if men bee ignorant of that, all is falſe, and theyr intentions goe awrie, but the Philoſophicall *ſummum bonum* reſted in this; namely, in the quiet apprehending of reaſon, and faſhioning the outward man to ciuill obedience, and could neuer poſſeſſe themſelues of that
heavenly

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heavenly felicitie, vnder which all *Vertue* is comprehended.

Pouertie ought not to moue the minde with restlesse passions, but to allaie the heate with contentation, and pacifie the vnstaied affections, which will more easily be done, if a man considerately call to mind, how many persons in the world are in as wretched, or more wofull estate then he himselfe is, yet the deare children of God too: but in aduersitie many lose themselues in discontentment, not patiently wayting, but greedily snatching, not content with that they haue be it neuer so much, but adding goods to goods, and multiplying more to enough with neuer satisfied desire, tormenting the minde with vnquiet motions, and by that meanes make the freedome of life a sharpe and bitter bondage: for if their life were six times so long, as it may be by the ineuitable course of nature, yet the tenth part of that they haue, were sufficient to maintain them well and honestly, and declare whereto they were borne, and enrich their posteritie after; why should they then be so greedy and earthly minded to consume their dayes in such vnreasonable cares? whereby they are neuer at rest, but in continuall slauery, so greatly do they feare least they should be poore: and so in the midst of plentie liue in want, and thus become incap[ab]le of reason, and most miserable of all men: for no externall thing can in themselves make a mā vnhappy, if immoderate desire creep not in to breed rebellion, so that still our former assertion must hold: *In medio concisfit vertus*, *Vertue* stands betweene two extreames: in cooling the heate of desire with Temperance, not in feeding the belly so much as it will hold, cloathing the backe so farre as the purse will stretch,

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*In medio
conciſit vir-
tus.*

stretch, and giuing ſcope to pleaſure, as though much wealth gaue much libertie, for that is prodigalitie; nor in pinching & hoording it vp from neceſſary duties, for that is illiberalitie, & ouerturneth the whole fellowſhip of mankind: neither muſt a man neglect his priuat ſtate but labour in his calling to ſupply his wants; the meane therefore is the ſafeſt path to walke in, in which whoſoeuer goeth, is ſafe from ſtumbling vpon extremities: If *Ycoras* had held his *medium tutiſſimum*, he had not ſo vntimely fallen: or *Phaeton*, obſerued the good counſell of his father, he had not bin ſtricken with thunder; but preſumption & arrogance, caſteth men hea[d]long into woe and miſery. So that if Temperance do not order the life, and diſpoſe our humane affaires, we fall into an infatiable deſire of hauing, or into an vtter neglect of our own wants, ſpending too much & that vainly, or ſparing too much, & that too nigardly: But as the higher we clime, the leſſe appearance thoſe things ſeeme to haue that are vnder vs, our ſight being remoued from the obieſt and ſpecies of things: ſo the nearer we approach to God, and frame our obedience vnto him, the leſſe we value theſe baſe & tranſitory things. Now, if by this compendious courſe, our mindes are abſtracted & drawen backward, immediatly our cogitations aſcend vp to heauē, as vnto the country to which we are traueiling, we muſt not thē incumber our mindes with ſo heauy a load, as the cares of this life, leaſt they hinder vs in the purſuit to perfect bleſſedneſſe. O what a burden of torments doth the couetous deſire bring with it! a diſeaſe like the Dropſie the more it hath, the more it would; thirſty as the ſerpent *Dipſas*, neuer ſatiſfied till it burſt, wanting that it hath, and hath that it wanteth; becauſe the good uſe of thoſe

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those things present, are euer absent; & whither would the greedinesse of man run if *Mydas* golden Wisd were to be had? the couetous Lawier would haue the diuell and all; the secular Priest, be sick of the golden droppe; the Artificer, Alcumize his Instruments into gold; the plow-man weary of his labour: so that here would be *Aurea ætas*, a golden world. Thus would extreame couetousnes bring a misery vpon the owners, and though with *Mydas*, they might turne any thing into gold with a touch; yet should they be starued with hunger, famish the bodie, and robbe the soule of all true comfort. For these waight alwaies on a couetous man, Impietie, perurie, thefts, rapines, treasons, fraud, deceits, and all kind of vnconscionable and mercilesse dealings.

Let a man then be content with his portion, and not seeke to aspire vnto terrestiall honour, by tearing out the bowelles of his brethren, with vsurie, extortion, and vnconscionable brokerie. For it is better to be contentedly poore, then miserably rich, and to surpasse in rare Vertues, then in earthly treasure; for albeit a man be downe in misery, yet if honest and vertuous, hee is raised vp to immortall glory: for the excellency of *Vertue*, makes him shine with such a grace, as he may soone be eleuated to the top of true honour, and cannot goe vnrewarded for his honourable seruice; for hauing va- *Post funera*
liantly fought vnder the banner of so noble a matron, *virtus.*
his paie is fame in despite of death, and eternall felicitie in the world to come; for *Vertue* inableth a man to enioy the fruition of perfect happinesse, and eternall life.

Then let a poore man reioyce in affliction, and patiently beare aduersitie, and comforte him selfe with

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The comfort-
table hope of
a poore man.

with the hope of a better life, which assuredly hee shall enioy if so be he hold out to the ende in a holy and vertuous course, and for sorrow here, haue ioy there ; and for a hellish life now, a heauenly life then ; when those that haue their heauen here, and wallow in folace, ioy, and carnall pleasures in this world, must with *Diues* be tormented in endlesse flames in the world to come.

To what end then should a man be grieved at misery, and murmur, as though hee were an abiect, an outcast, and forlorne : when there shall be a supply of his wants, in abundant measure, and be crowned a king of that heauenly *Ierusalem*.

Vpon a time *Solon* found a poore man sitting by the sea side, bewayling his miserie in great dispaire, whom he comforted in this manner : Brother why weep you, what haue you lost, is it want and pennury that nippeth you ? Alas for that you haue small cause ; for say you were in the middest of yonder great sea, loaden with treasure, in daunger of drowning, would you not willingly lose your goods to saue your life ? Why thinke then you were once in like perill, and haue escaped, and lost but your onely goods : then now pacifie your selfe, be content with your state. Thus we see what daunger a rich man is in, by the opinion of this wise Heathen.

Vice & Vertue
two waies.

Two waies are proposed and laide open to all, the one inuiting to *Vertue*, the other alluring to vice ; the first is comberfome, intricate, vntraded, ouergrowne, and many obstacles to dismay a passenger ; the other plaine, euen beaten, ouershadowed with boughes, tapistred with flowers, and many obiects to feed the eye ; now a man that lookes but only to the outward shewe, will easily tread the broadest pathe, but if hee perceiue that

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that this smooth and euen way, leads to a neaft of Scorpions or a litter of Beares, he will rather take the other though it be rugged and vnpleafant, then hazard himfelfe in fo great a daunger.

The high-way that leades to pleafure is verie fpacious, it lyeth open like the fea, many tempting motions, to inuoke the mind: *Lamea* fitting by the way gorgeoufly deckt, the *Syrens* with fweete melody, to intrappe the paffenger, if with *Vliffes* he bind not himfelfe to the maft of prouident refpect; and many *Lyōs*, Beares & Wolues lie in waite for their pray. But the pathe leading to *Vertue*, though it be toylefome, laborious, difficult, a way vneafie to be trackt, hard to finde, craggie, ftonie, thorny, and a fwearing turmoyle, as the Poet defcribeth:

*Nam via virtutis, dextrum petit ardua callem,
Dificilem que additum, primum ſpectantibus offert,
Sed requiem præbet feſſis in vertice ſummo.*

For *Vertues* rugged pathe requires,
a ſtout and painfull minde:
And daungers new are multiplied,
to ſuch as will her finde.
But in the ende great ioy ſhe brings, &c.

Yet ſeeing hee goeth ſtreight to his iournies ende, ſhall arriue at the houſe of Fame, be crowned with honor, who will not vndergoe a poore labour, to gaine ſo rich a Jewell? for though the rootes of *Vertue* be bitter, yet the fruites be ſweete.

Againe, if in things dangerous and full of perilles, *Dulcia non meruit.*
a man will not ſticke to hazard his life, run through fire

G

and

Vertues Common-wealth.

and water, abide hunger, colde, and willingly beare a thousand miseries, incident to long and tedious iournies, to diue into the bowelles of the earth for golde, traffique to *Orinoque*, the Indians, and farre remote places, to feede the long desire of this short life, as the Poet saith:

*Impiger extremos currit marcator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per igneis:*

How ought they thē to hunt after *Vertue*, the bright sonne of prosperitie, which can raise them vp, *tanquam ē puluere & luto*, out of dust and claie, to the high pitch of euerlasting honour.

Many waies
leading to
shame.

But as many waies crosse the Queenes high-way, so *Vertue* is wanted and thwarted, with many smoothe paths, if by exact care they be not auoyded; and though there be a spacious opposition, an *Antithesis*, yet no such difference at the first seemeth, for long pacing breedeth content, by reason the mine is nummed and brought a sleepe, with such varietie of obiects, as dazle the fences, and fixe the opinion so firme in an ill course, that he findeth himselfe enexorable to turne head, and set footing in the way of *Vertue*.

Neuerthelesse, though *Vertue* is so noble, glorious, honourable, immortall, &c. (that neither my dull wit, rudenesse of speech, or this little volume is able to expresse her infinit praises: but had rather need of prompt eloquence, and cunning most excellent, and much leisure therevnto) yet Vice is painted out with such goodly colours, and so gorgeously set out with pompe, that iumping with the naturall impediment, a man is soone lulde a sleepe in pleasures, and deluded by phantasma,
a dreame,

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a dreame, a shadow: as it was with *Calippus*, that dreamed he was a King, and whē awooke he was a begger: or the foole of *Syracusa*, who being opprest with melancholy, thought all the ships that arriued in the hauen, were laden with his marchandize; so doth it mocke the imagination, with flattering allurements, and drawe a man by litle & litle to his own destruction. O tis an amiable diuel, a sweet sinne, a lycorous poyson, a smiling cut-throate, a weeping Crokidile: so that by this the minde is drawne from all celestiall contemplation, and from that heauenly regard which the singularitie of that diuine sweetnesse doth require, and by that meanes become carelesse & negligent, in the purfuit of *Vertue*, and haue no desire to be partaker of her vilitie and profite, but are wholly circumuented and carried away by Iniustice, luxurie, pride, couetousnesse, self-loue, and such like; for this fleeting ioy, is a sweet delight; but as the Poets saine, that drinking the water *Lethæ*, breedeth forgetfulness: so vice and pleasure, makes the mind obtuse and carelesse of all holy vertues, whereby the whole man is transported into all licentiousnesse. And for this cause are pleasures compared to the *Syrins*, that appeare louely in sight with golden locks, chirry lippes, rosie cheeks, &c. and all that part aboue the water goodly, beautifull, and pleasant to beholde: but the tayle hid belowe is sharpe, crooked, venomous, that she no sooner draweth a man vnto her by a wantō countenance, but presently stings him to death; for paine & pleasure are two twins, for he no sooner letteth his minde slip to one, but the other is readie to cast him into a miserable estate. And therefore to shun pleasures, it is good to behold her behind and not before, to cōsider what trouble, torments, dishonour, and ignominie, waits vpon her, for after her

G 2

ghefts

Vertues Common-wealth.

Ifo. ad De-
mon.

ghefts are surfeited with dainties, she makes the ende as fatall and ominous as the Centaurs feasts: a futtle *Synon*, that telles a pleasing tale to breede securitie, dropping hony from her lippes, but hath the poyson of *Aspes* vnder her tongue, a standing ponde, cleare aboue but all filth and mudde below: and therfore the wise schoole-maister, warneth his scholler to shunne pleasures, for feare of smart; sowre things follow sweete, and ioy heauinesse. *Voluptas esca malorum*, saith he, Pleasure is the bait of euil: and *hor. ad lollium*.

Sperne voluptatis nocet empti dolore voluptas.

Foolish wife-
dome.

Yet many repute themselues wise and excellently seen, though they are nothing daunted at such a hidious monster: and so are wise only in opinion, and with this fottish cogitation enterprife matters infamous, yea oftentimes to the vtter ruine & ouerthrow of themselues, and by this meanes run headlong into all manner vice, not suspecting the mōster-like danger ouer their heads.

He that followes pleasure, is as the spider that labourereth all day to intangle a flie, or like a wanton boy that blowes vp feathers into the aire, and spends the time in running vp and downe after them; for what is pleasure but a puffe? and what is all painfull and ponderous labour but a copweb if we shoote not at this marke, to cast anchor in the harbor of *Vertue*? for if we couet to be honoured, otherwise then by *Vertue*, we climbe a rotten ladder sure to fall; for vaine-glory is a blaze which foone vanisheth, glistering for a while in some outward pompe, in the darknesse of this world, carrying with it some shewe of Gentrie, when tis but the scumme
of

Vertues Common-wealth.

of Vice, Pride, and swelling Ambition: for what gaine is it for a man to win the whole world, and loose his owne soule? to daunce in pleasure for a while, and liue in woe for euer? What great matter was in *Darius* and *Alexander*, *Tamberlaine* and *Baiazeth*, *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, that stroue for the monarchiall gouernment, and to be sole Potentates of the world? but that the after times might sing with *Melib.*

Hæc memini & victum, frustra contendere Thyrsin. Eclog. 7.
Ex illo Coridon, Coridon est tempore nobis.

What was their happines, but vnquiet & perturbations? and neuer attained to that theyr ambition fought after, but snatching at vncertaintie, like *Esops* dog, lost that they were sure of before: so that all this worldly strife was but to satisfie the hungry desire of a few dayes, to purchase such honour as sinkes into obliuion, leauing no happie memorie behinde of any notable vertue.

But the onely warre-fare is striuing for *Vertue*, by The best
resisting the passions of the minde: this is both a valiant warre-fare.
and an honourable expedition, a true Martialist he is indeed, that by strong hand labours to suppress his rebellious lusts, and is ambitious of nothing but onely *Vertue*, as *Themistocles*, that said, the monuments, Trophies, glory, and great fame of *Miltiades*, would not suffer him to take his rest, for that exceeding desire he had to imitate him in *Vertue*, that so he might rise vp to like honour. Former presidents are spurres to quicken the
mind, to embrace that *Vertue* portraied out by our aunts, *Plutarch.*
and a meanes to make vs vigilant and watchfull,

G 3

least

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least by sloath we become blinde, ignorant, and grope in the darke with *Polephemus*: and this is most eident, that so long as we liue in pleasure, the minde is neuer illuminated with diuine moysture: for while the time is spent in voluptuousnesse, a blast of vanitie, a bubble of water, the excellent faculties of the soule are depressed and weyed downe with base & seruile designements.

A diometrical
opposition be-
twixt Vice and
Vertue.

But hauing thus rudely run ouer the profitable studie of *Vertue*, in this homely manner, as the dulnesse of my wit, and shortnesse of time would suffer, it now remaineth to blaze out her enemie Vice, & more liuely to paint out those capitall euils which oppose themselues against honestie. And in this the method of the auint Philosophers is to be obserued, who were not content to explain the morall vertues, with a bare and simple demonstration, but also set to euery one her contrary and repugnant vice, that by due considering both, we might embrace the good and shun the euill; and that by the glory of one, the other might be more vgly and loathsome: for when *Vertue* is visibly painted out, inuironed with Vice, we haue her in greater admiratiō, and her excellencies in higher regard, & therefore Fortitude hath audacitie on the one side, & timiditie on the other side, science, ignorance, & sinister perswasion, and so euery one, the more & the lesse, whereby we see not onely the Image and reflexion, but the very abstract and essence of them both, & although one would think that Temperance, a heavenly Vertue, were enough to moue the sobrietie, yet if the many enormities that come of the contrary be omitted, a man is hardly dissuaded. Therefore *Diogenes* being demaunded how one should keepe himself sober, by beholding (quoth he) the beastlineesse

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lineffe of drunkards; for it is manifest, that when a crabbed visage and a mishapen body, shall stand by an amiable & louely perfonage, the deformitie of the one doth much illustrate and beautifie the other. *Venus* was euer fairest when she stood by *Vulcā*: so that viewing this *Antithesis*, honour and shame, perfect blisse & neuer dying sorrow, & looking to the finall endes, & the reward that they both yeeld at last, we may be stirred vp with an ardent zeale, to destroy Vice, & maister that comberfome feruant passion.

Now the chiefe motiue herevnto, is diligent education & training vp youth in discipline, whereby a vniuersall good is attained; for this is the maine pillar that holdeth vp & vnderprops the gouernment, without which no Commō-wealth could stand & peaceably continue. And therefore it is in the power of parents, to make or marre the world; for if children be not well nurtured, how shall they bequeath that to posteritie which they neuer deriued frō their auncestors? or if superiours and magistrates, giue not good example in their places, how should they induce other to pietie? for as *Atlas* is faigned to support the heauens with his shoulders, so must the world be held vp by discipline, & those vices cut off with the sword of reformation, that fight against honestie; for her valour and courage will soone weaken by impunitie and euill example; but as the cutting off the head of a serpēt killeth the body, so the immoderate passions of y^e mind rooted out in the beginning, the whole body of this hidious mōster voluptuousnes is destroyed, and the tranquility of the mind possest with greater ioy; for being once taught to loath Vice, & traded in wel doing, from the cradle, is thereby so well qualified, as it doth

Good education is the happineffe of a kingdome.

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doth not easly chaunge any good course it vndertakes, but vpon well grounded reasons. For hauing some knowledge of it[s] owne inward good, findeth nothing without of so equall rate, for which it should alter and turne, but being firmly fetled in an honest course, keepeth a sweete concord betweene the intellectuall and the morrall, and yeeldeth it selfe futable, to the vertuous disposition of the minde; the excellencies whereof, is manifested with such rare demonstrations, that it neuer subiecteth it selfe to base inconstancie and feeble hazards, expelling Vice, as an enemy to all good endeavour.

Hypocrites
and deceiuers
creepe vnder
Vertue.

To proceed, *Vertue* cannot bee gotten without employment of the minde and body in commendable arts. Securitie and ease draweth to Vice: if a man then will build vpon a perfect assurance, and make his estate durable, hee must bend his whole endeouours to honest labour, & not onely do well, but continue therein to the end. But if a man suppose to be richly vertuous for one good deed; as in paying duties, impositions, tallages to the poore Church, or Commō-wealth; if taxed according to his abilitie, and forcibly exacted from him, it is but the superficies and blaze of *Vertue*: for *Intentio animi non actus perfecit actum*: the willingnes doth approue the act: or if a man do a good deed by accident and haphazard, to blinde the opinion, and by a counterfeit shewe seeke to insinuate into a good report, when otherwise the whole scope of his life be vitious and euill, what lawde can hee iustly merite? but where intirely the minde is bent therevnto, and inflamed with her pulchritude, so that he persist and holde out therein. As for example, as he is not to be termed a
Taylor

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Taylor, that onely mendeth his garment, or he a shoemaker that onely patcheth his shoos, vnlesse he make it his whole art, and expose himselfe therevnto, as to his trade and occupation: so in like manner, he that stumblcth vpon one good action by chaunce, is not by and by to be deemed a perfect man; but he onely that doth well, and persisteth in so doing, and as his trade, bee wholly occupied therein. For as the minde of the husbandman is euer vpon cattell, tillage, and such things as belong to his calling, Saylor vpon their ships, & souldiers on the warres, and schollers on learning, so must the whole disposition and carriage be occupied in *Vertue*, as on the day-starre that guideth to the hauen of rest.

It is not therefore one or two good deeds, or such things as are done by chaunce-medley, or peradventure without a setled minde, that *Vertue* honoreth, for euery man goeth so far in common honestie: but when the integritie of the heart is stirred vp by deuotion to streame out a continuall store of good workes, with a mind willingly disposed therevnto.

Neuertheleſſe, if our eye-ſight and vnderſtanding could pierce inward, or that we had the eyes of *Linx*, to penetrate the ſecrets of the minde, we might ſee many rauening wolues, couered with a ſheepes ſkinne, and the nature of a cruell and ſauage Tyger lurking in ſome, that outwardly carrie a ſemblance of *Vertue*, a ciuill courſe, & an hypocrite clad with the mantle of honeſtie: for ſhee carrieth a generall good liking of all men, and (as *Plato* faith) if ſhe could be viſibly painted out to the eye, euery one would bee wonderfully rauiſhed with her perfections, and therefore the euill
H ſeeker

Vertues Common-wealth.

Hypocrisie is
double impie-
tie.

Hor.

seeke to hide their vices vnder her shadow, and drawe the curtaine of pollicie in the portraiture of pietie: for stand he neuer so obstinate in a desperate state, and bee really possesst with wickednesse, yet in no case will hee willingly seeme to be that in shewe which hee is indeed, But labour to hide it what he may, and couer the shame of euill with a simple shadow, if it be but with figge-leaues, and deaurate and guild ouer his spottes and fores with the tincture, and dye of holynesse. For the puritie of *Vertue* makes men detest their owne euill, and though Vice breake out, and be neuer so pregnant, yet will they cunningly blinde the opinion, and flye to her for succour: and albeit theyr eyes bee dazeled with the splendour of *Vertue*, and cannot choose but admire her beautie, yet haue they no power to follow her, but pine away, and giue her no entertainment, which the Poet well noteth, *Virtus laudatur & alget.*

Vertue (faith hee) is praised of many, but she may starue for colde before they will take her in, and warme her by their fire.

These are right counterfeites, that haue nothing but a clowde or skinne of *Vertue*, which as a slender painting is washt off with euery dash, a glose, an Image, that they keepe so long as they haue pleasure or profit thereby: they may well be compared to vaine-glorious women, who because they want beautie, colour their faces with painting, to get that by art, that nature hath denied them.

Yea there be some that seeme the very Images of sanctitie, lowely, courteous, modest, humble, their eyes
fixed

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fixed on their graues, their haire shorter then their eye-browes, as though they were myrroures of religion and pietie, and by robbing *Vertue* of her best apparell, decke themselues with the habite of honestie, and yet haue nothing within but artificiall knauerie, fraud, deceit, and hypocricie: for if outwardly stretcht to shewe theyr inward good, they then appeare as they are, and lay themselues open to theyr owne shame: the touch-stone of triall can soone distinguish them a-right; ô how such smoothe fronted hypocrites can dally with the time, and cut out their manners to the best fashions, onely to please those who measure others good by their owne integritie, and as long as the Sun shines, goe by the shadowe of others, but their light failing, soone leaue their earnest following, and is so hotly bent in his colde zeale, that he is neuer without a bout in his mouth to shoote through his simple neighbour.

But because I will not be too Cinicall, to anatomize particular imperfections, I will bee sparing: I could neuerthelesse paint out some, that as long as gaine hung on their profession, were not slacke to ouertake the best men: but the world flyding, their meanes failing, and the gaine they reaped by such their profession decaying, theyr hotte loue to pietie melts away like snowe before the Sunne, and as dogs, turne back to their owne vomit. So that heere is the depth of policie, in sifting the carriage to the humour of good men, that tracing the path of counterfeit holynesse, might gaine both fauour and aduancement. For as I said before, if Vice should come in her own shape, fewe or none would giue her entertainment, and though

D deceitful double dealers.

There be too many such cold Christiāns.

H 2

inwardly

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inwardly imbraced of some, yet outwardly detested of all.

These are like blades that haue painted sheathes, but canker-fret and rustie within. And as the Cameleon hath all colours saue white, so haue they all parts saue honestie.

The fish *Polipus* (as some write) hath this propertie, that it can turne it selfe into the likenesse of a stone, or seeme to be that which is next it, and so vnder colour of not seeming as it is, doeth rauē vppon other fishes. So in like manner do colde Christians prey vppon the simplicitie of honest mindes, and fit themselues to all companies. If among good and vertuous men, then is he like them, setting himselfe in his best properties, and seeme to haue that which euery honest man ought to haue, and so by that means hide great vices vnder a thin colour of *Vertue*, that by so fitting his habit to the time and place, is for the humour of euery person, and thus by craftie and disguised dissimulation, live in outward happinesse, by praying vpon the good opinion of other men.

But as *Socrates* said to an humble hypocrite, his pride might be seene through the rents of his cloake: so this false and double dealing cannot so long be hid, but it will breake out at one rent or other, and detect his pilferie, according to the chaunge of times.

And albeit the puritie of truth is not hereby any whit impeached, being euer one and the same: yet by this we may see the nakednes of old *Adam*, that wil at no hand appeare as he is.

But this idle shewe and false appearance, ô how dangerous it is to the truth! being possessed with nought but
treacherie

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treacherie and cofonage, a capitall plague, it is for the wicked to make shewe of goodnesse, and may fitly be sorted to the Apothecaries painted boxes, that haue nothing within but poyson, or some deadly compound: for which the Pharises were sharply reprehended by our Sauour in the Gospell, and as the Lorde complaineth by the Prophet, *They honour me with their lippes: but their hearts are farre from me.* And therefore he is no good man that can reason of *Vertue* in words, but hee that hath a true possession in deed, whereby the conscience is lead to deale iustly, in a continued course of well doing: for it is no paine to giue milkie words, sweete tearmes, and make a vaine florish of honestie, to choake the hard opinion, which otherwise might iustly be imputed: for this is but vaine-glory, which is euer gaping with open mouth for popular applause, for doing some thing that hath a shew of *Vertue*, to get praise of the rude multitude.

Vertue is not in vaine words but in conscionable workes.

And though by prosperitie a man be dignified with glorious titles, yet if it spring not from *Vertues* roote, it is but a bastard plant, a rotten carkasse with a painted skin. And howsoever they mocke the world for a while with the badge of honestie, yet the all-seeing eye of heauen, God searcheth into their deeds, and will bring them forth euen as they are naked and vncouered: But as such fallacies, and dillusions, are incident to a base and seruile condition: so are they euermore abhorred of an honest man.

God searcheth into the heart.

Neuerthelesse many there be that binde themselues apprentice to vniust collusion and fraudulent dealing in so much that lying and falshood is become an occupation, faire and smoothe words carry away all their

Lying is become an occupation amongst many men.

H 3

gaines

gaines, increased by oppreffion, and by deluding the simple, make bad wares vendible, and that which is corrupt, vnholſome & naught, (with many proteſtations) vtter for good and excellent, and that at vnreaſonable rate too. It is lawfull for euery man to maintaine his charge, and by his calling in which he is ſet, which to omit is worſer then an Infidell: but with this caution, euermore profit, muſt goe with honeſtie, and not immeaſurably carried with greedy affectiō, to multiply gain by vniuſt means; that that is cōſcionably gottē is profitable; and nothing profitable, that is diſhoneſt: but to pull away either by vſurie, extortion, briberie, or fraudulent dealing, is repugnant to honeſtie: or to encreaſe a commoditie by an other mans diſcommoditie, ryueth aſunder the common fellowſhip of mankind. *Tully* handling this argument in his offices to his ſonne *Marke*, faith; If two runne in a race, each one ought to ſtrive ſo much as he can to win the prize: but in no caſe he muſt not trip his fellow, keep him back with his hand, or caſt blocks to ſtumble on, for that is not equal: ſo in like fort (faith he) while we run a race in this world, it is good to get that may ſerue the turn, in an equall & iuſt courſe: but it is neither right, nor honeſt, to racke, extort, and purloine from other, and by ſetting the conſcience on the tainter-hookes, to riſe vp by his fall.

Lib. 3.

It was ordained by the Athenian Lawe, that the ſeller, ſhould laie open the faultes of the ware to the buyer, and ſeeing he ſelleth, to ſell with the beſt aduantage to him that buyeth, with this or the like promulgation.

Lib. 3 offic.

Aduexi, expoſui, vendo meum non pluris quam cæteri: fortiaſſi etiam minoris, cum maior eſt copia, cui fit iniuria?

Here

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Here is my ware, I offer it to sell, I sell mine for no more then other men, perhappes also for lesse, seeing I haue more store, to whom is the wrong done? but hee that should obserue this in our dayes, would either be thought a mad man or a foole; so farre is this griping couetousnesse rooted in the harts of many, that they make no conscience to get gaine; *Fas aut nephas*, by hooke or crook so they may come by it: in so much that this greedie desire hath eaten vp all remorse of conscience, that labor all day with deceit, and rise vp early to wealth, by the spoyle & vndoing of other. O how pleasant & sweet is the fauour of gaine to the carnall man, be it neuer so iniuriously gotten! *Vespasian* the Emperour, delighted so in powling and pilling his subiects, that nothing was exempted from his tallage: not so much as the very vrin made in euery house, but he had tribute for a certaine quantitie, for which being maligned and ill spoken of, his sonne dissuaded him from it, as a thing base & dishonourable: but putting some of the pissing mony in a perfumed napkin, held it to his sonnes nose asking him how it smelt; meaning thereby, that though it was had of a filthy excrement, yet the money fauoured well enough; *Suavis odor lucri ex qualibet*, and that gaine is sweete of whatfoeuer it commeth.

Vnlawfull
gaine is sweet
to a stinking
minde.

All lying, in making bargaines is vtterly forbidden, false waits & measures abhominable, and wealth gotten this way clogs the soule: for it is neuer profitable to do euil, because it is euermore hatefull: and because it is alwayes honest to deale iustly, tis euermore profitable. No man by the ignorance of an other, ought to increase his owne gaine: and no greater iniurie can be vsed amongst godly Christians, then falsely to mocke the
vnder

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vnderstanding. Nothing couetously, vniustly, wrongfully, or waueringly, is fit to be done.

He that is therefore set vp in a trade, and hath to deale with men in bargaining, must be warie least he be carried into vnconscionable getting, and be content with a reasonable gaine without exaction, for the ignorance of the buyer, cannot excuse the deceit of the feller.

Many liue
vpon the sim-
plicitie of the
poore.

Neuerthelesse, many shop-keepers, keep small conscience in vttering their ware, their shops, shops of deceit, for now almost all men crye out, that there is nothing but cofonage in buying and selling, and not without cause: for let a simple man come to buy a peece of cloath, or what other thing he needeth in some of their shops (I will not say all, for no doubt some deale honestly) if hee be ignorant and vnskillfull in that hee buyeth, is sure to pay double the value, or at leastwise much more than it is worth: and yet wil they sweare and protest, and heape vp a many oathes, that were it not to him he could not have it so, and that it is farre better then the mony he paieth; the buyer thus deceiued, yet thinks himselfe greatly friended: but if he bookes that he sells, and that the buyer comes vpon trust, then shall he pay well for Inke and paper, that in the ende he must buye his commoditie twise. Yea, craft is crept into the bosome of some, with such Foxe-like subtiltie, that they laie open their ware as nettes, to catch young Gentlemen, who hauing good friends and assured possibilitie shall haue what he will vpon trust: prouided his lands be bound for paiment; and so long feede his humour with coyne and commodities, that they creep at last into his whole possessions.

A man must not onely vse a lawfull trade, but also
vse

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vfe it lawfully, without deceit ; and though it be neuer so base, yet if followed with diligence, will maintaine his estate honestly, so be it that he alwaies keepe within the effenciall properties thereof: yet there be some that haue such wandring wittes and shittle heads, that neuer rest till they haue assaiied all meanes, leaue the limits of their calling, and runne into by courses, and either fall into a loytering life, or attempt that wherein they haue no skill, whereby their follies many times are made manifest to the world ; for none can iudge of an Art, but he that is an Artizan, hereby hindring his neighbour, who hath fitted himselfe to it by experience, deluding the common-wealth, and offending the lawe. *Appelles* rule is quite forgot ; *Ne futor, ultra crepidam.* The shomaker must not goe beyond his latchet, the plowman meddle in matters of Art, nor schollers teach *Coridon* to holde the plough, but euery man to keepe within the compasse of his owne skill, and not like wild coultes to breake into other mens pastures: But many busie fellows that haue short armes, yet will claspe many things, supposing that to enterprife is sufficient to execute, and that to beginne is onely inough, though they neuer make an end, and thrust into many trades, and heape one thing vpon an other, in so much that it often falleth out, that being *Solicitus circa multa*, busied in many things, proue vnfit for any thing: let the *unum* then be preferred that tyeth a man in compasse of good abilitie. For as a swift currant running in one kill, is very forcible, but if deuided into small angles is lesse powerfull: so in like case so long as a man holdeth out in that hee was brought vp in, it is effectually, but if hee once straggle and scatter into other Arts, doth vtterly weaken

The painter spake this so long since, that it is now forgotten.

One thing is necessarie.

I ken

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ken and disable himselfe, and is vnfit for any notable enterprife, and by leauing his peculiar trade, is possessed with such a greedie discontent, as hee repineth at the prosperitie of his neighbour, which is the fruite of enuy.

So said old
Father Latimer.

Others there be so luskish and idle, that though they haue both meanes, strength and abilitie, yet will follow none at all, but be better content with hunger and ease, then labour and profite, or else by vnlawfull shifts come to a shamefull ende: but as the gripplenesse of the one is to be auoyded, so the securitie of the other is to be hated. It is meete that euery man follow his owne vocation, and being ordained for one thing, not to fall into an other: If fit for one, to holde that, and seeke no other: if apt for pollicie, to leaue the Ministrie: if fit for the plough, to leaue the Pulpit, and vse that for which hee is most pregnant: for one of these require a whole man, and not the least part of a man.

Three things
intended in
pollicie.

Three things vphold a Monarchie in peace & tranquillitie, *Scil: tu supplex, ora, tu protege, tuque labora*, Pray thou, defend thou, and labor thou: these 3. imploy the happinesse of euery state; the first the Ecclesiasticall discipline: the second, the politique state: and the third, the state subiugate: so that by these, & in these, a peaceable gouernment is maintained: and these are the employments of the particulars members of a politique bodie, within the limits of which, euery one must keepe and containe himselfe.

But if any man fall into extrauagant courses, hee flippeth into those euils that flowe from the complexion of nature. Wee see howe many are rapt vp with greedie

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greedie desire of getting, and neuer satisfied with that they haue, or can come too, eyther by violent extortiō, brabbling suites, and vniust vexations, that they had rather spend ten pound in lawe to feed the malice of the mind abroad, then by loosing ten pence, to haue it quietly ended at home.

I and now a dayes some are so madde & brain-sicke, that they fall together by the eares for the value of a strawe, and make hard shift though they be neuer so poore, but they will be Termers, and trot to Westminster three or foure times a yeare, though their wiues and children begge in the meane while: and what get they in the end after their long suites, faue a flap with a Foxe-taile (as the saying is) and come home by Need-ham crosse, and fooles acre, then crye they out, might ouercomes right, would I had knowne thus much before, a vengeance take the lawiers, I am vndone: they weepe, the lawiers laugh, and the diuels sings. The common-wealth is a den of controuersies, a man cannot brooke a pettie wrong, but by & by he runs to some make-bate some petty fogger, who no doubt is forward enough to put fier to towe, and the bellows to blow the coales of contentions: filling the head with quirkes & quiddits, who being hote before, is now of a light fier, till he be in law, the world shall not disswade him. Lawiers swarme as thick in England, as frogs in *Egipt*; they norish strifes, beate downe charitie, and purchase to themselues great inheritance by the discords of brabbling clients.

If it were not for some honourable well quallified, and conscionable Lawiers, the generation of Fogges, would eate out the bowelles of the common-wealth.

Againe, some for a priuate gaine, will murmur at a common good, and rather wish a dearth to benefite some fewe, then a plentie, that may bring profit all: if they haue store of corne, they had rather keepe it

I. 2.

still

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still in their barnes, till it be mustie and naught, or suffer vermine to spoile it, in hope of an excessiue price, then by bringing it out in due time, to haue a reasonable gaine; and this is a true experiment, that such moathes are so auaricious and couetous, that they had rather keepe their graine till it be corrupt and foistie at home, or send it to our enemies abroad, to starue and weaken our owne state, then to relieue their bretheren with the crop of their encrease. Certainly though they would seeme Christians, and men of good spirits, yet are they not equall, no nor any whit comparable to the Hea-then, sith they thought nothing too deare for their countrey, neither life, goods, nor anything else, and these thinke all too much, be it neuer so little. And to what end serueth this greedie desire of gaine, but to make logger-head the sonne, march before the cormo-rant his father in some worldly pompe, and to couer his fine daughter *Sib*, with Copweb-lawne to catch butterflyes: this is not the high-way to honour.

Euery misers
son must be a
gentleman.

We see that plaine *Corydon*, that hath no more wit then to knowe the price of Sattin and Veluet, and toies to make him foole-fine, cannot be content to hold the plough, and be one of those *Aratores optimos ciues Reip*: good common-wealths men, keepe hospitalitie, and spend his reuenewes moderately, and doo good in the place where he dwells: but being crept vp to wealth by the death of his miserable olde father, must instantly be dubd a gentleman of the first head, and purchase armes, though it be at a deare rate, and bee a smoakie gallant in youth, though he beg his bread in age, and lash out that riotously, that his father got miserly; and as one well faith, tedding that with a forke in one yeare, that was
not

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not gathered together with a rake in twentie: And this iumpeth with that which is affirmed before, that the goods of a wretched miser holdeth not long together, but as it hath bene badly gotten, so tis as leaudly spent. He is now of no esteeme vnlesse hee be cut of the fashion, and can swagger and braue it out, sweare himselfe into smoake with pure refined oathes, and fustion protestations, take Tabacco with a whiffe. and be odly humorous. And in no case it must not be forgotten he is a Gentleman, and therefore to shun the stab, you must prouide a sacke-full of worshipfull titles to coole his bloud, when (God wot) his grandfather would haue bene glad of a crust of browne bread: but what should he be toucht with base birth or bad life? is he not now a Gentleman, and hath wherewithall to hold it vp? but such generositie is like a copper Ring new guilt ouer, that wareth off with the least persecution.

Now these cannot truly say that the honour of their house did first rise in them, or that true gentilitie is deriued out of their loines to succession, because they are neither posselt with any notable Vertue, nor created noble by accident, but haue onely a little pelfe, which with swallow-wings, is flying away as fast as their riotous course can lay it on. *Fortuna fauet fatuos.*

Yet will their insolence arrogate to themselves honour, as though it stood onely in riches and worldly glory, and many vaine titles will they plucke by violence from the rude world: for simple ignorance giueth humble reuerence to wealth and a gay coate: but though by the curtesie of wise men, and simplicitie of fooles, they haue many faire titles, yet let them not thinke they are any whit the more honourable, vnlesse

I 3

they

Vertues Common-wealth.

they haue the temperance of the minde & body before remembred.

Counterfeit
gentilitie

We haue here in common vse to buy and sell, diuers peeces of siluer and gold, which passeth from man to man as good payment, so long as the mettall be currant, and the Princes stampe vpon it : but if we finde a peece counterfeit, and the true stampe set vpon base mettall, we presently naile it to a post, and with the coiner hanged, so that all the estimation is in the mettall, and not in the print: so in like manner, though a man be neuer so rich, & neuer so highly aduanced, yet if *Vertue* hath not framed him fit for those places, wise, affable, temperate, but foolish, malicious, and vainglorious, he is no otherwise, but as the print of honour set vpon base bullion, and so commits horrible treason against the maiestie of *Vertue*.

There bee some that hunt after honour, and some that be hunted after by honour: touching the first, they are such as by bribes or double diligence creepe into a place or office of preferment, and neuer rest night nor day, till by money & friendship they haue got it a hungry eye to spye out, and an impudent face to thrust in, and beeing warmly seated, strout vp and downe with swelling termes, as if they had risen by some degree of *Vertue*. The other sort are sought after by honour, and they bee such that *Vertue* frameth fit for that purpose, that first growe excellent in some high desert; for these beg no place, nor soist into office, but if it come, they vnwillingly hold it, and be no whit the more puffed vp in opinion, but iustly exercise the same, not so much for theyr owne priuate gaine, as for the generall good.

Liberalitie

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Liberalitie is a mediocritie in giuing benefites, the bloud and strength of sciences, a *Vertue* diuine; and to speake briefly of her properties, first and chiefly a liberal man is ready to reward honest[ly] his friends alliance, and such [as] are neare him, to succour orphanes, widowes, bestowe poore maidens in marriage, and raise vp foundations, and mend decayed structures, for the good of posteritie, & is still occupied in such memorable works: and he is onely a franke man, that distributeth his substance measurably, and where it is fit, and must consider to whom he should giue, that is, to the needie; how much? according to his owne abilitie, and the others necessitie: and when? in season and in due time, for liberalitie resteth not onely in the quantitie of the thing giuen, but in the naturall disposition of the giuer. And this is one of the chiefe species of Iustice, to follow the worthines of the person in considering his good parts: for if gifts followe not *Vertue*, it is a great disparagement to her followers: nothing is liberall but that which is iust, which is the ground of all; for Iustice is euery *Vertue*: if her shoulders be bowed downe with want, to be raised vp againe with gifts: for there is no *Vertue*, but too much miserie destroyeth: in so much that if a man be as prudent as *Cato*, as iust as *Manlyus*, as magnanimious as *Scipio*, and as temperate as *Curius*, yet neuerthelesse, if these vertues bee not eftsoones cherished by beneuolence, they will soone faint, growe feeble, and be daunted. *Tolle gloriæ cupiditatem, & omne studium virtutis extingues*, saith one. Take away the desire of glorie, and all studie of *Vertue* is vtterly extinct: for true it is, that no man eyther for his priuate good, or common profit, will apply the minde to any

Liberalitie is the arties, vaines, and finewes of learning, and the worlds Paragon.

A liberall man is a generall good man.

Ofor. lib. I.

Vertues Common-wealth.

*Honos alit
arles.*

any Vertue, vnlesse he be held vp and comforted in aduerfitie, or rauished with an immortall hope, because the faculties of the minde are wholly studious to holde vp his poore dying life. Againe, who would bend himselfe to Art, Science, Facultie, or any kinde of learning, if there were not some glory? for what moueth the Lawier to beate his wits on *Littletons* Maximes? or to be so earnest to finde out the differences of causes, to bring them to a head, but glory? the Diuine to studie the mysteries of Gods wonders? or the Phisition to diue into the secrets of nature, if they aymed not at preferment! To conclude, honour nourisheth Art, and for the regard of dignitie, do learned men strue to exceede in facultie; so that aduancement is the mother of *Vertues Common-wealth*; yet neuerthelesse is it not so tyed within the limits of a circle, to keepe there and goe no further, I meane in respecting simply the vertues of the *Donee*, as to reward *Vertue*, and nothing but *Vertue*; for the vicious being in want, must bee likewise cherished, though not for his owne sake (hauing nothing in him of worth, yet because he is a Christian brother) & therefore the Apostles willeth vs to do good to all, but especially to the vertuous.

*Entifignatiōs
of Vertue to
be cherished.*

So that a franke minde doth as well march before and leade the way to *Vertue*, as nourish her in whom she is first set. The substance of a rich man is not so to be shut vp that liberalitie cannot open it, nor so vnlocked to lye abroad for euery body, but a measure to be kept, which must bee referred to abilitie: for as it is not the part of a liberall man to be too pinching and niggardly, as to with-hold from good dutie, so is he prodigall that spendeth his faculties vpon flagitious and vile persons,
or

Vertues Common-wealth.

or vpon bad and leaud courfes, but onely where there is a signe of *Vertue* present, or an introduction to a future honeftie: for the imployment of money is not honeft, vnleffe it be to fome good end; neither is he a wife man that is fo foole-large in diftributing his goods, to wafte his patrimonie, efpecially vpon fuch vaine things whereof a fhort memorie or none at all doth remaine, neceffitie not prouoking, nor fhewe of honeftie inducing: fuch vnaduaned mifpence bringeth nought but ignominie and fhame: for what credit is it for a man to lafh out his mony in feafts, playes, huntings, hawkings, and fuch vaine fports that foone vanifh? It is the greateft folly that may bee, that the thing that a man doth which is honeft, to endeouour it may no longer be done: for as a wife man omitteth not to do good at all times, fo hee vfeth the matter with fuch moderation, that he keepeth a ftore by him to helpe with when occafion is offered.

How infamous among writers is *Comodus*, *Nero*, *Caligula*, *Heliogabalus*, and other like monfters, which Prodigallitie is a raging fire. exhausted and deuoured infinite treasures in banquets, brothel-houfes, and fuch abominations: was this liberalitie? fhall they not fuffer reproach to the worlds end? and fhall not all prodigall fpend-thrifts, that waftefully confume their wealth, be partakers of the like fhame? Surely yes, when they are not transferred with the rule of meafure, to doo that which they may continue to do, and fith they haue meanes to do good, to raife vp a happie memorie by dedicating theyr beneuolence to pofteritie: and this was the caufe our auntients fet forth the picture of a Gentleman with his hands open, to fignifie that liberalitie was the honour of a Gentleman,

K

and

Vertues Common-wealth.

and that to giue was alwayes heroicall.

Now what aduantage then hath a rich man, that by rewards may purchase immortalitie, and outstrip the furie of Vice with good workes? if so be hee abandon vaine glory, and do that he doeth with sinceritie.

From a good man, gifts passe with a free donation, not looking backe for requitall, nor blowing the trump when he giueth almes: yet can wee not say, but gratitude as a hand-maide, is euer attendant; for though a poore man cannot acquite againe in measure, yet is he forced, will hee, nill hee to confesse a debt beyond measure; for a good mind doth alwayes remunerate a good turne.

Ennius.

Benefacta male locata, malefacta arbitro.

Good deeds misplaced, become euill deeds.

So that it is a great decay of *Vertue*, when the merits of the vertuous are carelesly ouer-passed, for when men are ledde by passion, not by reason, many worthy spirits run out their liues vnprofitably, consume their daies in condolement, and repent the time spent in science, when they might haue gotten some adulterous trade. Now I say when *Vertue* doth knocke at the doore of liberalitie, and can haue no entrance, no maruell though she be frozen with colde, & goe a begging from doore to doore: but the iniquitie of the time hatcheth many euils in aduancing where *Vertue* doth not merit, in raising vp such as are voyd of all good parts. Now whē notable employments are vnworthily bestowed, and giuen by corruptiō, the power of *Vertue* must needs be weakened and growe colde, and be feeble as the Orator faith;
Male

Vertues Common-wealth.

Mall enim se res habet, cum quod virtute effici debet, id Offic. lib. 2.
tentatur pecunia. The matter (saith he) cannot goe well,

when the same that should be wrought by *Vertue*, is accomplished by money: this ouerturneth all, for no man will willingly embrace her, if shee bring no aduancement: so that in this there lyeth a two-folde mischief, one the discouraging of learning, the other in the corruption; for he that buyeth an office must needs sell it againe, and by extortion wring the conscience with iniustice: and therefore *Cato* would that no olde officer should be removed till he dye, or for some notable

crime. For (saith hee) new officers are as hungrie flyes, that neuer leaue sucking till their bellies be full, whereas the old ones being full before, sucke more faintly, so that the oftner they are chaunged, the more do they gnawe and sting the Common-wealth: and get what is more common then buying and selling of offices? for there is almost now a daies, no office, but is bought, sold, & offered to him that wil giue most, as a bankerout selles his goods: for if he can but nickhornnize his name in some

Officers
fought for
with greediness.

ordinary *fac simile*, he may step vp to dignitie: *Nā genus* *Hor. ad*
& formā Regina pecunia donat, though he want all good *nun.*
properties & intelligible parts. If a hungry flye, a smatterer, either for enuy of the partie that is already possesse of

some office; or to satisfie his desire of priuate gaine, (for by this it shalbe best knowne) do seeke vniustly to aspire by crowding and wresting the other out, & therein labour, *Omnibus neruis*, by direct and indirect means, it may wel be thought he hath opened the gate of his conscience, to corrupt & false dealing. And therefore if a mā be not lawfully called, it is a point of wisdom to stay & haue an vnworthy opiniō of himselfe, & be pacified with his

Hungry flyes
bloud-suckers

K 2

present

Vertues Common-wealth.

present state, vntill the vancancie of a place shall importune him to make sute.

But it often otherwise commeth to passe, that money and countenance can promote men of no desert to preferment: for instance, one whose braine is all mudde, that neuer put his asse-head into the Accademie, little wit, and lesse honestie, may notwithstanding climbe vp to office, and be highly feated, so that he sing sweetely with *Menalcas*: *Aurea mala decem misi cras altera mittam.*

Eglo 3.

And a base stigmaticall Thrafo, *Fex populi*, the scum and dregges of the people, that hath no commendable qualitie, as meanes to insinuate into fauour, but garrulous prating, vnworthy chaste eares: yet shall he want no countenance, if so be he can but *Ars adulandi*, to feed the flambe of wickednesse, with the fuell of sinfull fopperie.

Vice rides on
horsebacke,
when Vertue
is faine to trot
on footbacke.

And thus shall Vice be animated and borne out, be it neuer so brutish and vnciuill, and be hugd in the bosome of charitie, when a man honest, if poore, shall bee scarce knowne of his neighbours, much lesse haue any measurable allowance. O pittifull case when Vice shall be exalted, wickednesse loued, and godlinesse hated! Hence it is so many daungers arise, when the meede of *Vertue* is ingratitude, and so many good wits iniured in the iustice of their merit, guld by sycophants and flatterers, are not onely heereby distracted in their studies, and dismayed to proceed, but which is worse, so great discontentment breed, that they often proue disloyall, reuolt from obedience, and eyther fall into dishonest shifts at home, or bad atchieuements abroad: thrusting their weapons into the bowels of their mothers, eyther
by

Vertues Common-wealth.

by open practises, or secret conspiracies. When with bribery and collatorall practises, men of no gifts leape vp to preferment; & though they be neuer so weake and simple in iudgement, yet wil dare (being thus lifted vp) to censure euery man, as they were not meanly sighted The ignorant is selfe-wife. in the deepest things, and by a malicious rage are readie to controwle others doings, whē to back their carping tongues, put on a superficial habit of learning, whereas if they be nearly toucht, they appeare nothing else but emptie bagges, stuft with vain-glory, *Nomine gramatice re Barbari*, & seeke what they can to barre the vertuous of their iust reward, and darken their good names with scandalles, that the memorie of their labours may die. Thus when good deserts are neglected, liberalitie forgotten, and the bad countenanced, the common state is in great hazard: but this is that iron age *Ouid* speaks Fœnæ ætas. of, wherein *Vertue* should finde cold comfort, and passe from doore to doore vnregarded: which prefcience of the Poet was neuer more verified thē in these last times: for neuer was this sweet harmony of nature, the eye of world, the mistress of reason, of lesse price amongst men then now, for some are so puffed vp with pride & violence, that they had rather burye their coyne with *Euclio* in *Plautus*, then impart a myte for the incouragement of laudable Sciences: in so much as this colde deuotion, causeth many to leaue trading for so excellent a Iewell.

And not only Couetousnesse is an obstacle and let therevnto: but Pride, Pride, diuellish Pride, is crept into all states, euery man is fallen in loue with himselfe, either of his person or apparell, his quallities are so excellent in his owne eye: a poore mans wife will be as

K 3

trim

Pride as brief
in England,
as euer it was
in Sodome.

trim as a gentlewoman, and euery one studious to deck themselves in brauerie, when their manners are out of all good order: like the Musition that is very carefull to set his strings in tune, and let his manners be still out of order, the minde is set vpon fashions, fangles, & gawifh cloathes, now one, and then an other, neuer content long with modest and sober attire, it is too meane, too base, too beggerly: for now he or she that can put themselves into a monstrous fashion, a singular habit, and be straungely drest vp, are in theyr owne opinion very gallant, but in the iudgement of wise men they are but a blowne bladder, painted ouer with many colours, stufte full of pride and enuie: the brauerie without, sheweth the arrogancie within; for as there is no fire without smoake, nor no visible griefe, but an inward festering, so in whom so euer such badges of vanitie appeares, it is a sure token there is a stinking puddle of vain glory within. Some iuggle theyr lands into gay apparell, and clap it vp in a small roome that contained a great circuite, and holde it a point of pollicie, to put their lands into two or three truncks of new cloathes, that wearing their lands on their backs, they may see that no strip or waite be done by their tenants: but when they would Iuggle backward their cloaths into lands againe, alas and weladay they are so thredbare & out at th'elbows, that they will not match the former value, and so is 'dubd Sir *John Hadland*; a knight of pennyleffe bench. Thus to make Idolls of their carcaffes for a while, begger themselves for euer. And many such base pefants that haue witleffe wealth, or wealth without wit, are pufte vp with such presuming thoughts, as they ambitiously aime to tricke vp themselves in costly suites, and couet to match, nay to exceed men of good worth and place: but this is destined

Vertues Common-wealth.

ned to such high mindes, that when they are crept vp to the toppe of such brauerie, they often fall to great shame, being the first steppe to the downe-fall of beggerie: but howsoeuer they incroach into vaine-glorious tytles, yet wise men measure all estates by their vertues, not by pompe and outward brauery, and despise not him whome birth, time, place, or office, maketh worthie of such costly ornaments, but holde it lawfull and commendable to fit their degrees in apparrell, answerable to their callings: but if we should enter into the intollerable abuse of Pride, wee might paint out some that are dying theyr faces with painting, to be more louely and amiable, and stretch their wits aboute *Ela* to be the originall of some new toye: but who is so foolish to count them the fairer for that? but rather the fowler: for that face that is flubbred & starched with so many ointments & drugs, is more liker a sore & scurffe, then a naturall face: God hath giuen the face, and thou ^{Painted faces} defilest it with myre & dirt; wouldst thou be faire, to be ^{abominable.} more amiable? why, silence, sobrietie, chastity, are beautiful ornaments, and richer then any orient pearle, and with wise men more inestimable: but indeede if thou wouldest intice the eyes of them that behold thee, nourish lust in young men, and drawe them after thee, then this is the way: but in my opinion, it is impossible for thee to get a good & vertuous husband with whō thou maist liue quietly & wel, by smearing thy visage: for whē he seeth that thy face was but florisht ouer, he shall finde thee a deceitfull crocodile, and so loathe and hate thee more afterward, then ever he loued thee before.

Now what are these thus patcht vp by their owne workmanship, but the least part of themselves: they cānot be cōtent to be as God made them, but as though they
were

The diuell the
inuentor of
starch, po-
king stickes,
&c.

were huddled vp in hafte, and fent into the world not fully finifhed: and to this end ferue their drugs, balmes, oyntments, paintings, *Lac virginis*, & *certere quid non?* to mend the leaft mote amiffe: fye vpō these frowning Irons, poking stickes, perriwigs, embroided fore-tops, &c. which are all an euident token of that filthy kennell of mudde wherwith they are poffeft: for what is all this but to impeach the Creator, and difable the all omnipotent workemanship of nature? for when they haue done what they can, they paint but a muddy wall, and fet a gloffe vpon a counterfeit: for though they fhould bathe themfelues in milke euery day, as *Cleopatra*, yet will they crye out with *Ouid*, *Iam meos vultus Ruga femilis erat*.

Cold charitie
now a dayes.

And ouertaken with time, the vifage will bee wrinkled, rugged, and hard-fauoured, and the whole body crooked, infirme, weake, and bent downeward, and force them, mauger their heads, to behold theyr graues, where vnder a clod, they and theyr gay cloutes muft bee buried; the memembrance whereof fhould make them vaile their plumes, and turne pride to humilitie: but the abundance they wallow in, like Epicures, drowne the minde in fenfualitie, choake vp the vnderftanding, and keepes it backe from the contemplation of future happineffe. And notwithstanding they are fo rich and fumptuously arrayed, and carrie fo much golde about theyr neckes, and fo hung with costly Iewels, yet will denie to giue a halfe-penny to them that haue neede: ô ftonie heart! that can fuffer the poore to be in want, yea dye for hunger, and thou ftufful of delicates, cloathed in filkes and fine garments, and let them lye naked in the ftreetes: or if the extreame neceffitie

Vertues Common-wealth.

necessitie of some poore *Lazarus* moue compunctiō, to giue an almes, it must be done in the eie of the world, and set downe in capitall Letters, and commended to posteritie, as a worke of eternal memorie. In like maner if we descend lower, we shall see Pride ruffle in base Rustickes, for euery one will be in the fashion, howsoeuer they come by it; the seruant cannot be knowne from the Maister, the maide from the Mistris, nor scarce any mans estate distinguisht by his apparell; but euery flowerly seruingman, and greasie scrape-trencher will exceede the boundes of his calling, and creepe into acquaintance with veluet, sattin, and such costly stufte, too high I wisse for their lowe estate, and laie all they can rap and rend on their backes, in swaggering and vaine apparel, to seeme a clout of lowlie gentilitie, that prouing bankerouts in youth, are faine to weare ragges in age. And euery Countrey-wench that hath but foure nobles a yeare and shiftes, must be trimly trickt vp like mayde Marryan in a Morrice daunce, and her ruffles set aboue the common size, and bee in the fashion, though she get it with shiftes; but the shifts that makes her laugh, sendes her often home by weeping crosse.

Euery base
Tapster or
Oastler, will
be as fine as a
Gentleman.

But it is vndoubtedly true, that such as are so curious, to dight vp themselues in quaint attire, forget to adorne the minde with humilitie, modestie, shamefastnesse, and suche feminine vertues as becommeth theyr sexe, and vtterly omit to decke the soule with the sparkeling Iemmes of sober-beseeming qualities. Consider what you are, and whereto you must: a painted poft doth but deceiue the eye, and a painted bodie the soule. Is there a new fashiō come out? be thou then the

L

first

Vertues Common-wealth.

first to put it downe, follow not the guife of the world,
but fecke for thofe virgine vertues that will make you
liue admired, as a wife and sober matron; for the vanitie
of apparell shewes the lightnesse of the heart, and the
very badge of inconstancie, whē many female serpents
lye in waite to deceiue young wits with traines of loue,
and fet out their gay bodies to fight, as pleasing obiefts
to intrap the foule, that tender youth may make anna-
tomie of miserie by their owne woes.

A faire whore
is a sweet poy-
son, and her
loue like a
falle fire soone
out.

A beautifull strumpet is an Adamant that drawes, a
Panther that allures, and of the nature of quicke-siluer:
for as this mettall doth mingle it selfe with gold where-
soever they meete; so they respect nothing in a man
but money, and on that set their loue, and prize wealth
before any internall *Vertue*. For as they are a painted
continent of flatterie, the Image of inconstancie, and
the cabanet of euill: so the habitation of such scorpions,
is likened to hell, *Noctes atque dies patet atri Ianua
ditis*, night and day the gates stand open to receiue all
commers, and by their sweete words and loose maners,
drawe soules to *Gehenna*. These iette with heads aloft,
hung with rich abilliments, costly Iewels, and braue
attire, when fetters for their feet, and manacles for their
hands, were more seemlier for such shamelesse Curti-
zans.

These are as baites to take men, as hookes do fishes,
and as *Hiena*, flattereth when she meaneth to kill, and
the Crocodile weepe when she pretends murder: so do
they imbrace their loue with a dagger in his bosome,
and feede him with sweete words, wanton toyes, till
they bring him into fooles paradize: but when the
storms of aduersitie begin to flow, their loue doth ebbe:
and

Vertues Common-wealth.

and whē my yong nouise his purse is dried vp, the great shew of loue doth abate: And therefore these mermaids may be fitly compared to glorious flowers, that haue stinking smels, puft vp with pompe & lightnesse, and cōtaine nothing within but deceit and treachery: in sight louely & sauorous: but in tast most deadly & venomous.

O vaine mind! that buildst thy rest vpon sinful sport, and makest shipwracke of chastitie for gaine, as though there were no God, or at least that he were idle and did not regard the action of men: shall they not one day they knowe not how soone, be conuented before his seat, and giue account for euery idle word? much more for pride, couetousnesse, whoredome, and such like abominable deeds: and being conuicted by their owne cōscience, wil they not be danted at the woful sentence, Goe ye curfed? &c. no doubt yes, their courage will quaille, & their pride abate: filthie sports & sweet sinnes are short and soone vade: but the guiltinesse tarrieth stil behind, and clogs the soule to eternall destruction.

Againe, by riches is corrupted the Iudgement with partiallitie; for doth not the vaine world value a man by mony, by the outside not the inside, and iudge him rich if possesse with some worldly honour? For let a poore man be neuer so honest, wife, temperate, and his minde neuer so beautifull, yet if his backe be poore, in want, need, and out of fashon, and hath neither money nor friends, he shall haue *Tom Drums* entertainment: *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Home for as*, Why money is the sinewes, the bloud, and soule of man, without which all is nothing be it neuer so excellent: for vnlesse the purse be well lynde with crownes, neither Science, cunning, Art, honestie, or any Vertue, is auailable to aduance

L 2

to

Vertues Common-wealth.

to dignitie (without some mechanically indeuour) for gold maketh a way to euery thing, yea and openeth the gates of hell as the Poet faith.

Hor. in sermon. li. 2.

*Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, diuina, humanæ pulchris
Diuitijs parent: quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, sapiens, etiam & Rex:
Et quicquid volet, hoc veluti virtute paratum
Sperauit magnæ laudi fore.*

So that a man hath all these properties in the vaine opiniō of the world, if so be he be rich, but if poore, notwithstanding he be stored with good vertues, yet is he not reputed as he is: hath he mony? yea: is he rich, and hath he great possessions? yea: why thē let him be honoured, and deemed vertuous, gracious, and what hee will, though in truth and veritie he be nor so nor so. Againe, is he beggerly, hath he no money nor meanes? why then let him packe and walke along, no penny, no *Pater noster*: for hee is as one dead, among the liuing; though indeede properly this peremptorie sentence ought not to be so applied; but rather to *Vertue*, and literature, without which the bodie is dead, although it liue.

*A true speech
of a Cannibal.*

What cannot this humpish elemēt bring to passe? can it not couer a masse of ill humors? and cause the son to betray his owne Father? as a leauid fellow said once, If my Father were a hangman, my mother a harlot, & my self no better: yet if I haue mony, I am liked wel inough, and neuer toucht with their misdeeds: so that there is
no

Vertues Common-wealth.

no vice that wealth doth not smother: a rich man as proud as *Tarquine*, as cruell as *Nero*, as doggish as *Tymon*, as couetous as *Diues*, and as foolish as *Lobellinus*, yet all these vices are hid with greatnesse, and though counterfeited mettall, yet with a true stampe may currantly passe: but a poore man, in whom is great wisdome, and many good parts, *Si res augusta domi*, if coyne be wanting, he is despised, reiected, and neuer vsed in employing waightie matters: so that a man is neuer thought wise, learned, vnlesse he be rich, and swim in the streame of wealth: and though he speake well, and to the purpose, yet is he neuer gracious, as the Poet saith, *Rara tenui facundia panno*. A poore mans speech is *Satyr. 7* seldome pleasant, and wisdome vnder a ragged coate seldome canonicall: which the Philosopher wel found, Learning when offering to presse into the presence with his simple thrust out by weedes, was shut out by a grim Cerberus, but shifting head & shoulders his cloathes, was admitted without repulse: wherefore comming before the king, hee turned all his obeysance vpon his owne cloathes, saying: I must honour them that honour me, for my cloutes brought that to passe which all my Philosophie could neuer accomplish. And thus is the rich beautie of the minde, measured by a beggars weede, and gay apparell preferred before a minde well qualified: so the rude opinion lookes at nothing but the outward picture, and magnifie an ignorant Ass, so he haue a gay coate, & set him on a high seate, where by silence he may seeme wise: for the wisdome of a man saith *Salomon*, is knowne by his speech. But as by knocking on a vessell, the cracke (if any be) will soone be seene, so if toucht with an argument, his crackt vnderstanding will soone be manifest.

L 3

Great

Vertues Common-wealth.

Simple men
climbe to high
places. Great places are possesse with men of weake iudgement, that haue no iotte of worthinesse, but wealth and worldly fame, and can serue for no other vse but for a Nomenclator to tell the clocke, call a spade, a spade, and reckon vp the proper names of things: yet if trimly spunged vp in some formality (though he haue little wit, and small honestie) it is inough to raise him vp to some dignitie: but when such an one is exalted into the imparatiue moode, how moodie his maisterhip is, so toade-swolne with pride and ambitio, that he is ready to burst in funder, & so rapt vp in conceit of his high place, that he vtterly forgets his first creation. Oh it is a world of sport to heare how some such clouting beetles rowle in their loblogicke, and intrinsicate into the maior of the matter, with such hide-bound reasons, that he makes a pittifull learned face: one spreads his armes, cleares his throate, as who should say, attend, attend, for now hee speakes, whose conclusions are vnanswerable, but finding the proposition too deepe for his shallow wit, suddenly starts backe, and briefly huddles vp his headlesse matter. An other shakes his emptie head, and diues into the bottome of his bottomelesse braines, to finde some intricate and tedious circumstance, into which when he is entered hee cannot finde a period and full rest, so many Tautologies and itterations come into the way, that vnlesse some *Ariadne* lend a threed to pull him out of *Dedalus* laborinth, hee must needs be lost; or at leastwise when he is gotten out, is so myred with his owne flyme, that he becommeth a scorne to wise men, in laying open his owne weakenesse: yet who more talkatiue, and readie to stop the mouthes of men able to speake, then such infencible tatlers? for drunken fortune hath this

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Vertues Common-wealth.

this opiniō of it selfe, that looke whatfoeuer it speaketh is authentically, and droppeth frō the mouth like the Oracles of *Appollo*. There is nothing therefore so holy, so pure, so honest, so chaste, but money will corrupt, violate, and batter downe: so that these emptie bottles, apish gestures, and anticke faces, if wealthy, rich, & well monied, all grosse imperfections are ouershadowed. So that whē men are sotted in the alluremēts of this life, & dedicate their whole labours to so wicked a saint, they soone loose the vse of their goods, & become partially affected: if passion rule, & not reason, all goes to wracke; for if either prodigallitie rule the purse, whereby the mind is strongly carried into temporarie ioy, or so gripple and couetous as to doo nothing but scrape in the dunghill of this world, why these extreames doo so vrge the opinion, that they headlong run at randome into all licentious and loose liuing, in so much as they do not perceiue to what ende they are aduanced aboue other men, and made so rich among a company of beggers.

Many there be (the more is the pittie) that although God hath abundantly multiplyed his blessings vpon them, that they cannot iustly say they want any worldly thing, yet bee they so neere to holde fast that which they haue, that they doo as it were, single them-
selues from all common duties, and lay aside that
regarde of the publique good, which theyr conscience and priuate abilitie doth instantly tye them vn-
to; let vs note them a little, who will sooner shift
and wrangle off honest duties then they? will they
not brabble and sophistificate for verie small payments? and will they not wrest and winde lawes
to

Hard-hearted
Christians.

Vertues Common-wealth.

The Citie is
extreamly pe-
stered with
Inmates and
Idle families,
when y^e Coun-
trei lies waste
& vnpeopled.

to their owne fence, if they may faue but a penny? and beare the repulse of superiour rebukes, thē to part with ought shall contradict their froward nature: is this the dutie of good subiects? do these seeke the peace of the state? doth not the Heathen man say: *Non solum nobis nati sumus*: we are not borne for our selues alone, but for our countrey also: shall Christians be worser then Pagans? Let this great dutie therefore be considered, seeing thou hast store, with-hold nothing that is due: is not hee a caytiffe that will see his mother dye for hunger, and he hath bread to relieue her if he would? why the Common-wealth is thy mother, euery poore Christian is thy brother, wilt thou see them famisht before thy face and not succour them, hauing inough? Thou hast thy wealth to that end, if thou couldest see it, and vse it aright. Neuerthelesse, we see how men of good place and reckening, will hide themselues in corners, liue priuately, onely to keepe their purses, that they may be lyable to no imposition, and crowde into Cities, Boroughs, and priuiledge places, or like non residents, rowle vp and downe from one lodging to an other, to the intent that being vncertaine where to be had, their states may be vnknowne, and by this meanes both ouerthrowe hospitalitie, defraude the Queene and Common-wealth of necessarie duties, and depopulate the countrey. Is it not a token of a couetous minde, that men of good possessions and faire liuings, should breake vp house, and foioorne onely with one or two seruants, that they may hoorde vp theyr rents, when they are sufficientlye able to keepe a good house themselues? surely it is a signe of a base condition.

Further-

Vertues Common-wealth.

Furthermore, many wealthy Yeomen, & rich Farmers that are risen vp to goods inough, doo tread the same path. For wheras erst when they dwelt vpon their owne, they kept good houfes, and were no small stay to the places where they liued, are eyther couetous of some vaine-glorious title of gentilitie, or otherwise so miserly greedie of wealth, (for one of the two I know not which) thrust themfelues in like maner, into Cities, Corporations, and Liberties, and yet holde theyr Farmes still in their owne occupying: for they haue such long armes, that they claspe many great liuings. And also lying vpon the aduantage, take Farmes ouer their neighbours heads, ten yeares before their Leases be expired: And what do they with these plurified liuings? but place shepheards, heards, vnderlings, and such thred-bare tenants in their stockes, and that at such vnreasonable rents too, that the poore snakes that dwell vnder them are driuen to weake shifts, to fare hardly, liue barely, moyle and toyle the whole yeare to scrape vp theyr rent, not sauing at the yeares ende for all theyr paines, scarce the price of an old Frise Ierkin: for theyr Lorde knowes better then they what profit will arise, and how euery thing will fall out: and if hee thriue vnder him, then doth hee stretch and racke it to the vttermost, till at last hee bring the whole gaine into his owne bagge: and so by this means can hardly beare ordinarie charges, much lesse doo workes of superrerogation, being kept downe so cruelly by their greedie Land-lords.

Now these haue not onely theyr meanes brought in vnto them by the sweat of poore mens browes, and sleepe in peace and securitie when others watch and labour, (a great blessing, if rightly weighed) but will

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closely

Vertues Common-wealth.

closeely and cunningly seeke to shift off all duties by withdrawing them into olde corners. Oh that men of such abilitie should haue such Iron rustie hearts, to hide their heads, shut their hands, and whip deuotion from their doores! doo they not seeke to subuert and weaken the state as much as they can, by with-holding that part of dutie required by the lawe of nature? but the greedinesse of gaine causeth vnrelenting hearts, for one would possesse all alone.

O how are men deceiued in their owne estate, that being rich, are yet euer poore, because opinion is neuer satisfied: whereas if we onely respect nature, no man can be poore, *Natura enim vt ait Philoso. paucis minimisq; contenta nature*, is content with necessitie. But to bring all this to a head, though some bee carried with the streame of pride, some with the floods of desire, some prodigall, some pinching; and though the couetous man gape for more, more, and like hell mouth, neuer satisfied, yet will they hide theyr plough-fores vnder the carpet of liberalitie, as now and then to giue an almes against a good time (as they call it) to beate downe a hard opinion, intimating thereby to bee good free-hearted men, when all the yeare beside, they scrape and clawe it from other by the excessive prices of theyr badde commodities, and by pinching them with many vncharitable gripes, and yet will they hide theyr want of loue vnder *Vertue* and Religion: and why so? because it carrieth a generall good liking of all men: for although many haue no religion at all, nor one sparke of a vertuous man, yet for all this wil they seeme to loue and embrace it intirely, because of the vnspotted simplicitie they see in the true

Vertues Common-wealth.

true professors thereof: and that chiefly, because this outward shewe is some meanes to assuage the heate of sharp reprehensions; and that vnder colour of this they may liue in some good report of the common sort: for if they should not hide the malice within, with a shewe of holinesse without, but permit the rebellion to rush forth, they would be hatefull to others, and disquiet theyr owne peace: to hold friendship therfore with the world, it is expedient for them to be hypocrites and deceiuers, and therefore will they performe many Christian duties, and communicate with the Saints, yea and crowde to the Church doore of true deuotion, and both pray and vse good exercises in their families, frequent Sermons, yea and ride and goe six or seuen miles to heare a good Preacher: are not these good things, Cunning de- and the very properties of a true Christian? yes verily: ceiuers. but all this is but done in pollicie to mocke the world: how know you that? why looke into their course of life; if any vaine opportunitie be offred, wil they not follow it? if the wicked call to goe, will they not run? will they not dice, carde, sweare, swagger, and be drunke? are they not vsurers, extortioners, proud persons, and so cold in charitie, that no Christian dutie can heat their loue? so it is an easie thing to see their hpyocrisie, if a man but cast his sight vpon their conuersation.

And in like manner, many at the end of the yeare (as a charitable worke) will keepe open house, and fet opē their gates, for al the rake-hels & loofe vagabounds in a countrey, and fill idle bellies with their flesh-pots, when the poore, blind, lame, and sicke, are faine to lye in the depth of miserie, without comfort, helpe, or succour: and to what ende is this great superfluitie?

M 2

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Vertues Common-wealth.

The false vse
of true ioy.

forfoothe, to reioyce for the blessed feast of Christmas:
Indeede this feaste dooth bring great cause of ioy,
for that beeing all lost in *Adam*, and heires of damnation,
are neuerthelesse by the comming of the *Messias*,
the sonne of God, who tooke on him our flesh at this
time of the yeare, to vndergoe the wrath of his father
due to vs, redeemed vs from hell, and made vs inheri-
tors of heauen: here is cause of ioy, what a happie me-
morie is this? how ought this feast to be celebrated in
magnifying the Almightye, and lauding his name for so
great a benefite? but what a commemoration is here?
when they turne true ioy into carnall iollitie: doth this
true ioy stand in eating, drinking, rioting, feasting, mum-
ming, masking, dauncing, dicing, carding, and such like,
that taste wholly of Heathens superstition? is God ho-
noured by this? nay rather is hee not more dishonoured
at that time of the yeare, then all the yeare beside?
So that a counterfeit ioy is set vp in stead thereof, me-
ditation and mercifull workes are pulled downe, and
Epicurisme set vp, which doth vsurpe and imperiously
beare rule ouer all holy desires: for in this is theyr
deuotion, in vnlawfull and sinfull pleasures, to gur-
mandize and waste in excesse the good blessings of
GOD; and these men will not sticke to lash out a
whole masse of money, in dedicating feastes to di-
uell *Bacchus*, and maintaine Playes in theyr houses,
as filthy as the *Lupercalia* in *Rome*, spend whole nights
and dayes in reuelling, and toast themselves by
theyr great fires, and as the Poet sayeth, *Regifico
luxu paratæ epulæ*, haue their Tables furnished at ex-
ceeding and princely charges, to stuffe the guts and
feede the belley, and wish with *Polmixe*, that they
had

Virg.

had throates as long as Cranes, so that they might taste their sweets with more leifure: In so much that by this vnreasonable excesse and gluttony, in a few daies waft out that riotously, that would relieue many poore people if meafurably bestowed. Thus I saye like Epicures they consecrate the memorie of this blessed feast, with such a ioy, as fauours altogether of the drosse and slime of the earth: and this is liberalitie forfooth, charitie and Christian loue, when it is but prodigallitie, vain-glory, and hypocrisie.

Moreouer, although they be too too slacke and honest duties, yet will they scotch at no charge may bring pleasure, or holde vp some vaine-glorious memorie, as in building great houses, to be christned by their names, when many of them are but as *Abfolons* pillar, a monument of folly, a spectacle of vanitie, and a prey of time, many chimnies, little smoake: large roomes, wherein a man may walke and chawe his melancholy for want of other repast, and neuer be put to the charges to buye a tooth-picker. And to what ende is this great building and cunning Architect? but to stand in the gaze of the world, and make the passenger cry out with admiration,

O domus antiqua heu quam dispari dominari Domino.! *Ennius.*

O gallant house, full well do I see,
How vnlike a Lord hath lordship on thee

Indeed here is the two-folde benefit it yeelds, not only in setting many poore labouring men a worke, but also a Princely edifice and stately building, is a great honour to a kingdome. But such are worthie blame that

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Vertues Common-wealth.

ouerthrowe their state by building, not being able to vse one roome well for those many they build: for if a man of reasonable wealth fall into this humour of building gay houses, if he did small good before, is now vtterly vnable to do any at al, his new foundation hath eaten vp all his olde meanes: this is the simple pollicie of some men that loue to begger themselues to please the eye. Againe, how prouident men are to graft their childrē into great stocks, that may not easily be stricken with the thunder-claps of aduersitie, & though the stocke be neuer so rotten, infected, & blasted with Vice, yet if rich and mightie, it is inough: and surely this Ethicall pollicie were highly to be aduanced, if so be that our continuing Citie were here: but seeing all things are fraile, momentaine, short and transitorie, that we cannot certainly number to morrow among the dayes of our life, what a meere madnesse is this, to be so in loue with the flattering smiles of this life? and so myred in the dung-hill of pleasures, as to doate so much vpon it: for verily men seeke their owne danger, whē they make the thing that is indifferent, to be vnlawfull: do they not with *Orpheus* catch the ayre? seeke the shadow, & loofe the substance? win earth, and loofe heauen.

Yet these aboriginies, earth-bred wormes, with high lookes, and insolent bragges, will stand vpō termes of gentilitie, and deriue their pedigree euen from *Cadwallader*, the last king of the Britons, whē in sadnes they are not so much as sprinkled with one true drop of gentle blood, neither one propertie of a Gentleman, vnlesse it should only stand in wealth & great possessions, which is contrary to our former assertion: for if true gentrie be a mind excellently deckt with rare vertues, not only
by

Vertues Common-wealth.

by propagation of nature, but by Integrity of qualities ; not in beautie, but in *Vertue* ; not in riches, but in honor ; not in pride, but in comelineffe ; not in costly and curious diet, but feeding the hungry, and cloathing the naked ; not in sumptuous building, ioyning house to land, kin to kin (with respectiue marriages) but onely in the true possession of *Vertue* : then albeit a man wallow in wealth, liue in pleasure, fare daintie, goe princely, hung with pearle, sweetly perfumed, hawkes, horses, hounds, and in a word, haue whatfoeuer pomp & glorie his hart can wish, or the world affoord : yet if he be not noble in Vertues, but ignoble in vices, and haue not these good parts that carry a vnion of good mens praises, he is but *pirat & latro*, a theefe and a robber ; and all his rich paintings & goodly buildings, are but monuments of shame and basenesse. Is not *Vertue* then more honorable then riches ? doth it not raise a man to immortalitie ? & doth not riches ouerthrow his happineffe, if not duly overwatcht with *Temperance* ? and if so be a rich man looke narrowly into his state, and cast vp his accounts well, he shall finde himselfe a very bankerout, and to owe more then he is worth : for why hath hee more plentie of bastardly riches then other men, but that hee is a bayliffe, steward, & Feoffer in trust, to dispose & lay out in almes and charitable workes ? Now then if hee apply them to his owne vse, what reckning can he make, or how wil he answer it at the great assises, when it shall be obiected by the king of glory, *When I was naked, you cloathed mee not : when I was hungry you fed me not ? &c. Goe into euerlasting fire, &c.* And therefore these great rich men of the world, haue obiects before theyr eyes, and are hemde in with poore on euery side : heere is one crying for bread, there an other for cloathes, the sicke to bee visited, the

Vertue more
honourable
then riches.

Vertues Common-wealth.

the lame and infirme to be comforted, the straunger to be lodged, so that they cannot turne their eyes no way, but they haue motions to stirre vp charitie, and wofull clamors sounding into their eares of want: and yet had diuers of them rather doo anything then relieue theyr necessities, to giue tenne pound for a Hawke, then ten pence to cloathe the naked. The Rauen forsakes her young ones assoone as they are hatcht, because seeing them of an other hew, thinkes them of an other kind: so in like maner some rich men looke aloft, snuffe & fume at their poore brethren, and cast off all deuotion & brotherly loue, because seeing them humbled and brought lowe in the world, iudge them vtterly vnhappy, when verily they are not only of one selfe-same issue & parent, but also more acceptable to God in their base estate, thē they in all their royaltie.

Cold charitie
in these daies,
among many
myfers

Is it not lamentable, to see a number of poore winterstarued people lye pining in miserie, which might bee relieued, if it were but with the surplufage of their vaine expences, and comforted with that, which they wastfully consume? For do but view these kinde of men, and you shall see they will spare for no cost to build faire houses (as I said before) though they impoverish themselues for euer: galleries, bowling-allies, walkes, and whatfoeuer may bring delight; to ride with great retinew to shew their pompe, and maintaine their quarrels, to feede idle bellies with their flesh-pots, that are no sooner vp but run to vaine sports: but if a poore man be fallen into want, or an honest cause craue some reliefe, a penny is as hardly gotten from them, as fire out of a flint-stone, or if it doth at last come, it is many times more for fashon to shunne reproach, then for charitie
to

Vertues Common-wealth.

to the caufe. But ſome perhaps will ſay, it is my owne, and may I not do with mine owne what I will? but tis neither ſo, nor ſo: for it is not thine, thou art put in truſt to laie it out, to helpe and ſuccour thy poore needy brother. Perhaps thou wilt ſay againe, I brought him not to beggery: did I lame him? did I vnparell him? or did I vnhoſe him? wherefore then ſhould I recompence him whom I neuer wronged? Are Bees bounde to gather honey for droanes? and muſt I keepe life in rattes and myce, and ſuch vermine as are bred by the infection of a plentifull yeare? Indeed they are made poore, but tis becauſe thou art rich; that thereby thou mighteſt exerciſe thy loue, for there ſhall be poore alwayes to ſet charitie a worke: yet ſome are ſo farre from loue, as they fall into barbarous cruelty, that they had rather cut their throats, then cheriſh them with beneuolence: as it is recorded of a B. B. of *Conſtance*, that vnder colour of giuing almes, aſſembled all the poore in the countrey together, ſhut them vp in a barne, ſet fire to it, and burnt them vp together, counting it a worke meritorious: and no doubt for ſo doing, he was cannonized a ſaint by the impietie of Antichriſt.

If one of theſe Bacchanalls, deliuer to his ſteward a great ſumme of mony to lay out in domeſticke affaires, and he lauiſh it out in ryoting, drunkenneſſe, and leaud company, will not his maiſter pull his coate ouer his eares? brand him for a knaue, and turne him out at his gates? no doubt he would be as rigorous as ſo leaude a prancke ſhould deferue: why then how do they thinke to eſcape? being bailiffes and ſtewards, to the Lorde of Lordes, who hath committed his treaſure to them, with a charge to laie it out in ſuch mercifull workes as

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Vertues Common-wealth.

A note for
belly-gods.

he hath appointed, and they runne with it to the market of vanities, and expend it in prodigall vses. Surely it will bee a mad reckening when they shall come in with Item in Pheasants, Patriges, Woodcockes, sawses, fops, and delicates for the body, so much. Item in strange fashions, and new fangles for my backe, so much: vpon dogges so much: in vaine building so much, and such like. I suppose this bill of Items will bee scarce pleasing to theyr maister that hath put them in so great trust.

Then seeing God hath made thee rich, and thy brother poore, be neuer the more puffed vp with pride and disdain, but studie how thou mayest discharge so great a reckning as thou hast to make: think this with thy selfe, he that made me rich, could haue made me poore; it is in his bountie, not my deseruing; I do but possesse that of which an other is owner, who can disinherite me when he will: why then should I bragge as if it were mine owne? and though my brother be poore, yet peradventure he is richer to God then I; I see no difference betweene vs, we are both of one mould, saue that I haue more chaffe and rubbish then hee, which is scattered with euery gust of winde: so that if hee well consider his state, and expostulate with himselfe in this manner, that load of riches that is now so heauie, will be more easily borne.

The Poets faine, that *Plutus* the god of money is lame when he commeth, but hath wings swiftly to depart: signifying that as riches are long in getting, so they are suddenly lost: and therefore a man should be rich in charitie and poore in desire, and impart the benefite to the needments and necessitie of other.

For

Vertues Common-wealth.

For as there is a diuine coherence between the members of the bodie, though they haue all a distinct and peculiar office, yet they all minister to the common societie: so in like manner we being members of that bodie, whereof Christ is the head, ought to bend our actiuitie for the health and welfare of the same, and to beare such a mutuall coniunction and simparchie, as feeling members, to open the bowels of compassion on such as are in want: and this onely is *Vertues Common-wealth.*

Neuerthelesse there be some well disposed and very forward to all good duties in saying, till it come to doing: but then they winch like a gald horse, & they cannot away with charge: If my abilitie saith one would answere my willingnesse, I would do this and that, or if I had so much wealth, I would relieue the poore better, they should not goe emptie handed; or if I had so much wit, and such means, I would countenance good causes with the beautie of honor: and so do they vaunt of that they would do, and yet do not that they should do. I demaund what good doest thou with that little thou hast? thou art wise and politique, or at least thou thinkest so, how doest thou vse it? if thou art vnfaithfull in a litle, no doubt thou wouldest be so in a great deale: for as he is inconfident to whom mony is deliuered vpō trust to paie to an other, & doth either keep it back all, or deliuer but halfe; so hee that hath much or litle & doth not dispose it as he ought, is not worthy to be trusted with more. Perhaps thou wilt say, such a mā is of great wealth and he doth litle good or none at all, why then should I that am of lesser value do any thing? that is no excuse for thee, nor cause of suspence, for thou art to looke to thy owne dutie, and not weaken thy owne charitie, by the negligence of other men.

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Vertues Common-wealth.

An other wil boast of that litle he doth, and be that trumpe of his owne praise: saying, I giue thus much weekly to the poore, and do this and that good: but he is to examine himselfe if it be according to his wealth and place or no, for otherwise an other man doth as much that is farre behind in substance, and with whom hee would bragge without measure, in comparatiue termes: but some thinke if they do a little good, though it be nothing in lieu of their state, or if they doo not a great deale of hurt by pilling, powling, strife, factions, and such like troubles, they haue done so much good, that God is bound to paie them somewhat back again. But according to the Poet.

Eft quodam prodire tenuis: si non datur ultra.

Hor.

Here would I enter in a field of matter
more then much

But ghesse that all is out of frame,
and long it hath bene such.

No ende of
making ma-
ny bookes.

Although it were better to be occupied in practising those bookes alreadie written, then to write more, (this last age being so full, that it doth exceed all others): yet the necessitie of times, by reason of controuerfies, do prouoke the learned to spende their labours that way: and not only so, but in explaining the scriptures, and discourfing of Sciences, which worke is not only necessary, but commendable; whereby a generall good is brought in: this godly vse of writing cannot be disliked of any vertuous man.

But forasmuch, as some are diuersly affected, they obserue not this decorum before noted, but fall into
vaine

Vertues Common-wealth.

vaine iangling, and so conceited of their owne wits, and haue so many crotchets in their heads, that they publish great volumes of nice and curious questions, ambiguities, & doubts, as many of the Asse-stronomers, that are very inquisitiue to knowe if the world were created in the Spring or Autumne, the night before the day, and how *Moses* could write credibly of the worlds creation, liuing so many yeares after; as though God could not as well tell him what was passed, as he did the Prophets what was to come, and such deep secrets, as thogh God had called them to counsel. In like maner some are busied in Natiuities, Destinies, Dreames, Palmestrie, and Phisiognamie: in a word, who is able to expresse the foolish curiositie of some men, that are neuer satisfied in these vaine & idle studies, but spend whole yeares in searching after doubts and fallacies, and in the mean time ouerpasse those things which he hath vouchsafed to reueale vnto vs, sufficient for vs to know: *Noli altum sapere*, it is no time well spent to soare so high in things shut vp from common vnderstanding and reason, and chiefly seeing they are no ground of faith, nor meanes to edification.

Curious starre gazers.

But by this, the Romaine marchant hath fetched in his greatest gaine, I meane by false reuelations, and fond opinions, as Purgatorie, the Econimicall gouernment of the heauenly powers, the mansions and chambers in heauen, the degrees of Angels, and Archangels, Cherubins and Seraphins, and a thousand other fond imaginations, foysted in among them by their schoole dunces, which they falsely deriue from *Dionisius Ariopagita*, one of the seuentie Disciples: so that by these intricate fallacies, and subtile filogismes, wherewith they

The Pope loofeth nothing by this.

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are maintained, many poore foules are infnared, and cast headlong into a laborinth of blinde superstition. This curiositie therefore is a daungerous diseafe, and a fore that must be healed, least it fester and run ouer the whole body.

Others there bee that haue such a leaprosie of wit, that they to disquiet and trouble the estate, seek for in-nouation, and displant all good order establisht, not onely thereby amazing the weake Christians, but also alinating the hearts of many from their due obedience. Touching these that carpe at the present discipline, I will say little, onely this much by the way: that although many things may bee misliked in a polittique state, & not seeme so precisely good to them that looke a farre off with flight imagination: yet may be wel permitted and tollerated in pollicie, to keepe peace and quietnesse: so be it the fundamentall properties stand fast, which otherwise could not but bring much confusion and disorder: and therefore it is no sure opinion (as the learned suppose) to goe about to change lawes, and breake downe discipline, which is alreadie establisht, least all comelineffe and good order be therewith ouerthrowne.

Some do nought else but scrape the puddle of contentions, to finde matter to wrangle, though they haue no cause to carpe.

Epist. 18. li. 1.

*Alter rixatur de lana sæpe caprina :
propugnat nugis armatus.*

And these are so ambitious of their sophisticall vaine of wrangling, that they put their brabbles in print, to the view

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view of the world, and out of the rancour and malice of their hearts, spew and belch out scandals, flanders, ^{Busie con-} rumors and false reports: by that meanes kindle flambes ^{trowlers.} of contentions in a peaceable state, and distemper the quietnesse of mens affections, and this is chiefly bent against good men: for the qualitie of grudging enuie is, to be sicke with forrow and virulent hate, at the prosperitie of other: for hee that is exhorted by the desert of *Vertue*, is subiect to scandalls, and the back-biting of the [en]uious.

But the hauen I intend to harbour in, is to speake somewhat of those vaine, idle, wanton Pamphlets and lasciuious loue-bookes, which as fire-brands, inflame the concupiscence of youth: for in my opinion nothing doth more corrupt and wither greene and tender wits, then such vnfaoury and vituperable bookes, as hurtful to youth, as *Machauile* to age, a plaugh dangerous, and as common as dangerous.

The lazie Monkes, & fat-headed Friers, in whom was nought but sloath & idlenes, bred this contagion; for liuing in pleasure & ease, and not interrupted with cares, they had time inough to vomit out their doltish & ridiculous fables, & this was the subtiltie of Satā thē, to occupie Christian wits in Heathens foolery, but now this age is more finer, mens wits are clarified, the dulnesse of that time is thrust out, an other method is brought in, fine phraes, Inkehorn-termes, swelling words, bumbasted out with the flocks of fundry languages, with much pollihed and new-made eloquence: with these daintie cates they furnish and set out their filthy and vicious bookes; now what do they, but tye youth in y^e fetters of lust, & keepe them in the thoughts of loue? for do they
not

Vaine bookes
the spoile of
many young
wits.

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not with glosing words tickle and stirre vp the affecti-
ons to be conceited of some fond passion, to be more
vngraciously subtill? and doo they not labour in vaine
cunning to infect and poison delicate youth? are not
there idle Poems of carnall loue, lust, and vnchaste ar-
guments? the very nurfes of abuse, by which the minde
is drawne to many pestilent wishes. For when as young
folkes haue licked in the sweete iuice of these stinking
bookes, their conuersation and manners are so tainted
and spotted with Vice, that they can neuer be so cleane
washed, but some filthy dregges will remaine behinde.
I may liken them to fawning cures, that neuer barke
till they bite: or a gaye painted coffer, full of toades and
venemous beasts: So in like manner many of these
bookes haue glorious outfides, and goodly titles: as if
when a man tooke them in hand, he were about to read
some angelicall discourse: but within, full of strong ve-
nome, tempered with sweete honey: now while the
minde is occupied in reading such toyes, the common
emie of man is not idle, but doth secretly insnare the
soule in securitie. And some of good partes, and
beautified with no common gifts, both of art and na-
ture, not being ledde by the sun-shine of *Vertue*, infect
the puritie of wit with prophane inuention, in some
loose subiect; as patrons of Vice, and nurfes of impie-
tie, and spend the blessednesse of time in vnneccessary
babling.

Good wits
vaine writers

Other base and seruile wits runne rashly into any
finfull argument, and crowde to the prease with might
and maine, not so much regarding the generall hurt, as
some fixe-penny allowance: nay, euery triuiall mate
and cashired Clarke, will bewray his folly in print, and
with

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with a tumultuous confusion of words, lay out a deale of amorous prattle, though he be as tedious to his reader, as a muddie way to a wearie traueeller. Now what is to be found in these bookes? but filthinesse and grosse ignorance; as for learning, there is none to be found in them, which neuer came neare the shadow of learning themselves, and as little wit, but a fewe fine words of lust, which are chiefly ment to bend the minde to wantonnesse: yet are they led with this vaine suppositiō, that if they haue ben luld a sleepe but one night on the Muses lap, are able to publish any thing with well deserued commendations: and I must needs say, that I my selfe haue read in them, and taken great delight in their foolish lyes; but surely I could neuer find either goodnes or wit, vnles Vice be *Vertue*, or to tel a bawdie tale be wit.

Neuertheles, I would not haue any man think, that I inueigh against, or discommend Poetrie; for in al ages it hath bin thought necessarie: but only against those abusers of Poesie, who vnder the name & title of Poets, foist in their wanton & lasciuious verses. The true vse of Poetrie standeth in two parts; the one in teaching the way to *Vertue*; the other to moue with delight therevnto: for honest delight stirreth vp men to take that goodnesse in hand, which otherwise would bee loathsome & vnpleasant: so that when it is bent to a good end, and euery thing laide out in his due annalligie, with some ioy the affections are thereby inuoked to a serious consideration, to imitate that goodnesse wherevnto it is moued. Those bookes that both delight and perswade with learned discretion, & out of which some wholsome document may be extracted, though it be simple, yet is it praiseworthy. Disdaine not (saith the wise Heathen) the simple

Modest Poetrie
commendable

O

simple

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simple labour of an other, though thou beest neuer so great; especially if he speake good words. Againe, considering the diuersitie of mens minds, and how diuerfly they are disposed, all honest delight is not to be disprofited, because euery man may finde both pleasure & profit: for as I say, by a pleasant discourse the minde is more chearefully carried, both to read & meditate, to muse and studie, & the memory more willing to holde that it hath conceiued: So that Poetrie is no other thing, but a liuely presentatiō of things ingeniously disposed, whereby *Vertue* is painted out with such fresh colours, that the mind is inflamed with her excellent properties

Now whofoeuer shall discent from this true vse, is no Poet, but a vaine babler: for what are all these scurrilous tales, & bawdie verses? do these moue to *Vertue* with honest delight? nay doo they not rather stirre vp bawdrie and beastlinesse? for are they not full of Paganisme and ribald speeches, to stirre vp the minde to shady idlenesse? is this Poetrie? verily they are as vnworthy the name of Poets, as *Chirrilus*, who had nothing to grace his verses by, but onely the name of *Alex*.

But if a man superficially & slitley glideth ouer these pye-bald Pamphlets, they are like a pleasing dream, that mockes the mind with silken thoughts: but if seene into with a sober iudgement, hee shall finde in that faire beaten path, many Adders & Snakes lye in waite to bite him by the heele.

A Legend of
lyes.

For if a view be had of these editions, the Court of *Venus*, the Pallace of Pleasure, *Guy of Warwicke*, *Libbius* and *Arthur*, *Beuis of Hampton*, the wise men of *Goatam*, *Scoggins* leafts, *Fortunatus*, and those new delights that haue succeeded these, and are now extant, too tedious
to

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to reckon vp: what may we thinke? but that the floud-gates of all impietie are drawne vp, to bring a vniuerfall deluge ouer all holy and godly conuerſation: for there can be no greater meanes to affright the mind from honeſtie, then theſe pedling bookes, which haue filled ſuch great volumes, and blotted ſo much paper, theyr ſweete ſongs and wanton tales do rauifh and fet on fire the young vntempered affections, to practice that whereof they doo intreate: who by reaſon of theyr infancie and imbicillitie of wit, are foone ſeduced, and with wine-puſt eloquence, doo ſo artificially lim out the life of vanitie, as they eaſily take the impreſſion of that which is portrayed out vnto them: and on this rocke ſtands the enſigne of their glory, if ſmoothly and pithily they can tricke vp a tale of ſome beaſtly pr[i]apus, of lawleſſe luſt, and rip vp the genealogie of the Heathen gods, to carrie the minde into wonderment: ô how they will diue into the bottome of their braine! for fluant termes, and imboſſed words, to varniſh theyr lyes and fables to make them glib, and as we uſe to ſay, to goe downe without chewing, which as poyſon doth by litle and litle, diſperſe it ſelfe into euery part of the body.

From hence riſeth ſo much fooliſh idle prattle, the Seruing-man, the Image of floath, the bagge-pipe of vanitie, like a windie Inſtrument, ſoundeth nothing but prophaneneſſe, and ſome are ſo charmed, as they ſpend their whole life in vaine reading, becauſe they ſee in thē as in a glaſſe, their owne conditions: now ſuch vaine fragments as fit their humors, they ſucke in, and ſqueefe out againe in euery aſſembly.

It is too true, that one ſuch wanton toye dooth

O 2

more

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more breed Vice, then twentie godly treatises can induce to *Vertue*: nor twentie Sermons preached by the best Diuine in Englād, doth not so much good to moue to true doctrine, as one of these bookes do harme to intice to ill liuing: they corrupt good learning, & subuert all sanctimony, and by a tedious prating ouer-sway the memory from that good purpose wherevnto it ought to be employed, not informing the iudgement in matters worthy to be learned.

From whence then creepeth in this pestilence, but out of these vaine bookes; for euery mischief by litle & litle crawleth vpon the good manners of men, which vnder some shewe of goodnes is suddenly receiued, which by a voluntary admittance at the first becōmeth habituall, especially when the spirituall faculties are defiled with much conuersatiō: in so much that many that hold places in sacred assemblies, become affected to their phrases, Metaphors, Allegories, and such figuratiue and superlatiue termes, and so much vaine eloquence, as they yeeld no fruite at all to their auditors, but driue them into amazement with a multitude of Inkehorne-termes scummed from the Latin, and defused phrases, as they flye about the commō reach, when the most profitable and best affected speech is that that is most congruable and fitly applied to the intendment & vnderstanding of the hearers by familiar and ordinarie termes, not sophisticall, darke, and obscure, nor too base and barbarous: but such as are animated by their present abilitie to speake more then other men, and be addicted to affectation, haue commonly a dearth of iudgement, sildome edifie, but gallop ouer prophane writers to shewe their vaine reading.

Demosthenes

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Demosthenes beeing called to declaime against the rude multitude that had assembled themselues in the Forum of *Athens*, answered he was not yet readie, if he that had *Facacia ingenij*, the very soule of wit durst not speake in a serious manner without preparing himselfe before, how cā such that come far short of him in promptnes of naturall wisedome, presume to handle holy things so rashly with humane learning, for it is an impudent boldnesse for a man to take vpon him to teach others that which he before hath not bene taught: but I may speake as *Tully* spake of the Orators of *Rome*, *Sed tamen videmus quibus extinctus Oratoribus quam in paucis spes quanto in paucioribus facultas quam in multis fit audacia.* Wee see (saith he) what noble Orators are put out of the way, and how in fewe a hope remaineth, in fewer a skill, but in many a boldnesse, that dare set vpon any thing.

To returne, doo not these idle pernicious bookes poyson the well disposed manners of youth, and macerate and kill the seedes of *Vertue* that begin to bloome? for doo they not vse more vaine eloquence then confidence in matters of wisedome? So that all that which they do, is but to make a mutinie. Men need not sowe for weedes, for they growe fast inough: so we are polluted inough by kinde, though we be not more defiled by custome: thus do they proceed like cankers to eate off the tender buddes.

Neither do they want some *Mecenas* to Patronize their witleffe workes, and to haue some applause, bend the scope of theyr argument to fit their dispositions; yea, and many times thrust their dedications vpon men of graue and sober carriage, who will not sticke to re-

*Vaine workes
wel rewarded.*

O 3 compence

compence their idle labours.

Now if the principall scope of all our actions and counsels, ought to be to some good ende, and that it must needs passe as a Maxime, that nothing can be good but that which moueth to *Vertue*, thē it must cōsequētly follow, that all prophane and lasciuious Poems, are as an infectious aire that brings a generall plague, because they striue against honestie.

And if *Plato*, sawe so great cause to shut them out of his common-wealth, as noysome to the peace and tranquillitie thereof, what ought our Platonists to do? sith they more abound heere then euer they did there: or if we had but the zealous affections of the Ephefians, we would loathe the price of so great iniquitie, and sacrifice them at a stake, though they were of neuer so great value. But happily it will be demaunded how Ladies, Gentlewomen, &c. should spend the time, and busie their heads, as though idlenesse were not a vice badde inough of it self, without fire to be added, and as though there were not a Bible, and many good bookes wherein they might be vertuously exercised.

Of good wits well employed what good would enue, by setting out the praises of the immortall maiestie, that giueth hands to write, and wittes to inuent, what matter might they not finde: but honest and necessary, in which they might first want words to vtter, then matter worthie to be vttered: especially those that are not only by their outward felicitie freed from troubles and perturbation of minde, imbracing content in the bosome of peace, the nurse of Sciences, but are also enabled, and sufficiently gifted to publish any thing of worth, ô how willing is *Vertue* to crowne them with honour!

But

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But this contagion, ought feriously to be considered by men of riper iudgement, and by such as haue authoritie to suppress the abuses; for is it not lamentable? that a Pamphlet discourfing nought but Paganisme, should be so vendible, and vertuous bookes want sale, the one brought vp thicke and three fold, the other lye dead, for there commeth forth no sooner a foolish toye, a leaud and bawdy ballad, but if sung in the market, by the diuers quirrifiers, they flocke to it as crows to a dead car-kasse, buying them vp as Iewels of price, be they neuer so ribauld, filthie, or dorbellieall; but bookes of Christiantie, of modest argument, that tend to rectifie the iudgment, lieth stil in the Stationers hand as waste paper, not so much as looked after: so that by this we may plainly see, what a froward generation we are fallen into, where in such bookes as are most hurtfull and daungerous, are most deuoutly coueted.

But if they would obserue the Philosophers rule, to abstain from speaking fve yeare, I doubt not but in that time, they would be fitted and fully establisht, to write with sober iudgement, as men of vnderstanding & reason: or if the Apostles rule were followed, Be swift to heare, and slowe to speake, they would be more considerate, and not runne out the course of their liues in such vnprofitable studie.

But touching the defence some make, to approue this vaine writing, it is too ridiculous, and not worth an answere, that they doo by this meanes polish & refine our English tongue, and drawe it from barbarisme, into a more finer Cadence of words: but those bookes that polish the toong, & depraue the life, are dangerous, and in the sentence of wise men, in no case to be allowed:
for

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for it were better for a man to be dumbe, then by speaking to approue a wrong, and accuse the innocent: and better it were indeed that they had not only no learning at all; but also that they had no eyes to see, nor eares to heare: for as it is in the Gospell, it were much better for a man to goe blinde into heauen, then with two eyes to be cast into hell. Neither can I see but that they drawe our language from the auncient tenor, by mixing it with so many straunge countries, that it seemeth rather more artificiall, then naturall: and more baser then the common lawe, which is compounded of French, English, and Latin, &c.

Vaine men,
Iudge vainly.

The harsh tooting of *Pans* pipe, was more pleasing to *Mydas* eare, then the sweet harmony of *Apolloes* harp, but this fault was in the Iudge, whose simplicitie could not distinguish them aright: in like manner, many are better content with vicious bookes, bawdie songs, foolish and wanton ditties, then in the well seasoned writings of holy men, and this is for want of iudgement, being as blinde as he was foolish. It may be said of such, as *Pythagoras* said to a leaude fellow that soothed himselfe in conuersing with badde company, I had rather quoth he be acquainted with bawdes, then wise Phylosophers. No maruell quoth he very sadly, swine delight more in dirt, then in pure and cleane water.

L. Max.

Of such bookes as moue to good life, and bring a benefit to posteritie, we haue but too fewe, and can neuer haue too many: but of such as followe their owne fancies in spewing out their wandering imaginations, we haue but too many, and it were to be wished we had none at all. Good men are not only otherwise employed, but also greatly discouraged, for if they set forth any
notable

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notable booke of diuinitie, humanitie, or such like, they are in no request, but to stop musterd-pots, & what is the reasō? but this, euery Stationers shop, stal, & almost euery post, giues knowledge of a new toy, which many times ^{Good bookes} intercepts the vertuous dispositiō of a willing buyer: so ^{lye dead.} that hauing time, and incouragement, labor what they can, to deface good mens workes, with the multitude of their sinfull fopperies.

Hee that can but bombaſt out a blancke verse, and make both the endes iumpe together in a ryme, is forth-with a poet laureat, challengēg the garland of baies, and in one flauering discourse or other, hang out the badge ^{Many Poets} of his follie. O how weake and shallow much of theyr ^{shallow wits} poetrie is, for hauing no sooner laide the subiect and ground of their matter, and in the Exordium moued attention, but ouer a verse or two runne vpon rockes and shelues, carrying their readers into a maze, now vp, thē downe, one verse shorter then an other by a foote, like an vnſkilfull Pilot, neuer comes nigh the intended harbour: in so much that oftentimes they sticke so fast in mudde, they looſe their wittes ere they can get out, either like *Chirrilus*, writing verse not worth the reading, or *Battillus*, arrogating to themſelues, the well deſeruing labours of other ingenious ſpirits. Farre from the decorum of *Chauſer*, *Gowers*, *Lidgate*, &c. or our honourable moderne Poets, who are no whit to be touched with this, but reuerently eſteemed, and liberally rewarded.

Then ſeeing this naughtie kinde of writing dooth plucke vp the feeds of *Vertue* by the rootes, and quench that little fire aſſoone as it beginneth to kindle, they ought to be ſhunned as Serpents & Snakes, and youth

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chiefly to be kept from reading them.

A fit comparison.

The Libeller is punished according to the qualitie of his Libell, either by pillorie, whipping, losse of eares, fine, imprisonment, and such like: the thiefe hanged, the traitor drawne, and euery one punished in that kind he doth offend in: are not these filthy bookes libells? do they not defame, discredit, and reproach *Vertue* and honestie, by expounding Vice with large comments? do they not steale away all holy deuotion, poyson good wits, and corrupt young people? shall hee be pardoned by course of lawe, that offends in the highest degree? and shall hee be counted a maister of wisedome, that teacheth nought but foolishnesse to the people? wherefore then should this so great mischiefe goe vnreproved?

The profit of reading good bookes.

To conclude, he that can read, shall finde bookes worthy to be read, wherein is both wisedome and learning, pleasant & wittie, sober and chaste, that both profit the life, and ioy the mind: but before all other, to read those diuine bookes, that both lift the heart to God, and direct vnto Christian duties: for such is *Fomentum fidei*, nourishing faith, *Lexio alit ingenium*, so the bookes bee wise, vertuous, chaste, and honest; touching the former, they are but stinking infectious writings, which as mudde and dyrt defile the body, so do they pollute the soule.

By reading good bookes, the minde is stored with wisedome, the life bettered and fetled in quietnesse: so that still all reading be referred to the Bible, frō whence all Vertue is deriued. For this cause *S. Paul* admonisheth *Timothie* to giue attendance to reading: for albeit hee was trained vp in the scriptures from a childe, and had
all

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all *Ephesus* vnder his charge, yet hec stirreth him to reading; for by reading more knowledge is not onely gotten, but also the decayes and breaches of the memorie is againe renued; and vnlesse there be both a powring in of more, and a continuall restoring of that which is lost, all will drop away, and leaue a man empty: for the memorie is like a ruinous house, readie to fall downe, which if not eftsoones repaired, will soone become inhabitable.

Touching Enterludes and Playes, I will omit to speak how the best iudgements conceiue of them, their reasons being strong and manifolde, to thrust them out as things indifferent, and make them simply vnlawfull. The grounded opinion of wife and godly men against Playes, must be authentick.

For although they are not simply forbidden in expresse words, yet if it once appeare the true vse be lost, and cleaue to a bad report, it is the part of euerie man, to shun and auoyd the same, and rather drawe other to reformation, then violently suffer himselfe to be swayed with the like affection.

And this agreeth with that of *Paul*, If indifferent things giue offence to the weake, they ought to bee remooued: for the freedome of those things giueth courage to the defect of grace, to be more vngracious. 1. Cor. 8.

Nothing is lawfull but that which tendeth to the glory of God, and profit of man in comelineffe: so that the end of all ioy and myrth, must be to glorifie the Creator.

Those pleasures of the body & mind which are of good report, are indifferent if modestly vsed: honest exercise

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doth

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doth much relieue the debilitie of nature, and quicken the dull spirits, which would else be depressed and ouerladen with moderate labour. Idlenesse is to be condemned as the bel-dame of all euil: but idlenesse is not onely in doing nothing, but also in doing things vnprofitable. Eschew euil, and do good: it is not enough to abstaine from euil, but we must do good also.

Luftfull Comedies hurtfull, Briefe Chronicles honourable, if circumstances, &c.

Some Playes, as they are now in vse, are scandalous and scurrillous, detract from *Vertue*, & adde to Vice, and the very May-games of all sin and wickednesse: for, for the most part, they haue nothing in them but scurrillitie, or some grosse shewe of doltishnesse, to make the sinfull mouth of laughter to gape, and often sporting at that which should rather moue pittie and compunction: Stages of desolutenesse, and baites to entice people to lightnesse. For is not Vice set to sale on open Theaters? is there not a *Sodome* of filthinesse painted out? and tales of carnall loue, adulterie, ribaldrie, leacherie, murther, rape, interlarded with a thousand vncleane speeches, euen common schooles of bawdrie? is not this the way to make men ripe in all kinde of villanie, and corrupt the manners of the whole world? And there wanteth no Art, neither to make these bawdie dishes delightfull in taste. For are not their Dialogues pust vp with swelling wordes? are not theyr arguments pleasing and rauishing? and made more forcible by gesture and outward action? surely this must needes attract the minde to imitate such vices as are portrayed out, whereby the soule is tainted with impietie: for it cannot be, but that the internall powers must be moued at such visible and liuely obiects. And principally, youth are made pliant to wantonnes & idlenes,
and

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and the tender buddes of good maners vtterly rooted out. And many times (which is most sinfull) intermixe ^{A sinfull mixture.} the sacred words of God, that neuer ought to be handled without feare and trembling, with their filthy and scurrilous Paganisme: is not this abhominable prophanation? is not that humble reuerence of the oracles of God, hereby blasphemed, and basely scorned? is this fit to be suffered where Christ is professed? must the holy Prophets and Patriarkes be set vpon a Stage, to be derided, hift, and laught at? or is it fit that the infirmities of holy men should be acted on a Stage, whereby others may be inharted to rush carelesly forward into vnbrideled libertie? doubtlesse the iudgement of God is not farre off from such abusers of diuine mysteries: as wee haue an example in *Eusebius*, lib. 8, to this effect, of a certaine Poet, who mixing the word of God in a Heathinish Play, was suddenly smitten blinde for his prophanenesse.

Furthermore, there is no passion wherwith the king, the soueraigne maiestie of the Realme was possest, but is amplified, and openly sported with, and made a May-^{The State many times is egregiously wronged, and the vulgar sort derided.} game to all the beholders, abusing the state royall, mocking the auntient Fathers and Pastors of the Church; and albeit the holy Ghost vouchsafeth them many faire tytles, and honourable Epethites, yet notwithstanding they are so impudent, as to traduce them on the Stage, and imploy them in base offices: for looke what part is more scornfull then other, is imputed vnto them. Must not this breede contempt to them and their places, and impeach so holy a function? no doubt yes. For when the faults and scandalls of great men, as Magistrates, Ministers, and such as hold publike places, shall be openly

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acted

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acted and obieſted to the fences, or faigned to bee replenished with vice and paſſion, it muſt needes breed diſobedience, and ſlight regard of theyr authoritie, whereof enſueth breach of lawe, and contempt of ſuperiours: there neede not bee a quickening, or calling backe againe of the ſcapes of ſuch men, to make them odious and contemptible, for euerie fault they commit, be it as ſmal as a pibble, yet is it ſo big as a mil-ſtone, becauſe they ſtand in the gaze of the world, and ſoone ſpyed if they offend neuer ſo little.

Vetus comædia.

Auntient Comedies, abſtractes of Vertue.

This *Vetus comædia* was inuented to good purpoſe, the ſubiect, matter of morall documents, the aſſembly, the Senators and chiefe Cittizens: and as *Tully* calleth them, *Humanæ vitæ ſpeculum*, a glaſſe of mans life: for when they repreſent the acts of vertuous men, time, place, and perſons conſidered, they are (deemed by ſome to be) ſufferable, and that for this cauſe, when as the comely deedes of good men are feelingly brought to remembrance, it cannot but moue other to imitate the like goodneſſe: or on the other ſide, when the ſpots and errours of our life, ſhall be acted to our owne ſhame, it is impoſſible that we ſhould be content to be ſuch, and not loath our owne euill, as when a bragging Thraſo, a ſtrutting Philopolimarchides, a double dealing Paraſite, or ſuch mad humours as raigne in common diſorder, diſplayed according to decorum, no ſpectator but is driuen to pry into himſelfe if hee haue the like faultes or no: for I thinke verily that no man will allowe ſuch abhominable actions in himſelfe, when they are ſo viſibly painted out in other.

And albeit ſome benefite might come if circumſtances

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stances were obserued, yet now is it farre otherwise, for these moderne Playes, wherewith the world is now so pestred, are altogether made vpō lasciuious arguments, and serue as the very Organs & Instruments to vanitie: the honour due to God, and reuerence to man, is laid aside, *Vertue* disroabed, and Vice exalted; and in stead of morallitie, fictions, lies, and scurrillous matter is foysted in, and is cunningly conueied into the hearts of the assistants, whereby they are transformed into that they see acted before them: for the rusticke and common sort, are as Apes, that will imitate in themselves, that which they see done by other. Or if they stuffe their Scene with some one good precept, or well-worded instruction, what power hath that to moue to *Vertue*? when it is immediately prophaned with their exorbitant foolerie, as pure water in a foule and muddie cesterne.

The indicorum of Poets, & greedinesse of Historians, iumping in one simpathy, haue changed the intēdment of the former ages.

For as *Menander* in *Greece*, which is thought to bee the first inuenter of Comedies, *Aeschilus*, or *Thespis*, the *Hor. in arte* deuifer of Tragedies, aymed at *Vertue* in blazing out the *poetica.* deeds of honestie, with graue and sober termes, which indeed were rude & imperfect, by reason of the infancie of the time, vntil they were afterward adorned with the choice flowers of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, of whom it is *Quintill. lib. 10.* doubted whether is the better Poet.

These did labour by modest delight, to drawe men by example to goodnesse: neither can I imagin, but that they obserued many particulars, as well in the choise of their Auditorie, as of good matter, without greedie desire to multiply excessiue gaine, and no doubt were

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were played priuately in their Accademies, at some set times, at which were present the chiefe Burgomasters, Senators, and graue Fathers of the citie.

But if we oppose our quotidian Enterludes to them of former time, and consider the multitude of ours, with the paucitie and fewnesse of theirs, wee shall see a great diuerfitie as well in the method of writing, as in the time, place, and company: for now nothing is made so vulgar and common, as beastly and palpable folly: lust, vnder colour of loue, abstract rules artificially composed, to carrie the minde into sinfull thoughts, with vnckleane locution, and vnchaste behauiour, as groping, colling, kissing, amorous prattle, and signes of Venerie, whereby the maidenly disposition is polluted with lust, and moued to impietie.

The documents of Playes.

Againe, if a man will learne to be proud, fantasticke, humorous, to make loue, sweare, swagger, and in a word closely doo any villanie, for a two-penny almes hee may be thoroughly taught and made a perfect good scholler: so that publicke Sermons are made of all kinde of naughtinesse, and the bridle of wicked libertie laid on euery mans necke: and herein standeth their glory, if by pleasing the vulgar opinion, they gaine a plaudite, at which they streake their plumes, & spread their pride.

Wifedome doth euer mistrust it selfe.

When *Phosion* had made an eloquent oration before the people, and seeing them clap their hands for ioy, questioned such as were next him, if he had vttered any foolish and vnseemly thing: teaching vs by this, that we ought alwayes to suspect the rude multitude, for that their weake iudgements can hardly discern betweene Vice and *Vertue*, and their affections so dull, that

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that they commonly embrace the euill in stead of good.

In like manner *Hippomachus* hearing one of his scholars praised for his fidling, bade him cease playing, for he was sure there was some great error in the fingering, that hee was so applauded of the ignorant: what true glory then can they iustly merit, that are praised by the witleffe and braine-sicke multitude? And as these copper-lace gentlemen growe rich, purchase lands by adulterous Players, & not fewe of them vsurers and extortioners, which they exhaust out of the purses of their haunTERS, so are they puffed vp in such pride and selfe-loue, as they enuie their equals, and scorne their inferiours.

Now the common haunTERS are for the most part, The common
spectators and
Play-gadders. the leaudest persons in the land, apt for pilferie, perurie, forgerie, or any rogorie, the very scum, rascallitie, and baggage of the people, theeues, cut-purses, shifters, coufoners; briefly, an vncleane generation, and spaune of vipers: must not here be good rule, where is such a broode of hell-bred creatures? for a Play is like a sincke in a Towne, wherevnto all the filth doth runne: or a byle in the body, that draweth all the ill humours vnto it.

For what more fitter occasion to summon all the discontented people together, then Playes? to attempt some execrable actiō, commotions, mutinies, rebellions, as it hapned at *Windhā* in *Norff.* in the time of *Ed.* the 6. where at a Stage Play (according to a drunken custome there vsed) the horrible rebellio of *Ket* and his complices, by a watch-word giuen, brake out, to the trouble of the whole kingdome: and doth it not daily fall out

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Vertues Common-wealth.

in common experience, that there is either fighting, whereof ensueth murther? robbing and theeuering, whereof commeth hanging? or spotting the soule with wickednesse, that he becommeth the very sonne of *Beliall*? and are they not growne odious to good men, and ill reported of? are these indifferent to be vsed? nay verily, if a man loue his owne safetie, he ought to withdrawe himselfe from such vaine spectacles.

Playes in the
night, very
hurtfull.

But especially these nocturnall and night Playes, at vnseasonable and vndue times, more greater euils must necessarily proceed of them, because they do not onely hide and couer the thiefe, but also entice seruants out of their maisters houses, wherby opportunitie is offered to loose fellowses, to effect many wicked stratagems. In a word (as they are now vsed) they corrupt good manners, and set abroach the vessell of all vncleanenesse; the eare is tickled with immodest speeches, the minde imprinted with wanton gesture, and the whole affections rauished with sinful pleasure: in so much as many leaue their honest callings, liue idley, and gadde to those places where the diuel displayeth his banner, liuing so long vpon the spoile of other men, till at last they are eaten vp by Tyborne. Nay many poore pincht, needie creatures, that liue of almes, and that haue scarce neither cloath to their backe, nor foode for the belley, yet will make hard shift but they will see a Play, let wife & children begge, languish in penurie, and all they can rappe and rend, is little inough to lay vpon such vanitie. Neuerthelesse some will obiect they are necessarie, and fit to be allowed in pollicie: and why so? because they are meanes to occupie idle people, and keepe the worfer fort from worfer exercises: for if Playes were not
(say

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(say they) some would to drunkenesse, some a whoring, others to dice, cardes, riotting, and such vile practises, which by Playes is all preuented. This proueth them as lawfull in London, as the common Stewes in *Rome*, or *Venis*: for is this a sensible reason, that of necessitie one sinne cannot be pulled downe, but an other as bad or worfe, must be erected in stead of it? it is no sound argument, to dispence with one to eschew the other, and so by shunning *Carribdis*, fall vpon *Scilla*: but how shall we spend the time? as though there were no exercise to be vsed, but that that leadeth to mischief. Time flyeth away apace, and therefore we are commanded to redeeme the time, seeing we haue but too much, when we wilfully loose and abuse it. Idlenesse is a sinne great inough of it selfe, though it haue no nourishment by sinfull games and sports: but doubtlesse if the cause were removed, the effect would soone cease, and the time bee spent in more honest endeouours, and by litle and litle (the lawe obserued) the men would be wained from such intollerable abuses.

Other will belch out this blasphemie, that a man may edifie as much at some Play, as at a Sermon: this I easily graunt, if so be when he goeth to Church, he leaue his heart at home; or at least it is so flintie, that no good thing will penetrate, the diuell sitting at the elbowe, and eyther rockes him a sleepe, or amazeth the minde with wandring thoughts: so that filling a place as a Cipher in augrime, heareth a buzzing sound in his eares, but is neuer truly toucht in his heart. Beside, the affections are not alike: for at a Play the whole facultie of the minde is altogether bent on delight, the eye earnestly fixed vpon the object, euery sence buied for

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the time, the eare narrowly waiteth to catch that that is vttered, sending it to wit: wit to reason: reason to memorie, which locketh it vp in a clozet, leaft it flip out againe: the diuell in the meane time like a quiet fellow, doth not trouble the affections with strange delufions; and why fo? becaufe they are occupied in his worke. Furthermore, a man is not wearied be it neuer fo tedious, becaufe they doo not onely (as I fay) feed the eare with sweete words, equally ballanced, the eye with variable delight, but alfo with great allacritie doth swiftly runne ouer in two houres fpace, the dooings of many yeares, galloping from one countrey to an other, whereby the minde is drawne into expectation of the fequell, and carried from one thing to an other with changeable motions, that although hee were vnacquainted with the matter before, yet the cunning Art hee feeth in the conueyance, maketh him patiently attend the Catastrophæ: when as at a Lecture and holly exercife, all the fences are mortified and poffeft with drowfineffe: fo that by this then we may fee our corrupt nature, and the fore that runneth ouer the whole body; for the minde is nothing fo tentible at a good instruction, nor the eare fo audible, as at a vaine and sportiue foolerie: ô how dull is the affections to the one, and how prompt to the other! how the tongue will itterate and repeate the one with great ioye, and smoulder vp the other in drowfie melancholye.

Many well gouerned Common-wealths, did not onely note them to bee infamous perfons that acted them, excluding them from offices, and giuing testimonie in caufes crimminall, but alfo supplanted and beate
downe

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downe Theaters and common Play-houfes, leaft any things fhould be imprinted in the peoples harts againft honeftie.

Licurgus banifhed all Players, Pypers, Sophifters, &c.

Ouid for his wanton *Ars amandi*, was exiled by *Augustus*.

Iuvinall, as an instrument of obfcenitie and bawdery, was driuen out of his countrey, becaufe by their wanton Elegies, they made the mindes obfequies to loofe liuing.

A good old father being demanded what he thought of Playes and idle Poetrie: answered, they were very good to infect young wits with vanitie and needlefle fopperie.

The groffenefle of the Heathen was fuch, that they dedicated Playes, games, mummeries, maskes, &c. to their Idols, to pacifie their (fupposed) difpleafure. And although there is none but abhorreth fuch foule Idol-latrie, yet the diuell hath fuch a *Heccatombe* of facrifices out of obfcene and filthy Playes. To bee fhort, men ought to recreate themfelues comely and decently, and vfe exercifes of better report, and leffe hurt: for what faieth Saint *Chriftome* to the faithfull of his time? In no cafe (faieth hee) frequent Theaters, leaft you bee branded with infamie. It is no fmall offence (faieth *Ciprian*) for a man to difguife himfelfe in the garments of a woman, vnleffe in cafes of great neceffitie, to faue the life, &c.

And therefore it were to bee wifhed, that all loue-bookes, Sonnets, and vile pamphlets, were burned, and no more fuffered to be printed, nor filthy

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Playes

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Playes rehearsed, which are the bellowes to blowe the coales of lust, soften the minde, and make it flexible to euill inclinations: vnlesse first seene and allowed, by some of approued and discreet iudgement.

To conclude, it were further to be wished, that those admired wittes of this age, Tragædians, and Comædians, that garnish Theaters with their inuentions, would spend their wittes in more profitable studies, and leaue off to maintaine those Anticks, and Puppets, that speake out of their mouthes: for it is pittie such noble giftes, should be so basely imployed, as to prostitute their ingenious labours to enrich such buckorome gentlemen. And much better it were indeed they had nor wit, nor learning at all, then to spend it in such vanitie, to the dishonour of God, and corrupting the Common-wealth: but he that dependeth on such weake staies, shall be sure of shame and beggerie in the ende: for it hath sildome bene seene, that any of that profession haue prospered, or come to an assured estate.

Haft thou wit, learning, and a vaine to write wickednesse? adde wisedome to thy wit, and couet to write goodnesse: so shalt thou in stead of cursing, be blessed, and immortally praised of the good and honest. The flood of wittie foolishnes, hath a long time ouerflowne the bankes of modestie, the world is full of idle bookes, and friuolous toyes, neuer in any age was the like: turne thy pen, write not with a goose quill any longer, cleanse thy wit of grosse folly, and publish things profitable and necessary, new, and good, to the building vp of *Vertue* and godlinesse.

Againe, is the minde and body wearied with vnreasonable care and labour? rest, ease, and inoffensue pastimes,

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times, are then most fittest and in season: for we are not created to follow sports and pleasures, and sent into the world to play: but for graue and waightie studies, and to vse honest mirth, when the body is tyred and no longer able to endure trauaile, vnlesse it be againe refreshed with some actiuitie, and not otherwise: so that such as spend the time in vaine trifles, gadding after Playes, and idly runne vp and downe, breake that straight iniunction made by God to *Adam*: In the sweate of thy browes shalt thou eate thy bread. What whoredomes, drunkennesse, swearing, and abhominable Sodomie is daily practised? doth it not inuite and call vpon Magistrates to draw the sword of reformation? do they not crie for vengeance to heauen? surely there was neuer more filthinesse committed then now, the word contemned, Preachers despised, and a direct opposition against all honestie, that were it not for some fewe that stand in the gap, fire and brimstone would fall from heauen & consume the wicked like *Sodome* and *Gomorrah*. For doubtlesse the sins of *Sodome*, are as rife here as euer they were there, pride, gluttony, cutthroat-enuy, self-loue, vnmercifulnesse to the poore, and such like, and those not priuate: but vniuerfall in all places, and amongst most men.

The next enemy to *Vertue* is Idlenesse, a burthen of Idlenesse the impediment, a vice so deeply rooted in some, that it ca-^{roote of all} steth them headlong into infernall bondage: the toade^{euill} out of which issueth nought but drunkennesse, whoredomes, pride, ignorance, errour, blindnesse, beggerie, and a thousand moe miseries. Time is like so many lighted lampes, that with care & diligence ought to be kept with oyle: which with dampish idlenesse are soone put out, and by negligence let fall: for mans life of it selfe is
not

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not so short by nature, but it is more shortned by sinne, and the length of time hastned on by iniquitie. The soule is of too fine a mettall and so pure a temper as to loue to do nothing, but will be employed in labour; yet because she is imprisoned in the walles of flesh, followeth her sluggish inclination: the body by too much ease is like a pampered Iade vnseruiceable, and her dexteritie and faculties being made blunt and dull with sloth, becommeth wholly vnfit for honest labour: for if he remit and giue his minde to idlenesse, ill corrupting motions creepe into the soule, which polluting the purer parts, do by little and little carry him to all impietie, vntill the whole man become nothing but the sonne of *Belial*: by it a wide gap is opened, for adultery to enter in at, and therefore *Diogenes* was wont to say, by doing nothing we learne to do euil: and lust (quoth he) is the trade and occupation of loyterers: and as that grandmaister of wantonnesse *Ouid*, in his booke *De remedio amor[is]* saith; *O fia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*. And it being asked how the Emperour *Ægisthus* became an adulterer, it is answered.

Ouid.

In promptu causa est desidiosus erat.

The cause of
the plague or
pestilence.

It is a plaine case he was idle. For if the bodie be not set on worke, the minde goeth astray, whereby this litle world is soone ouerthrowne by the inuasion made against it by concupiscence: as whē a man doth fast long and abstaine from bodily foode, the emptinesse of the stomacke and passages, draweth into the bodie windie humours and infectious vapours, because according to Philosophie, there is no *vacuum*, but a present supply of
aire:

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ayre: so that often eyther by the disposition of the elements, or by reason of some accidentall cause, the ayre is so infected and poysoned, as it pierceth into the vitall powers, and either bringeth a vniuerfall mortalitie, or some lingring diseafe and sicknesse: so in like manner when the body is kept from corporall labour, and the minde from studious exercise, a fit mansion for don Sathan is prepared, euery roome emptied, and the whole poores and faculties of soule and body really possesse with wicked impietie, wherein this grand-traitor to mans happinesse, as in a workehouse forge, or common shoppe, dooth stampe and coine a multitude of euils, and suggest abhominable vices into the heart: for verily none are such fit instruments for him to worke by, then such as liue idly and do nothing: for where there is no defence to keepe him backe, there dooth hee rule so strongly ouer the affections, that their is no other fruites but a sinfull life, and a shamefull ende: for such as occupie themselues in no commendable exercise, but mispend the time, no maruell though the minde bee vpon vnhalloved actions.

Idlenesse is a capitall plague, a fore vexing the body with extreame torment, and loading the bones till they cracke with weakenesse, pouertie, impotencie, and in the ende leaueth olde age naked and vnprovided for. In a word, nothing is more vnseemely in a Christian, nor more contrarie to the lawe of God, which commaundeth euery one to get his liuing with the sweate of his browes, preiudiciall to humane societie, and iniurious to nature: and therefore *Themistocles* tearmeth idlenesse the graue and tombe of such men as

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are

Vertues Common-wealth.

An idle man
is a dead car-
kaffe.

are aliue, for that there is no difference between an idle man, and one that is dead, for that neither one nor the other doth any good.

Prou. 14.
30.

Euery one is commaunded to be industrious in that calling wherein hee is set, and earnestly seeke to applie himselfe therevnto, for he that worketh not, is not wor-thie to eate: but hee that followeth his trade with dili-gence be it neuer so base or mechanically, is alwayes sure of competencie and saturitie, when as the luskish and idle notwithstanding their great aboundance, are in short time consumed and come to nothing, as the wife , man faieth: I passed by the field of the flouthfull, and , loe it was ouergrowne with bryars, and nettles had , couered the face thereof, and the stone wall was bro-ken downe, &c. yet a little sleepe, a little slumber, a , little fowlding the handes together, so thy pouertie , commeth vppon thee like an armed man: and as it is , in an other place, hee that putteth his hand into his , bosome, is like to fall into pouertie.

Some lur-daines that haue wealth left by their an-cestors, holde it a poynt of wisedome to rest theyr idle limmes and spare their bodies, and liue in the hyue vppon the hunney of others labour, and as vul-tures kill nothing but themselues, but preye vppon that which is killed by other, so like Catter-pillers do they liue by the fruites of other mens labours and fore tra-uaile.

This kinde of life was so much hated among the Æthenians, that who so was seene idle was seuerely punished. And for this vse, was there Sophronistes and graue Fathers, that had the ouersight and surueigh-ing of the Common-wealth, and most chiefly looked
to

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to the manners of youth. *Tully* reports that none durst walke the streetes of *Rome* without bearing about him some signe of his profession, leaft hee should bee impeacht of idlenesse: and in his oration, *Pro Archita poeta*, hee saith of himselfe: What time other men spent in sports, playes, bankets, dice, cardes, tennice, &c. that saith he, I bestowed in poring on my booke: which is vndoubtedly true, for surely had he bene idle and giuen to pastime, as many students are in these dayes, hee could neuer haue bene that notable and excellent *summus Orator*.

There is nothing so precious as time, which being wilfully or willingly ouerslipt, is impossible to be recalled, for that she is deafe and cannot heare, and therefore she is painted with lockes before, but bauld behind, because holde may be taken in the comming, but her back once past, is irrecoverable, and the lowder she is called, the faster she flyeth.

The picture of time.

Mora trahit periculum.

It were a world to note the idlenesse of many in these times, and what multitudes liue with doing nothing; or at leastwise in doing things vnprofitable and dishonest: yea, what numbers there be both in Citie and Towne, that liue like Drones & idle Grashoppers, as a right wise and honourable Counsellor reported in the Starre-chamber, that in the citie as hee verily was perswaded, there were at least a thousand families that could giue no honest reckening of their life. Some like *Æsops* labber[er], sit beating their heeles against a stall, some friske from house to house, as busie-bodies: others in curious obseruations and fault-finding with the gate, apparell, speech, and defects of other, and fat themselves with busie apprehensions.

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This

Vertues Common-wealth.

Lamea hath
many childrē.

This peeuishe nature is deriued from that olde Witch *Lamea*, who as the Poets frame, had broade prospectiue eyes to pull out and in at pleasure, and at her going abroad, would put on and be very curious and circumspect in peering and poring about to see what was amisse in her neighbours house; but at her return home, would locke them vp in a cap-case, and satte downe to spinning as blinde as a beetle, and neuer sawe what was amisse in her owne house: so in like manner, many both sonnes and daughters she hath, that cram the forepart of the wallet with small defects, when the waight of their owne behinde, is readie to pull them backward into all contempt: and many female sinners frequent great assemblies for nothing else but to spye out new fashions, of which they make large comentes at their returne, neuer rest night nor day, till they be trickt vp with like trumperie, and if they spye a hole in their neighbours coate, a moate amisse, a wrinkle awry, then there is to do and to do, and turning it ouer againe and againe, as men ted hay, with wot you what neighbour, such a man is too familiar with his maide, he is a bankerout, an hypocrite, a busie-body, she is a muddie queane, a filthy beast, a lumpe of kitchinstuffe, and such like: is not here good ware which they offer to sell, to euery ones disgrace? and thus they passe away the time in vaine and idle obseruations, and vtterly forget to looke into their owne bosome, and prune and correct their owne deformities, which no doubt they should finde labourfome inough to reforme.

Euery day offereth a new occasion to doo good, and therefore no one house ought to slip away without some profitable thing done: but as *Cæsar* in his
Com-

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Commentaries setteth downe his diurnal affaires, eue- *Cesar Com.*
ry dayes businesse: so a man must exercise himselfe dai-
ly in such things as belong to his calling, and to liue fo
that his company may be desired, and by his life to
yeeld benefite to the place where he liueth, and not fo
to liue, as if he were borne onely for himselfe; but as *Pla- Plato.*
to saith, for our friends, parents, countrey, and such com-
mon duties which are the finall endes of euery mans
labour: but he that regardeth neither of these, his com-
pany cloyeth the stomacke, and therefore to be spewed
out as an vnprofitable wafter. Callings are distingui-
shed into sundry professions, according to the necessitie
of the time, because euery man may not onely haue
wherein to imploy himselfe and to benefite others by
his trauell, but also to haue helpe by the facultie of
his neighbour: yet all come into these two, either in
minde or in body, the Magistrate, Minister, and such as
holde publique and sacred places, do labour in minde
with good counsel, in gouernment and doctrine, which
is the more excellent calling: others are manuell or
mechanicall, which is the more wearisome & toilsome:
without these no common-wealth can stand; for as it
is a great pollicie in maintaining discipline, so is it not a
little cherished by other callings. The Husband-men
which *Tully* calleth the best citizens, in tillage, pastu-
rage, and storing the Realme with graine. It is not e-
quall nor agreeable to nature, for a man to liue prow-
ling and shifting by the labours of other men, and prey
vpon their earnings, but to labour himselfe in some cal-
ling, that his company may be enioyed

The Philosopher did measure out their rest, and in-
uent meanes to breake their sleepes, and shaking off the

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drow-

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drowinesse of nature, were content onely to refresh the spirits, that the poores might be more pliant to performe dutie.

Cato repented him of nothing he had done in all his life so much as of two things; one in going by water when he might haue gone by land: the other in passing ouer one day idley, and doing nothing.

Quint. Cur.

Alexander hated it so much, that least it should abate the courage of his souldiers, and raise tumults, kept them occupied in appointing Iudges to trie out such as had shewed themselues most valiant in the warres, to whom he gaue rewards due to their deseruings. Himselfe delighted in the workes of *Homer*, in so much as he would lay it vnder his head when hee slept, to read in when he awaked.

Domitian would spend the time in catching flyes, *Lucullus* in building. *Diogenes* in rowling his Tubbe vp and downe. *Marcarius* in carrying heapes of stones from place to place. And if we consider the workes, labours, and large volumes of the Fathers, Philosophers, Orators, Historiographers, Poets, and Schoole-men, we may see they made precious vse of time, and by taking hold of opportunitie, left a memorie thereof to posteritie.

When *Titus* had mispent one day, and it was gone before he was aware, cried out, *Amice diem peridi*. O my friend I haue lost a day. *Appelles* would not loose a day without shadowing a phisnomie.

It is remembred of the Emperour *Octavian*, that instructed his sonne in martiall affaires, and his daughter in making cloath, as well to get their owne liuing, if aduersitie hapned, as to keepe them from idlenesse.

Euerie

Vertues Common-wealth.

Euerie one therefore ought to apply himselfe to some honest businesse, and stirre vp his body and mind to some commendable science: for by labour and exercise, *Vertue* is purchas'd, when by dastardly idlenesse the poores become soft and delicate, through which they fall into sports, playes, and immoderate pleasures: and being emptie of all good motions, the diuell soone takes vp his lodging, and keepes open house for all vices: the very rotte and spoile of youth, the summons to beggerie, which like a beadle doth scourge in the ende with the whip of repentance.

Haniball after all his great victories, by idlenesse was was wrapped in delights, and lost his honour.

Alexander at *Babilon* ouerthrew his glorie and his further hopes by dalliance, and quenched that fortitude and valour with which hee was so really endued.

Sardinapalus was exiled his kingdome through idlenesse and carelesse gouernment.

Time flyeth away with wings, and therefore a wise man will lay holde of her forelockes while it is to day, to enrich the minde with the experiments of those things that bring perfect blessednesse. For it may be supposed that God would neuer haue put a soule into that body which hath hands and feete, instruments of doing, but that it was intended the minde should set them on worke, and imploy them in action; and not to holde so diuine an essence in the dungeon of idlenesse.

We are borne to labour, as well as the birds to flye. *Salomon* sendeth vs to the Emet to learne wisdom, to consider her industrie, who like a good Economist, provides

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prouides in Sommer for Winter, whereof *Esope* affoordeth a pleasant conceited fable: The Ant & the Grassehopper (saith he) walking together on a sunnie banke, the one piping and carelesly skipping, looked after nothing; the other circumspect in prying about what provision was scattered in the way, carefully gathered it vp and carried it to her cabbin, whom the Grassehopper seeing, scorned this needlesse thrift with many bitter taunts: now it fell out, that in short time these two parted, the one to her faire sweetes which the season did yeeld, the other to her labour; the one respected the time present, thinking the Spring would last all the yeare; the other time to come, providing against the sharpe stormes of frost and snowe. Anon colde winter grew on, and tooke from the Grashopper her wonted moisture, bereft him of his piping, and with his shackle hammes weakely skips too and fro, and beeing pincht wth hunger, and drencht with shewers, went for succour to the Ant, her olde acquaintance, and entreated some reliefe, but the litle worme demaunded what she had done all the Sommer time, she could not provide for Winter? The Grashopper answered with a hollow voyce, she sung to delight the passenger: then now you may daunce quoth she, to ease your hunger. With this the Grashopper yeelding to the weathers extremities, foodelesse, comfortlesse, and succourlesse, died without remedie: alluding by the alligorie to such idle and laizie meacocks, who spend the Sommer of youth in wantonnesse, that when the winter of olde age commeth, are forced to want and feele the stormes of penurie, and languish by inferred pouertie. And therefore while time doth offer it selfe, and the body able to endure, it
is

Vertues Common-wealth.

is good to seeke for those things that may bring ioy and comfort to olde age. Neuerthelesse youth doth suppose that God keepeth a court of faculties for them to take vp a dispensation, to runne madding after euery vanitie, hauing as they thinke, so much time as they know not how to spend it: but as the Miller who hauing too much water, openeth his floud-gates and sluces to let it passe: so they think they haue time *plusquam satis*, more then needs, and therefore vse meanes to spend it by breaking vp the floud-gates of their vaine affectiōs: and least they should be pent vp with too much time, let it vnprofitably runne out, and gather nothing by theyr owne labour, but spoile house, land, and whatsoeuer is left, in banqueting, dicing, hunting, hawking, and carding, which like a bauin giueth goodly blaze for a while, but is soone out, and in the end glad to warme their nailes with their owne breath, and when frostie age commeth on, the ioynts feeble, the blood dead, the body colde, and a quiuering paulsey ouer-spread the limbes: oh how faine would he be thriftie, and how nearely doth his want pinch him! he is forced with the laizie Grasshopper to bewaile his state, and repent the losse of time. Oh what goods and possessions did my friends leaue me, which are prodigally wasted? how often did they seeke to reclaime me with good counsell if I had bene gracious? and those vices that mustered about my young yeares, how soone might I haue suppressed them? but then being young and foolish, am now olde and beggerly: to whom shall I communicate my griefe, that will yeeld succour? all my laments are bootlesse, relentlesse, and pittilesse: what a heauie reckening haue I to make, waisting so many idle houres in eating,
S drinking

Vertues Common-wealth.

drinking, ryoting in sports, games and pastimes, and all my flourishing youth in idleneffe, not spending one houre in his seruice to whom all is due, & now I should find most comfort in that I haue got so neare my end, a hell of vnquiet torments lye on my conscience ready to sinke me downe to hell. Let youth therefore be warned, and laie holde on the winges of Time while it is to day, leaft by slipping the tyde of opportunitie they fall into a forrowfull lamentation when it is too late.

And therefore such old men as are forrie their youth is gone, it is a sure token they were neuer wise nor gracious, for hee is no wise man that repineth at the most profitable things: for age taketh away the delight of the flesh, the roote of all euill: for there can be no greater plague to mans happineffe then the will of the bodie, which by the priuiledge of youth is subiect to so many indirect courtes, destroying the iudgement, and putting out the eye of reason, no communitie with *Vertue*, but a liuely brotherhood with vice and vanitie: yet some take great glorie to crake of their youthfull acts and tell many stories of their pranks in former time; I did this and this faith one, I thus and thus faith another, I holpe the Priest to say Masse faith a third, and by bragging of their stinking rottennes and reuiuing their own shame: Suppose they gaine credite for such infamous practises, and commend themselues to posteritie, as men endued with notable exploits, but howfoeuer they boast, they glorie but in their owne shame, and by sporting at theyr wantonneffe, bewray theyr owne guiltineffe: for if thou hast committed any horrible offence in the time of ignorance, and not repented thy selfe of it in
time

The vanitie
of some olde
men.

Vertues Common-wealth.

time of knowledge, thou hast giuen consent to thy leaudnesse and so standest guiltie before God: and therefore the Prophet *David* praieth God to forgiue the sinnes of his youth.

Licurgus by his lawes forbad young men to play, or goe idly vp and downe in the Marte or common places, or to be nurfed vp in delights and pleasures, but in husbandry and tillage, that in their first yeares they might not taste of idlenesse.

And *Zenocrates* did vse to diuide the day into parts, referuing one part for silence, that hee might meditate how to speake: not onely therefore the Realme is prosperously held vp by businesse and labour, but a mans priuate wants supplied, and his domesticke needements maintained: whereas idlenesse ouerthroweth all: and therefore warres in a kingdome are more profitable (saith one) then peace, for warres stirreth the minde to *Vertue*, when peace breedeth idlenesse, And as the Poet saith:

*Nam qui desidiam luxumque sequetur inertem,
Dum fugit oppositos incauta mente labores.
Turpis inopsque simul miserabile transiget enum:
At quisquis duros causus, virtutis amore,
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque decusque parabit.*

For he that giues his minde to sloth
to riotize and ease,
And honest labours intermit,
his idle limbs to please,
Both naked, poore, and miserable,
old age on him will cease.

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But

Vertues Common-wealth.

But if that he for *Vertues* fake
with labour hard exceed,
Mortall fame he purchaseth
for this his manfull deed.

How lamentable is it therefore for youth to be ignorant, and defeat theyr mind of the store-house of knowledge, & so iniuriously wrong themselves in the way to blisse? for ignorance is fearfull, an inconstant passion, base and contemptible, and is soone seduced, because it knowes not how to vse that well it possesseth, but is rash and headie, taking falsehood for truth, Vice for *Vertue*, not being able to distinguish one from the other: and by this deceit is carried into errors, omitting all good examples and honest actions: for if the carriage of wife and graue men be not obserued, the minde is clogged with ignorance, not onely not able to direct others in any matter of doubt, but is forced to aske counsell for himselfe in euery trifle. But a foole (saith *Salomon*) is wifer in his owne conceit, then seuen wise men that can render a reason: and drinking so much the water of selfe-loue, doth get such a buzzing in his braines, that managing his businesse by his owne wit, draweth vpon himselfe speedie repentance.

Oh how soone Vice creepes vpon the affections of youth in the spring of their yeares, if idleness slip in: for being intangled in the net of libertie, doth chaue out to himselfe the way to trace in, affecting that which the multitude seeme to allow, be it neuer so contrarie to sound iudgement: and therefore the best inheritance that fathers can leaue to their children, is good bringing vp, as a fure stocke to liue on in olde age: for to
put

Vertues Common-wealth.

put wealth into the hands of youth, before hee haue wisedome to guide it, is as if hee should fet him on a young coults backe that was neuer sadled, needs must he dangerously fall, hauing neither wit nor strength to rule him as he ought: or as if hee should put his patrimonie into a ship, and make his sonne Pilot, who for want of skill, needs must suffer shipwracke. And youth is no sooner capable of reasō, but by idlenesse the mind is carried into a multitude of vices, like a standing pond that gathereth nothing but scum and filth.

Those parents therefore that put their children to be seruing-men, haue small care of their education, for that they doo not onely mispend the time, but learne such vices as cleaue fast to nature, not easily to be shaken off, that many times they are forced to vnlawfull shifts in youth, or begge their breade in age. And Gentlemen incumber their houses with many vnqualified seruants, which deuour and eate much, but get little, and vnder pretence of seruice, do nothing lesse then serue without all contradiction; it is no charitie to foster such an idle superfluitie of seruants, with that which might better be spent on the blinde, lame, and poore people then on such which serue for nothing but to beautifie a house, and picture and shewe forth their persons. Honor and worship resteth not in keeping many seruants, or riding with a great troupe, but in his owne vertue. For though wise men for curtesie, and fooles for simplicitie, do reuerence and salute them, yet are they no whit the more honourable, vnlesse they be iust, temperate, affable, modest, and haue such vertuous properties, & morall conditions, as that they may be vsed in the Common-wealth, for the seruice of their Prince and Countrey.

A Seruing
mans life an
idle life vnles
he be employ-
ed in some of-
fice.

S 3

Many

Vertues Common-wealth.

Many idle persons drop out of Gentlemens houses, who with a frowne of their maister, are turned out of all preferment, not able to get their owne liuely-hood, but constrained through want to follow bad courses, & being out of seruice, fall into offence of lawe, and are many times eaten vp by Tyborne.

And yet some heires of good possibilities, vnder colour of learning ciuilitie, humanitie, and some commendable qualities, are by their parents made Scruing-men, and their young wits so pestered with vice, that they sildome proue good members in the Common-wealth.

To conclude, euery one ought to betake himselfe to some honest and seemely trade, and not suffer his senses to be mortified with idlenesse: for whom the diuell findeth in that case, hee soone possesseth, imploying him in some damned worke, and wicked practise, and for euer disabling him to be vsed in matters of good consequence.

*Sarge igitur duroque manus adsuesce labori,
Det tibi dimensos crastina vt hora cibos.*

Raife vp therefore thy lazie limbes,
apply thy minde to paine,
Both foode and cloath, and all thing else,
with ease thou shalt attaine.

Rioting and drunkennesse doth both corrupt the body, and pollute the soule, and is such an extreame madnesse, as it transformeth a man into a beast, fauing in forme and portraiture, putting out the light of vnderstanding,

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standing, dulling the wits, breeding diseases, hatching whoredomes, vncleannesse, quarels, strifes, &c. which as a chaine, draweth one linke after an other, vntill the linke of wofull wretchednes, maketh his death timerous and fearfull by his leaud life: yet notwithstanding so ordinarily practised in most places, as it is scarce noted as a *Comunis error facit ius.* fault. An euill custome not contradicted, is made current by long vse. But as the schoole-men say, *Bonum quo comunius es melius*: by how much the more common goodnesse is, by so much the more is it prized. So it holdeth in the opposition, the longer a beastly custome is in vse, the more odious and loathsome it is. This caecoethes, or ill custome, vsurpeth such a priuiledge, and inroacheth so vpon the good maners of men, by coming in the habit of honestie, that they are not ashamed to hide their filthinesse with glorious titles, and necessarie colours, as a spurre to quicken the wit, and set an edge on a blunt capacitie, a whetstone to memorie, a breeder of loue, an enemy to melancholy, a chearing the minde, prompt the conceit, a readinesse to pronounce, and many such: youth that are easily caught with these baits, and tasting the sweetnesse of this sin, are by manhood and age so deeply rooted, that they rather seeke to nourish an ill custome, then to frustrate so abominable a practise, filling the body full of diseases, emptying the purse of all thrift, and cause them to stumble on theyr graues before olde age come.

The benefit of
drunkennesse.

Neither can these allegations imputed to this vice, excuse the dangerous effects which proceed of her monstrous deformitie. For as the Poets allude that *Medusa* could turne men into marble pictures, *Circes* into swine,
fo

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fo the exceſſiue uſe hereof altereth reaſon, vnderſtanding, and all the poores of the minde, and wrap vp many brutiſh conditions in a humane ſhape; for he that is querladen with ſenſualitie, looſeth the uſe of all thoſe graces and diuine faculties wherewithall a modeſt and ſober man is poſſeſt. And as thoſe properties may holde in part, that is, ſo long as moderation beareth ſway, ſo once falling into the more, it can no longer ſtand: for as one may ſharpen his knife with grinding, ſo by too much and often doing it, the edge and mettall may be quite ground away and made blunt; and therfore *Anachariſis*, a great wine-bibber, who was choked with a huſke of a grape, did notwithstanding preach this doctrine: The firſt draught faith he, cheriſheth the bloud, the next comforteth the heart, but the third inflameth the braine, ſumeth into the head, and breedes drunkenneſſe.

He ſaid moreouer, that the vine bareth three maner of grapes, the firſt of pleaſure, the ſecond of drunkenneſſe, and the third of ſorrow.

O how farre doth intemperance make a man differ from himſelfe, and forget the finall ende of his creation, in procuring enemies againſt his owne happineſſe! O what lamentable Tragedies is by this Vice acted among wine-bibbing companions! There bee euils inough we bring with vs into the world, and we haue worke inough to holde warre with them, though we procure no more, which are alwayes a temptation to our beſt parts.

Drunkenneſſe is no inbred nor inherent ſinne, but procured by cuſtome and bad company: it corrupteth the ſoule, ſucketh out the iuice of the body, withereth the
the

Vertues Common-wealth.

the beautie, drieth vp the sinewes, and like a canker corodeth and deuoureth vp all good motions, making that body which should be a holy temple, a habitacle and dwelling house for the diuell: for being ouerladen with wine & gluttonie, the bodie is so much brokē, that as a holy Father faith, it is a wonder that those bodies made of earth and clay, become not myre and dyrt: it stirreth the mind to whoredome, for like twins they are neuer a funder: *Sine cerere & baccho friget venus*, without wine and belly-cheare lust would be asfwaged, incapable of conceit: for you shall neuer see a drunkard so well-aduised to aske counsell, or with patience marke good documents, but either fleere and laugh it out, or be furious and quarrelsome: and therefore Father *Cato* was wont to say, it was lost labour to talke of *Vertue* to the belly, for that it hath no eares to heare, because their loose life maketh religion loathsome to their eares. This wine-washing licour giueth such scope and libertie to the tongue, as it rowleth vp and downe restlesse, annoying the whole world with vnneccessarie prattle, running into all degrees, censuring all men, and laying out that openly, which modestie would conceale, powring it into the bosome of his pot-mate: for the tongue of a drunken man, is the clozet of his heart; and that which a sober man thinketh, a drunkard speaketh. And as by a noise of crowes, one may ghesse where carrion is, so a flocke of drunkards may be found by their words, being so inflamed with the fume and strength of the lycour, as it is impossible to keep silence. Therefore as *Cicero* faith, there need no racking to procure confession of the truth, for it may with more ease be gotten by drunkenesse.

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And

Vertues Common-wealth.

And as *Homer* faith, wine distracteth the wits of a wife man with voluntary madnesse, and his grauitie is vtterly quenched with indiscretion. A drunken man is so prolixious and talkatiue, as he molesteth all his hearers : if he be in company with a sober man, he wearieth him with talke : if he come to the sicke, he griueth him more than his sicknesse : if in a ship among passengers, he annoyeth them more then the waues of the sea : so that wherefoeuer he commeth, he is troublous and irksome.

It were one of *Herculus* labours to describe their feuerall humors, some apt to quarell, if but croft with a word, and not pledged as he would be, & readie to stab and make worke for the Constable : an other throwes the pot about the house, breakes the glasse windowes with his dagger, and calls his hostife whore : some full of Apish tricks and toyes, sing, hollow, whoope, sweare, and swagger, with such confused disorder, that a sober man comming amongst them, would verily thinke hee were in hell, carowing healths on their knees, at which great snuffe is taken, if not duly pledged ; and so great indignitie offered, as many times the field is chalenged, where the diuels champions trie their valour, which to some is vntimely warning. Some like swine, wallow in their own filth, and forced to disgorge and cast vp the superfluitie and excesse, which calleth for vengeance from heauen, for so monstrously abusing the good creatures of God.

And though a drunkard recouer himselfe againe, yet the effect doth still remaine, leauing such a flyme behinde, as defileth both body and soule : yet not a fewe are rocked a sleepe in this brutish desire : but o
beastly

Vertues Common-wealth.

beastly and sinful desire, to circumscribe a mans chiefeſt good within the compaſſe of his belly, and deſtroy all thoſe good parts that inhabit about the ſoule, and ſuffer the baſeſt part of the body to ouercome the five wits. What a madneſſe is this, cuſtome getting victorie by little and little, preuaileth ſo much with ſome, that they become remedileſſe, and haue not only the mappe of drunkenneſſe drawne on their viſage by continuall uſe, but the whole man polluted with the eſſential properties thereof. Oh how odious is this vice to God and good men? and how dooth it putrifie and contaminate body and ſoule, and yet how plentifully doth it raigne in moſt places without ſuppreſſion? for now all good fellowſhip is in drinking, and hee is a flincher that will not take his licour, and be drunke for companie.

This riſeth from ſufferance and too much lenitie: for if drunkenneſſe be but a May-game, and hee accounted no good fellow vnleſſe hee be a perfect drunkard, no maruell if it be ſo much practiſed. But the ſurplusage of Ale-houſes, eſpecially thoſe that are kept by vnconſcionable and irreligious perſons, who make no ſcruple to open their doores to euerie drunken mate, is no ſmall meanes to multiply a ſwarme of monſters in the Common-wealth.

Ale-houſes
the cauſe of
much drunkenneſſe.

Is it not lamentable that a poore man who hath nothing to keepe his charge but his ſore labour, ſpendeth all hee can rap and rend in drunkenneſſe and ryo-ting, and his wife & children want that which he leaudly waſteth, and where is the cauſe but in ſuch baſe minded people, that for greedineſſe of filthy lucre doo ſuffer them to drinke out theyr eyes, and fweare

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out

out their hearts so they may gaine: but let them be assured that hell mouth gapes to swallow vp such greedie accursed monsters, vnlesse they turne with speedie repentance.

It is now growne an exercise and a game of actiuitie, to swill and quaffe much, and he that drinketh most winneth the prize, whereof hee is as proud, as if he had carried an oxe with *Milo* at the Olympian games. And by your leaue, drunkennesse is too grosse a terme, and deserueth the stabbe. For although all those fine termes and prittie Epithites, which are giuen to that sinne, import as much, yet (forfoothe) it must be couered with many sportiue denominations; otherwise you shall incurre no small displeasure, and bring your selfe into a drunken danger. But let them blinde it so long as they can with neuer so many faire attributes, yet sobrietie and reason will vnmaske and lay them open, to their vtter obliquie: and though they frame this naked excuse, which they alledge as a poore shift to saue their credit, that they are not drunke so long as they knowe what they doo, can goe, stand, hold their first man, and keepe a iust reckening of their pottes. But he that drinketh more then will content the want of nature, and falleth into the excesse, though his braine be so well settled as he is not by and by bereft of reason, yet he deserueth no other epithite then a bowtie beastly drunkard.

And when by coaction one shall be vrged either being not a thirst, or his appetite not mouing, the one offendeth in offering, the other in taking: and hence it is so great strife and quarelling arifeth, and so many frayes and field-meetings growe.

Drinking

Vertues Common-wealth.

Drinking one to an other (according as I conceiue)
is no other but a participation of loue, and a kinde com-
munication, as when a man saith, Syr, I drinke to you
with all my heart this cup of wine; being as much as if
he should say, all the strength and good this wine shall
minister to my body, I am readie to spend it in your ser-
uice, which being gratefully requited by the other, is
full of humanitie.

The vse of
drinking one
to an other.

Many noysome detraacting euils lye hid in the bo-
some of a drunkard, which breaketh out vpon euery
occasion, in so much as he can neuer be at peace, but
one torment succeedeth an other; which as eating vul-
cers or sores, byte and gnawe continually, neuer suffe-
ring body or mind to haue one houres respite for intol-
erable anguish.

The often
bibbing at
feasts, breakes
the bondes of
modestie.

Some are ne-
uer well but
when theyr
nose is in the
pot, and so are
made drunke
by accident.

The body I say, is subiect to so much pestilence and
rottenesse, as cannot in fewe words be expressed, the
face blowte, puffed vp, and stufft with the flockes of strong
beere: the nose so set out with pearles & diamonds, that
by the reflecting beames which they cast frō so glorious
antiquitie, the bye-standers may see to walk as by a ligh-
ted tapor: and the whole body so impaired and shaken
with goutes, sciaticaes, panges, palsies, apo[p]lexies, &c.
that for the most part lye vnder the Phisitions hand:
who though they liue, yet such life is a liuing death, for
Medice viuere est miserè viuere. And being thus surfettled
liue disconsolate, and hasten their owne destruction by
casting themselues headlong into the bottome of end-
lesse wretchednesse. For the excellencie of reason be-
ing thrust forth of her cabbin by wine-washing excesse,
they incidently fall into woe and miserie.

Thus doth
God pursue
them with his
iudgements:
some the gal-
lows knits vp,
the sword de-
uours, the pox,
marbles, &c.

Lot being drunke, committed incest with his daugh-

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Vertues Common-wealth.

ters. *Noah* was mocked of his sonnes. *Holofernes* had his head cut off by a poore woman : for it is an easie thing for the diuel to accomplish his will, if the mind be bent to fureetting. For this is that poysoned fountaine out of which floweth so many maladies, greeuous & long diseases, impostumations, inflammations, obstructions, ventosities, and what not, whereby the mildnesse of nature is disturbed.

And therefore one of the Sages being asked why he refused a cup of wine when it was offered him, because (quoth hee) I take it to be poyson : for this other day when I was inuited to a Feast, I sawe that euerie one that drunke of it, soone after decayed, both in minde and bodie, hauing lost both reason and vse of theyr limbes : and as the Poet saith, *Vino forma perit, vino corrumpitur ætas.*

But these straunge euents happen not simply in respect of the wine it selfe, being in it[s] owne nature good, (for if it be moderately taken it comforteth the bodie, and cherisheth the minde, strengtheneth the sinewes, and helpeth the eyes : and that was the cause Saint *Paul* counfelled *Tymothie* to drinke a little Wine) but only and altogether in the intemperate and immeasurable v-sage.

So is it likewise in meates, when one doth gurmardize and feede vpon diuersitie and disguised dishes of manifolde operations. Many accidents arise and diseases growe, and this by reason of the contrarietie of different natures of those meates, and in the superfluitie and abundance as the prouerbe saith, much meate much maladie : whereas in simple and vniforme kindes, delight neuer exceeds the appetite : and
he

Vertues Common-wealth.

he that feedeth but of one dish, liueth longer, and is more healthfull then those accidentall dieters & queasie stomackes that glutte themselues with euerie kinde artificially compounded, sometime of easie digestion, then of harde digestion, that many times before one can be concocted, the other putrifieth in the stomacke, and this is verie familiar in common knowledge, that the ploughman that liues by curdes, bread and cheefe, and such homely fare, workes harde all the day, and lyeth vneasie at night, is more sounder, healthfuller, and more free of malladies then those fine, nice, and curious dyeters.

Now when the bodie is thus misdieted by surfeiting and drunkenesse, it is not only subiect to diseases, and afflicted with torments and incurable laments, whereby it becommeth vnweildie & vnfit for any vertuous exercise, but also draweth the horror and iudgements of God vpon both bodie and soule. How ought men therefore to liue soberly and chastely, and stoppe the abuse of such abhominable Epicurisme: and as wise *Cato* saith, Eate to liue, and not liue to eate, like the Epicure, that putteth all his felicitie in *Bacchus* his belly-cheare.

By this the quicke conceit of the spirit is dulled and made impregnable, the glorious sun-shine of *Vertue* eclipsed, and all good motions quite extinguished, that a man cannot be saide to be a man, but the trunke or carcasie of a man, wherein an infernall spirit in stead of a soule doth inhabite.

Heereby hee becommeth rash-headed and vnadvised, dooing that in haste, whereof he repenteth at leifure

As

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As *Alexander*, who in his drunken nesse would fley his dearest friends, and being sober, would be readie to kill himselfe for anger : and all those noble vertues and princely qualities wherewith he was endured, were all defaced by the intollerable delight he had in drinking.

The famous Citie *Persepolis* in a drunken humour was burnt to ashes, which was no sooner deuised by *Thayis* the harlot, but was executed with great celeritie : but recouering his wits, repented his folly : for with this spirit is a drunken man alwaies posselt to attempt things rashly, to despise good counsel, to vndertake great exployts, but neuer with mature deliberatiō, vnruely, disobedient, and violating the lawes both of God and man : and lastly, with the foolish Troians (*sero sapiunt phriganes*) be wise when it is too late. If this *Hidra* infuse her venome into the tenderesse of youth, and [be] not crushed downe when it begins to peepe, by killing the serpent in the egge, but suffered to grow ripe, ō how it distilleth into the soul, and pulles downe the whole frame of *Vertue*, whereby he is cast downe headlong from a high promontarie, into a deep vgly dungeon ; it weakeneth the nature, and maketh them fooles and meacockes, and fit for any imployment.

To giue wine
to youth is
olium igni
addere.
Vinum est
quasi reme-
dium aduer-
sus duritiem
senectutis
largitus est

And therefore the Spartans and Lacedemonians at their great festiuals, would shewe vnto their children drunkē men, that by seeing their beaftlines they might shun the like practise.

It was a great shame among the Athenians, for a young man to haunt tauernes or common tap-houses in so much as on a time when a youth beeing in a tauerne and seeing *Diogenes* come towards him, shifted into an other roome for seare he should see him. Nay quoth

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quoth he, stay young man, the more you goe in that way, the further you goe into the Tauerne. If *Diogenes* or *Poleman* lived in these daies, they should haue worke inough to sweepe youths out of Tauernes and Ale-hou-fes, being now traded vp in it, as in an occupation.

If we see a man often frequent the Phisitions house, we by and by suspect his health, and suppose he is not well, his body out of temper, and some infirmitie breeding: so when we behold one often to repaire to such places of ill note, we may censure him, and safely conclude his wits are distracted and daungerously infected with *Opprobrium medicorum*.

Neuerthelesse, leaud company is the ouerthrow of many good wits, which otherwise be ingenious, and of a liuely promptitude to *Vertue*, getting such vices in an houre, as tarrieth with thē many dayes: for bad company is as a stench about a man that annoyeth the fence. And as cleare christall water is corrupted if it fall into a stinking puddle, so a vertuous minde is stained with the leaud vices of loose liuers: and therefore no man can be freed of the effect, till he shun the cause: for conuerfing with naughtie people, the good disposition is sooner infected with their euill maners, then the bad reformed with their good conditions. For as by a contagious ayre the soundest bodies are soonest infected, so the tender and greene capacitie is soone violently carried away into all voluptuousnesse. For as it is impossible to holde the hand in the fire, and not be burnt, so can hee not holde fellowship with bad companie, but hee must needs be the worse.

Euery creature keepeth a due course and order: the Sunne like a ramping Lyon, runneth about the
V world

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*Sunt septem
stellæ, in hu-
mero tauro.*

world with a swift reuolution: the Moone knoweth her sitting downe and rising vp: the *Pleiades* keepe their stations: the Starres goe their circuit: the earth, the sea, and euerie creature keepe theyr time, onely man is out of frame and temper too, and euerie part disioyned, the naturall impediment is the verie bane and putrification of the soule. Oh how hard is it then to pull out those weedes within, which like rebels hold a continuall warre against all good motions: a greater victorie is it therefore to ouercome a mans owne selfe, then to conquere a citie: for he that vanquisheth an enemy, mastereth but flesh and blood, but hee that can humble his pride and rule his passions, ouercometh the diuell: the one is but the sonne of man, the other the sonne of God.

David could cut off the head of *Goliath*, yet was not able to tame his owne affections.

Sampson could slaie the Philistines with a iaw-bone, and yet was made a slaue to *Dalilath*.

*Ouid Me-
tam.*

In like manner the Poets ascribe to *Hercules* many incredulous labors, as in killing the snake of *Learna*, mastering the wilde bull of *Aramanthus*, clensing *Domedes* stables, killing the Centaures, and such toilsome works, that his taske-mistresse *Iuno* was faine to crie out, *Defessa sum iubendo*, and yet for all this was conquered by lust, and made spinne on a rocke by *Omphila*, with womens garments.

So by this we may see, that it is more difficult to quench the raging lust of concupiscence, and chafe away the corruption of nature, then to do these wonderfull labours. Which thing *Cicero* in his Oration *Pro Marcello* dooth well remember, speaking to the

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the Emperour : O *Cæsar* (saith hee) thou hast subdued kingdomes, subiected nations, tamed the Barbarians, and brought them vnder the Romaine yoake, and by thy matchlesse and heroicall spirit, hast made the Capitoll ring of thy glorious triumphes : yet notwithstanding, to beate downe ambition, to bridle furie, to temper iustice with mercie, to be humble in maiestie, and conquer the vnruely passion of the minde, hee that can do this, *Non ego cum summis viris comparo, sed simillimum deo iudico.* I do not onely compare him with the best men, but I thinke him rather a God.

By this it is manifest, that this *Annarchie*, this rebellion that is in nature, cannot so easily bee bridled and kept from rushing into disorder, but by execution of lawes : and to this ende is the Magistrate set vp, and the sword of Iustice held out, to tame the vnrulinesse of nature.

Now therefore the whole felicitie of man standeth in temperance, and in quelling those boyling lusts that set themselues against the noblenesse of *Vertue*.

Epictetus giueth two rules, to beare, and forbear ; by the first, patiently to beare aduersitie, and the bitternesse of Fortune : by the second to flye concupiscence, and abstaine from the will of the flesh ; and these are the two pathes leading to *Vertue*. To conclude, there is no true ioy without *Vertue*, this is perfect honour & true nobilitie : she offereth her self freely to euery man, she denieth none, but is open and ready to all that will seeke her, and doth neither require house, land, or worldly wealth, but is content with a poore naked man : and therefore seeing that all is vaine without her, it is a shame

V 2

to

Vertues Common-wealth.

to desire glory by riches or birth, and not rather deferue it by his owne vertue. For he that is therewith possesse, is famous in earth, glorious in the graue, and immortall in heauen, according to the Poet :

*Omnia roscidulæ quæcunq ; sub orbe Dianæ
Vivunt, sunt fatis interitura suis
Virtus sola, mori diuorum munere nescit,
Cumq ; suis musæ vatibus usque manent*

All things that vnder *Dians* sphere doth liue,
or draweth breath,
To fatall chaunge are subiect fure,
and vnto a greisly death :
But *Vertue* onely with the gods remaines
immortall aye,
Where her religious followers
do liue in happie staye.

By *Vertue* the famous *Camilli, Fabij, & Scipiones*, are mounted vp aboue all earthly weaknesse, & a memorie of their noble vertues cōmēded to posteritie, For there is nothing in this world of so great price, and which causeth more to augment, then the trade of good manners. For by this meanes, not onely fathers of families haue taken a domesticke forme of regiment in theyr houses, by good order keeping, but also Kingdomes, Common-wealthes, and publique affaires, doo hereby flourish, and are happily maintained. And for this cause I haue willingly aduentured to moue and stirre the mind therevnto, and that with a zealous affection. And although I haue taken vpon mee a thing very vnfit for
my

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my rude and small vnderstanding, yet I doubt not but the honest and vertuous will gratifie and approue this my simple endeouour: especially because they more esteeme the preciousefneffe of *Vertue*, then the pompious glorie of Vice: wherein they obserue the counsell of the wise Heathen, who wisheth that no man should despise the simple labor of an other man, especially if he speake good words, and giue no offence to the weake. And this was *Platoes* diuine institution amongst many other soueraigne decrees, that it is needfull in euery Common-wealth to prescribe and giue order that it be not permitted to any man to publish any thing hee hath composed, except it be first perused and allowed by indifferent Iudges therevnto assigned. If this iniunction were duly obserued, so many leaud bookes, vaine pamphlets, and scurrilous ditties would not so easily passe, neither would idle wits bend themselues to write. For now through the abundance of naughtie bookes wee are greatly endamaged, for by learning the sound doctrine of good men, the basest and blindest manner of writers is most-what approued. From this spring or fountaine is risen this mortall and monstrous infection before noted.

Neither is this all, for there is a naturall rebellion, which like a fore runneth ouer the whole body: so that if the ground of the heart be not fallowed and ploughed vp, and good seede sowne therein, the happinesse and felicitie of man is choked with weedes and poysoned with Hemplocke: iniquitie hath gotten the vpper hand so farre, that if we looke into the monstrousnesse of sinne in this age, we may see euery abomination sport it selfe, as though there were no God. Drunken-

V 3

nesse

Vertues Common-wealth.

neffe is good-fellowship. Whoredome and adulterie youthfull pranks. Swearing, the fire of manhood : Hypocrisie, deceit and coufonage, a common practife. In a word, there be too many whores, too many knaues, too many brothel-houfes, too little labour, too much hate, too little deuotion, and too much hard-hearted Chriftianitie. But I fpeake not this to derogate ought from the diligence of any. Neuertheleffe, it were to be wished, that more care were had to execute Iuftice on fuch grievous malefactors. If I haue done well to note what is amiffe, thou fhalt doo much better to mend the abuse.

*Or if it be ill and of little worth,
If thou canft do better, I pray fet it forth.*

Finally, the confideration of thefe abuses before named, ought to firre vp both superiour magiftrates, and inferiour officers, to aduance *Vertue*, and reforme Vice : becaufe as the one begetteth moft heavenly things in this earthly world : fo is the other the ouerthrowe of all happineffe, both here and in the life to come. The Minifter of the word therefore is not exempt from this labour, for as he is the Phifition of the foule, fo is hee to watch ouer the ficke patient : not fo much to *attendere famæ & corpori*, as to *negligere salutem ecclefie*, to be olde in yeares, and young in knowledge : to couet to be rich in purfe, and poore in charitie : to purchafe pleasures, build great houfes, and shewe no fruites by the fequell and euent that they worthily enioy their dignities : as many do in this age that ftand in a fpiritual place, are notwithstanding meere temporall men, and fo rooted in the
flesh,

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flesh, as they yeeld no fruites at all of the spirit : but they ought for care, conscience, and in a godly zeale, holding sacred places, to labour earnestly and officiously, to suppress those horrible euils that are so vsuall and commonly practised ; that by this, sinne and wickednesse may be abolished, the true seruice of God maintained, to his owne glory, the good of his Church, and the happy and peaceable gouernment of this honorable Citie.

FINIS.

The faults escaped in the printing, I pray thee friendly Reader correct with thy pen : for by reason of some earnest businesse, I haue not so narrowly looked to them as I would haue done.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 3, Epistle-dedictory to "*the right Honourable Robert Lee, Lord Maior of the honourable Citie of London*"—long since passed into undisturbed oblivion, albeit I have chanced upon his name in other dedications. He was Lord Mayor when James I. came to the throne, and was knighted by him at the Charter House 11th May, 1603. In *Some Account of the Citizens of London and their Rulers*, by B. B. Orridge (London, 1867), to his name in the list of Lord Mayors he appends the following note :

"From Bridgnorth, Alderman of Dowgate. Being Lord Mayor when James I. was invited to come and take the crown of England, he subscribed in the first place before all the great officers of state and all the nobility, being said to be upon the death of the King [sovereign] the prime person of England." In Stow's list of Lord Mayors he is called "son of Humphrey Lee of Bridgnorth, in Shropshire." Death-date unknown.

„ 4, "*Alexander refused not a cup of colde water*," &c. John Davies of Hereford, in his *Paper's Complaint*, makes game of this threadbare anecdote as introduced into Epistles-dedictory :

"The poore man's present to the Emperour ;
O that in 'Piffles keeps a stinking sturre," &c.

(*Scourge of Folly*, &c., p. 78, col. 2, ll. 407-8.)

„ 5, l. 3, "*same-dermized*"—misprinted without a hyphen ; l. 11, "*meane*" = medium.

„ 8, l. 19, "*plotting*" = planning—as a garden-plot, &c. ; l. 22, "*cautelous*" = cautious ; l. 25, "*had I wist*"—a frequent phrase in Nicholas Breton.

„ 10, l. 2, "*discording*" = discordant ; l. 6, "*efifoones*" = immediately.

„ 12, l. 2, "*braues*" = bravadoes ; l. 12, "to" left by mistake before 'torne.'

„ 14, l. 21, "*swaſhbucklers*" = swaggering ruffians ; l. 27, "*arrogant*" = arrogate.

„ 15, l. 21, "*will carrie coales*"—a proverbial phrase for the mean spirited ready to do the basest tasks.

„ 17, l. 7, "*ſurround*" = inclose, with assault implied ; l. 11, "*Caucaſſus too colde*" = "the frosty Caucasus" (*Richard II.*, act i, sc. 3) ; l. 17, "*delicates*" = dainties ; *ib.*, "*needments*" = necessities ; l. 19, "*ſtaid*" = stopped ; l. 22, "*intreat*" = treat. So p. 103, l. 9—every occurrence of 'in' thus, will be noted by the Shakespearean student ; l. 5 (from bottom), "*Temporance*"—*sic*, but probably inadvertently so spelled ; l. 2 (from bottom), "*conglutinate*"—a noticeable verb thus early.

- Page 18, l. 9, "*more better*"—the double comparative is frequent in *Virtue's Commonwealth*; l. 15, "*is*," a misprint for 'in.'
- „ 19, l. 10, "*showers*" = showers—so elsewhere; l. 19, "*difficil*" = difficult; l. 25, "*Adamant*" = loadstone.
- „ 21, l. 5, "*there*" is a misprint for 'these'; l. 17, "*detractiō*" = avoidance, non-following?
- „ 23, l. 5, "*trace*" = tread, follow in the footsteps.
- „ 25, l. 4, "*infract*" = unbreakable? l. 18, "*griple*" = avaricious, grasping.
- „ 27, l. 9, "*clowde*" = favour sought humiliatingly.
- „ 28, l. 10 (from bottom), "*pedegrant*"—a new word to me, not met with elsewhere.
- „ 29, l. 16, "*splendidious*" = splendid; l. 21, "*trencher-flies*" = haunters of the table as flies the trencher; *ib.*, "*clawbacks*" = flatterers; l. 24, "*seruingmen*"—cf. p. 137 onward; l. 28, "*tentible*"—cf. p. 120, l. 22.
- „ 30, l. 13, "*copwebs*"—*sic*, and so p. 48, l. 24; l. 25, "*five wittes*" = five senses.
- „ 31, l. 15, place : after 'faultes.'
- „ 33, l. 11, "*formoffitie*" = beauty.
- „ 34, l. 11 (from bottom), "*rehibited*" = re-habilitated?
- „ 35, l. 20, "*extinct*" = noticeable verb = make extinct, root out.
- „ 36, l. 6, "*vast*"—*sic*, but qu.—'waste'? l. 6 (from bottom), "*sanctimony*" = holiness.
- „ 37, l. 11, "*disscarred*" = discarded; l. 10 (from bottom), "*importable*" = intolerable, insupportable; l. 4 (from bottom), "*As Peter willeth*," &c. See 1 *Peter* v, 7.
- „ 39, ll. 20-1, "*Omnia mea mecum porto*"—a legend found under old Emblems as of the tortoise. Robert Chester, in his *Love's Martyr* (1601), introduces it as simply 'Mea mecum porto.'
- „ 43, l. 5, "*Alcumise*" = alchemize; l. 12, "*waight*" = wait; l. 16, "*terrestiall*" = terrestrial.
- „ 44, l. 22, "*your onely goods*"—this use of 'only' the Shakespearean student will also note; l. 7 (from bottom), "*untraded*" = untrodden.
- „ 46, l. 18, "*mine*" = mind, and so *frequenter* contemporaneously and later—cf. my edition of Dean Donne; l. 3 (from bottom), "*impediment*" = obstruction.
- „ 49, l. 21, "*Martialist*" = soldier, follower of Mars; l. 28, "*preidents*" = precedents.
- „ 50, ll. 3-4, "*neuer illuminated with diuine moysture*"—the reference (I suppose) is to the 'spittle' of our Lord, used to 'anoint' the eyes of the blind, cf. *St. John* ix, 6; l. 5 (from bottom), for "*the*" read 'to sobriety.'
- „ 52, l. 19, "*supposic to be*"—*sic*, but qu. 'Supposed'?
- „ 54, l. 8, "*deaurate*"—gild or decorate with gold.

- Page 55, l. 17, "*boul*" = bolt, arrow ; l. 6 (from bottom), "*shifting*"—*sic*, but qu. 'shifting'?
- .. 56, l. 10, "*rauen*" = prey upon ; l. 25, "*pilferie*" = pilfering, thievish habits.
- .. 58, l. 3, "*naught*" = naughty, wicked ; l. 12, "*fraudulent*" = fraudulent ; ll. 18-19, "*but in no case*," &c. — like the double comparative the double negative is not infrequent in *Vertue's Commonwealth* ; l. 25, "*tainter-hooks*" = tenter-hooks—a 'tenter' is a machine for stretching cloth.
- .. 59, l. 14, "*polling*" = polling ; l. 26, "*wais*" = weights.
- .. 61, l. 5, "*shittle*" = inconstant ; l. 15, "*latched*" = shoe tie, as representative of the 'shoe,' albeit a mis-translation ; l. 6 (from bottom), "*kill*"—usually = kiln, but not so here.
- .. 62, l. 6, "*lufkith*" = lazy, lubberly ; l. 10, "*griplenesse*" = avariciousness ; l. 27, "*particulars*"—*sic*, but qu. 'particular'?
- .. 63, l. 7, "*f*" = aye ; l. 10 (from bottom), "*a light*" = a-light.
- .. 64, l. 6, "*foistie*" = fusty ; l. 18, "*Copweb-lawne*." Cf. p. 30, l. 13 ; l. 4 (from bottom), "*lash out*" = launch out ; and so p. 69, l. 11, p. 88, l. 24.
- .. 65, l. 2, "*iumpeth*" = agreeth ; l. 10, "*shun the stab*" = duel-challenge term? l. 17, "*persecution*" = rubbing?
- .. 66, l. 11 (from bottom), "*strout*" = strut.
- .. 67, l. 6, "*bestowe poore maidens in marriage*"—old English wills often make this provision, *e.g.*, see *The Townley MSS.*, Expenditure, &c., as edited by me ; l. 9 (from bottom), "*magnanimious*." Cf. "*splendidious*," p. 29, l. 16 ; l. 8 (from bottom), "*eff-soomes*" = immediately.
- .. 69, l. 9, "*vnaduaned*" = apparently a misprint.
- .. 70, l. 10, "*acquite*" = requite ; l. 4 (from bottom), "*employments*," *sic*, but = employments.
- .. 71, l. 16, "*get*," misprint for 'yet' ; l. 20, "*nickhornnise*"—unknown to me ; l. 24, "*partie*" = person—to be noted.
- .. 72, l. 1, "*vacancie*"—misprint for vacancie ; l. 11, "*stigmaticall*" = base fellow, branded, &c. ; l. 16, "*flambe*" = flame, as elsewhere.
- .. 73, l. 9, "*toucht*" = tried, tested.
- .. 74, l. 5, "*gawifh*" = gay.
- .. 75, l. 14, "*Ela*" = highest note in the scale of music ; l. 17, "*drugs*"—is misprinted 'dregs' in original ; l. 24, "*lust*" = wishing, desire, *i.e.*, listing.
- .. 76, l. 4, "*frown'ing*" = twisting. Cf. *F. Q.*, I, iv, 14 ; l. 20, "*memembrance*"—misprint for 'remembrance.'
- .. 77, l. 9 (from bottom), "*dight*" = deck, adorn.
- .. 78, l. 10, "*Adamant*" = loadstone, as before ; l. 16, "*continent*" = container, holder ; l. 22, "*abilliments*"—without the 'h' agreeable to still-continued Cockney pronunciation.

- Page 111, l. 9, "*inhabitable*" = non-habitable, un-inhabitable.
- „ 113, l. 12, "*inharted*" = in-hearted, heartened.
- „ 115, l. 12 (from bottom), "*blasing*" = blazoning.
- „ 116, l. 12, "*locution*" = elocution ? l. 13, "*colling*" = embracing.
- „ 119, l. 6 (from bottom), "*augime*" = arithmetic.
- „ 120, l. 18, "*Catastropha*"—note the spelling ; l. 22, "*tentible*" = attentive or ready to attend ; l. 23, "*audible*" = ready to listen ?
- „ 122, l. 12, "*buckorome gentlemen*"—so the 'buckram rogues' of 1 Henry IV.
- „ 124, l. 7, "*pampered lade*"—cf. 2 Henry IV., ac. ii, sc. 4, ridiculing Marlowe.
- „ 125, l. 8, "*don Sathan*"—a noticeable title.
- „ 126, l. 9, "*saturitie*" = satiety ; *ib.*, "*lufkifh*" = lubberly, lazy ; l. 20, "*lur-daines*" = sluggish, &c.
- „ 130, l. 2, "*poores*" = powers, as before, and so p. 131, l. 5 ; l. 6 (from bottom), "*shadowing a phisnomie*" = taking a portrait ?
- „ 132, l. 16, "*shackle*" = bow-legged—Scotice, thin-hamned ; l. 28, "*meacocks*" = effeminate fellows—so p. 148, l. 22 ; l. 31, "*inferred*" = consequent ?
- „ 133, l. 15, "*bauin*" = torch, flambeau.
- „ 135, last line, "*ceafe*" = seize.
- „ 138, l. 6, "*Tyborne*" = gallows ; l. 23, "*paine*" = painstaking.
- „ 140, l. 8, "*more*"—*sic*, but qu. 'mire' ?
- „ 142, l. 4, "*prolixious*" = prolix—so 'splendidious' and 'magnanimious,' as before ; l. 21, "*great snuffe*" = offence—but an odd phrase.
- „ 143, l. 14, "*flincher*" = shrinker.
- „ 144, l. 2 (from bottom), "*field-meetings*" = duels ?
- „ 145, l. 18, "*blowte*" = bloat ; l. 3 (from bottom), "*incidently*" = incidentally.
- „ 146, l. 7, "*ventosities*" = swellings (as from colic) ?
- „ 147, l. 10, "*vneafie*"—not on beds of down, &c., but roughly and hardly ; l. 25, "*impregnable*" = assailable.
- „ 149, l. 10, "*censure*" = judge.
- „ 150, l. 21, "*incredulous*" = incredible ; l. 26, "*rocke*" = spinning-wheel or distaff.
- „ 152, l. 14, misprinted 'ayre' in original ; l. 21, "*requirement*" = government.
- „ 153, l. 4, "*pompious*"—see on p. 142, l. 4 ; l. 6 (from bottom), 'with' is misprinted 'hith' in the original ; l. 5 (from bottom), "*Hemplocke*," *sic* = hemlock.
- „ 155, l. 3, "*officiously*" = kindly.

A. B. G.

XVIII. HENRY CROSSE.

- Page 4, and relative note. The celebrated 'cup of water' will be found in Armin, Ep. p. 140 l. i.; and see *Daiphantes*, p. 55.
- „ 12, l. 12, note — '*to torne*,' though archaic, seems right after all.
- „ 25, margin. Hora ad iccium = Horatii Epistola ad Iccium.
- „ 28, l. 24, '*pedegrant*.' Qu. podegrant, gouty?
- „ 34, l. 23 and note, '*rehibited*,'— rather = adhibited.
- „ 35, margin (1), Aulus-bell, read '*Aulus Gall[us]*.'
- „ 42, l. 9, '*Ycoras*'— read '*Icarus*.'
- „ 44, l. 7 (from bottom), '*untraded*.' Cf. p. 51, l. 2 (from bottom), '*traded* in wel doing.'
- „ 45, l. 17, '*additum*'— read '*aditum*,' but it were endless to correct orthography in any language then.
- „ 46, l. 18, for '*mine*' understand '*mind*,' *ut freq.*
- „ 51, l. 19 and note, '*suppose*'— we would say 'suppose himself.' Cf. Phil. i. 16, A. Version.
- „ 61, l. 5 (from foot). '*Kill*.' Jamieson (*s.v.* Kyle) gives Icelandic '*kýll*' aque ductus, which seems to be very much the meaning here.
- „ 63, l. 14, '*Needham crosse*.' Cf. "Come home by weeping-cross" (p. 77, *infra*) is common, and *Needham's shore* is given in the dictionaries from Tusser; margin, '*Fogge*,' a curious anticipation of Dickens' nomenclature; last line, a proverb to be noted.
- „ 65, margin, for '*fatuos*' read '*fatuls*.'
- „ 68, margin, '*extignations*,' a word not known to the Editor.
- „ 71, l. 10, '*Cato*.' Ought it not to be '*Æsop*?' (Aristot. Rhet. 2, 20); l. 20, '*nichhornnise*.' Query, '*tuckhornnise*'?
- „ 71, margin, '*on footbacke*' = walking; Scotice, '*Shank's naig*.'
- „ 73, l. 10, '*grammaticæ*,' read '*grammatici*.'
- „ 76, l. 3, '*certere*'— qu. = 'caetera?' l. 14, '*femilis erat*' read '*semilis erat*' (Ovid. Pont. I., 4, 2); l. 20, '*memembrance*' read '*remembrance*.'
- „ 78, margin, '*falle*' read '*false*.'
- „ 79, l. 6 (from foot). *Tom Drum's entertainment*. See Nares, *s.v.*, Drum. Vide Stephen Gosson also (Arber's edn., p. 21-22), "Plato, when he sawe the doctrine of these Teachers, neither for profite necessary, nor to be wished for pleasure, gave them all Drumme's entertainment, nor suffered them once to show their faces in a reformed Common Wealth;" l. 5 (from foot), '*ibis Homere foras*' is the true reading— a very favourite quotation contemporarily.
- „ 80, l. 7. The word '*justus*' has dropped out after '*fortis*.'

- Page 81, l. 7, read '*angusta*.'
- „ 85, l. 14, '*plurified*' read '*plurified*'; plurisy often means what we would call plethora.
- „ 86, l. 19, '*plough sores*' = plague-sores — for the spelling, cf. 99, 17, '*plough*.'
- „ 88 (last line), '*Polmize*' read '*Philoxenus*.' Sir T. Browne has a curious chapter on this wish in *Vulgar Errors* (B. vii. ch. 3).
- „ 89, l. 11, '*flacke and*,' for '*and*' read '*at*.'
- „ 91, l. 14, '*pirat*' read '*pirata*.'
- „ 93, l. 17, '*of Conflance*.' Crosse might have known a different version of the story from that which Southey has made famous. Mentz was Bishop Hatto's see.
- „ 95, l. 12, '*winck* like a gald horse.' *Hamlet*, iii. 3.
- „ 97, l. 7 (from foot), and note. Crosse might have defended himself by quoting the English Prayer Book, "Therefore with Angels and Archangels," &c. — none the less is it erroneous.
- „ 99, l. 16, '*vituperably*' = blameworthy; l. 17, '*plangh*.' Halliwell gives '*ploghe*,' sport, pleasure; which suits here very well. The same word no doubt as '*ploy*,' still familiar.
- „ 102, l. 20, '*Chirillus*' read '*Charilus*'; l. 21, '*Allex*,' i.e., Alexander.
- „ 103, l. 19, '*imboffed*,' very similar to the passage in *Timon of Athens*: "Which once a day with his embossed froth," &c.
- „ 104, l. 6, '*Sanctimony*,' the substantive corresponding to *sanctimonious*.
- „ 107, l. 8-9, '*the diners quirrifiers*' certainly should be *dinets*.
- „ 115, l. 8, '*affistants*' = spectators, as the context shows: according to the modern French sense: 104, 106, 108, 113, 115, 117, 127, 137; l. 17, '*Historians*' can here only mean '*actors*' (*histriones*). A blunder on Crosse's part of course; l. 6 (from bottom), '*whether*' = which of the two.
- „ 116, margin, '*documents*' = instructions (Latin), as *infra*, p. 141, l. 13. Opposite this in the text, '*a twopenny almes*,' shows the price of admission into theatres at the time.
- „ 117, l. 10, '*Players*' read '*Playes*,' '*a copper-lace gentleman*' = an actor.
- „ 121, l. 9 — qu. read '*obsequious*' for '*obsequies*'?
- „ 122, l. 12, '*buckorome gentlemen*,' the same phrase as in the address to his fellow-dramatists in "Groat's worth of Wit," which perhaps was in Crosse's mind when he wrote this paragraph. Compare the remark as to the poverty of Dramatists with what is said before of the riches gained by actors, p. 117.
- „ 123, l. 2 (from foot), '*houfe*' read '*hours*.'
- „ 124, l. 19, '*Ofia*' read '*Otia*'.
- „ 125, l. 14, "For Satan finds some mischief still," &c.
- „ 127, l. 4, '*Archita*' read '*Archia*.'
- „ 128, l. 2 (from foot), '*houfe*' read '*hours*.'
- „ 135, l. 22, '*enum*' read '*cium*'; l. 23, for '*causus*' read '*casus*.'
- „ 136, l. 3, '*Mortall*.' Query '*Immortall*'?; l. 20, '*the water of selfe-love*.'

- Is this an allusion to Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*: or the *Fountain of Self-Love*?
- „ 138, l. 20, 'Sarge' read 'Surge.'
- „ 139, l. 5, 'as the byting of the Aspicke, brings death as in a slumber, ye affault thereof not being felt'— Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, V. ii. 243, "the pretty worm of Nilus there that kills and pains not"; l. 9, 'as' read 'eo.'
- „ 141, l. 3, 'habilacle'= rare word.
- „ 142, l. 11, 'Herculus' read 'Hercules.'
- „ 146, l. 18, 'it[s]'. The 's' was not necessary. There seems no doubt that 'it' as a possessive pronoun is older than 'its,' which of course is very seldom found in writings as early as 1603.
- „ 147, l. 25 and note, 'impregnable,' from the context seems rather to mean 'unpregnant,' sterile. Cf. the case of other words in 'ble' in this book; e.g., 'tentible' and 'audible' on p. 120.
- „ 148, l. 4, for 'endured' read 'endued'?
- „ 149, l. 3, 'Poleman.' Query 'Solomon'? or perhaps the Platonic philosopher 'Polemon'?
- „ 153, l. 12, 'most what'— formed like 'somewhat.'
- At p. 113 there seems to be a special allusion to certain plays on biblical subjects. The reference would fit Greene and Lodge's *Looking Glass for London and England*, and Greene's (lost) *History of Job*: and the representing of "the infirmities of holy men" points at Peele's *David and Bethsabe*.
- „ p. 115, the mention of Menander as "the first inventor of Comedies," does not give one a high idea of Crosse's erudition.
- „ p. 127, the estimate given of the number of those who "lived on their means" in London is curious.
- „ p. 137, Gentlemen are rated for keeping too many servants: it is much commoner to see them blamed for keeping too few; the reason for both views being that serving-men's patronage was a principal support of the theatres and of the lighter literature of the day.

